Sept. 10, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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HOW TO
BUILD A FIRE
by Joan Collins

1. Wear something black
...anything black.
2. And something brilliant
...diamonds will do.
3. Add something cool
...the nearest magnum of champagne.
4. Start something hot
...like the fireplace.
5. Wear something Scoundrel.
It's sophisticated. It's elegant
...and there's something sexy about it, too.
6. Then, watch something happen.

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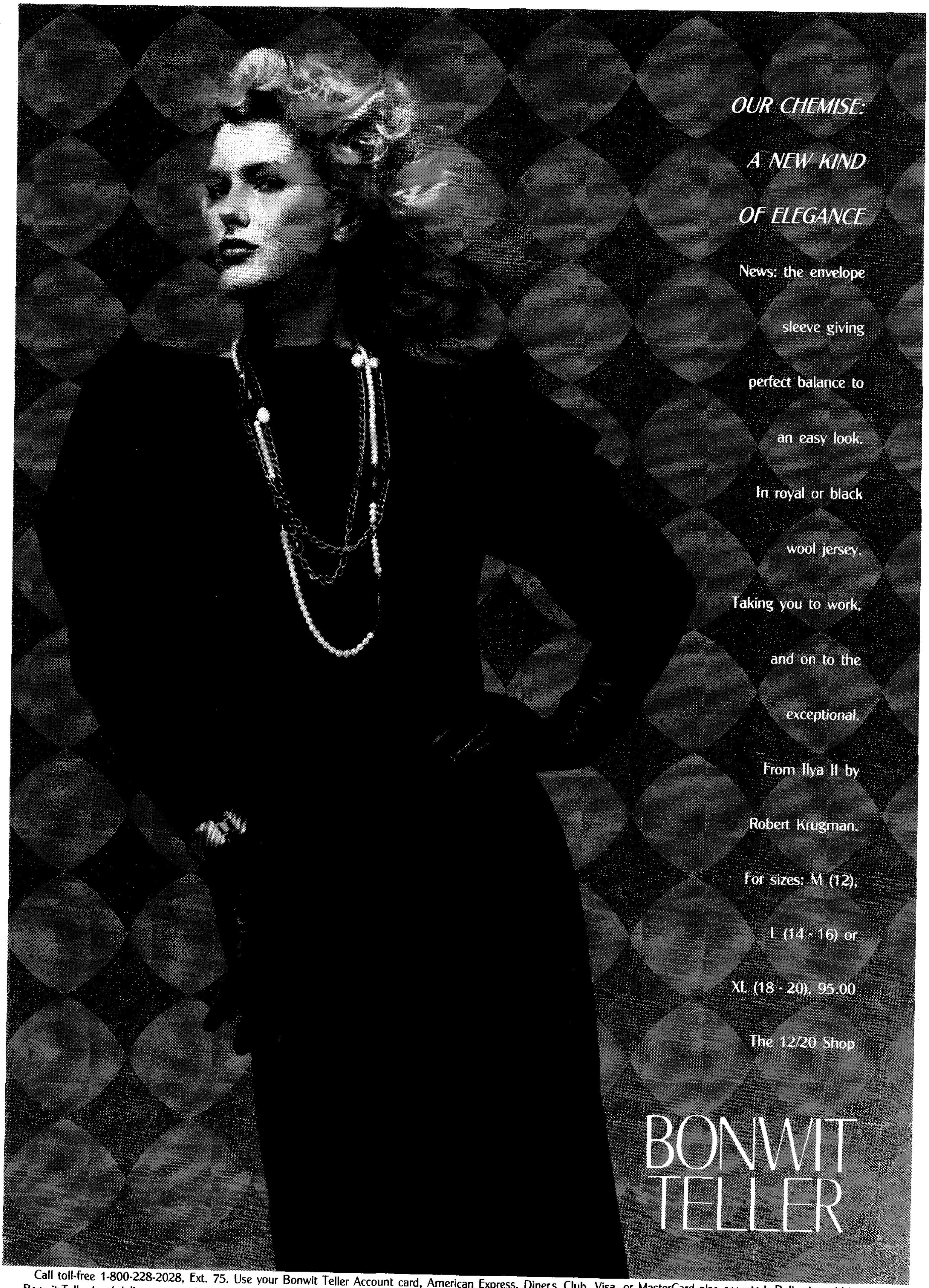

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Benvenuto Festival—The opening performances of a seven-week (through Sunday, Oct. 21) series of productions by three avant-garde theatre companies from Italy. Falso Movimento's "Otello," a modernization of the Verdi opera, opens Thursday, Sept. 6, and runs through Sunday, Sept. 23. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is very well performed by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/3/84.) (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A five-week return engagement of the Arthur Miller play, starring Dustin Hoffman, Kate Reid, and John Malkovich. Michael Rudman is the director. Opens Friday, Sept. 14, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 21. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With Raul Julia, Frank Converse, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Marge Kotlisky, Alan Rosenberg, Nicholas Hormann, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 9: Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Sept. 12: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 16.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patin-

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DRAWINGS: *Boris Drucker, William Hamilton, George Price, Leo Cullum, Mischa Richter, Roz Chast, Bernard Schoenbaum, Lee Lorenz, J. J. Sempé, James Stevenson, Michael Maslin, Burt Silverman, Ed Fisher, Jack Ziegler, Frank Modell, Barney Tobey, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Barsotti*

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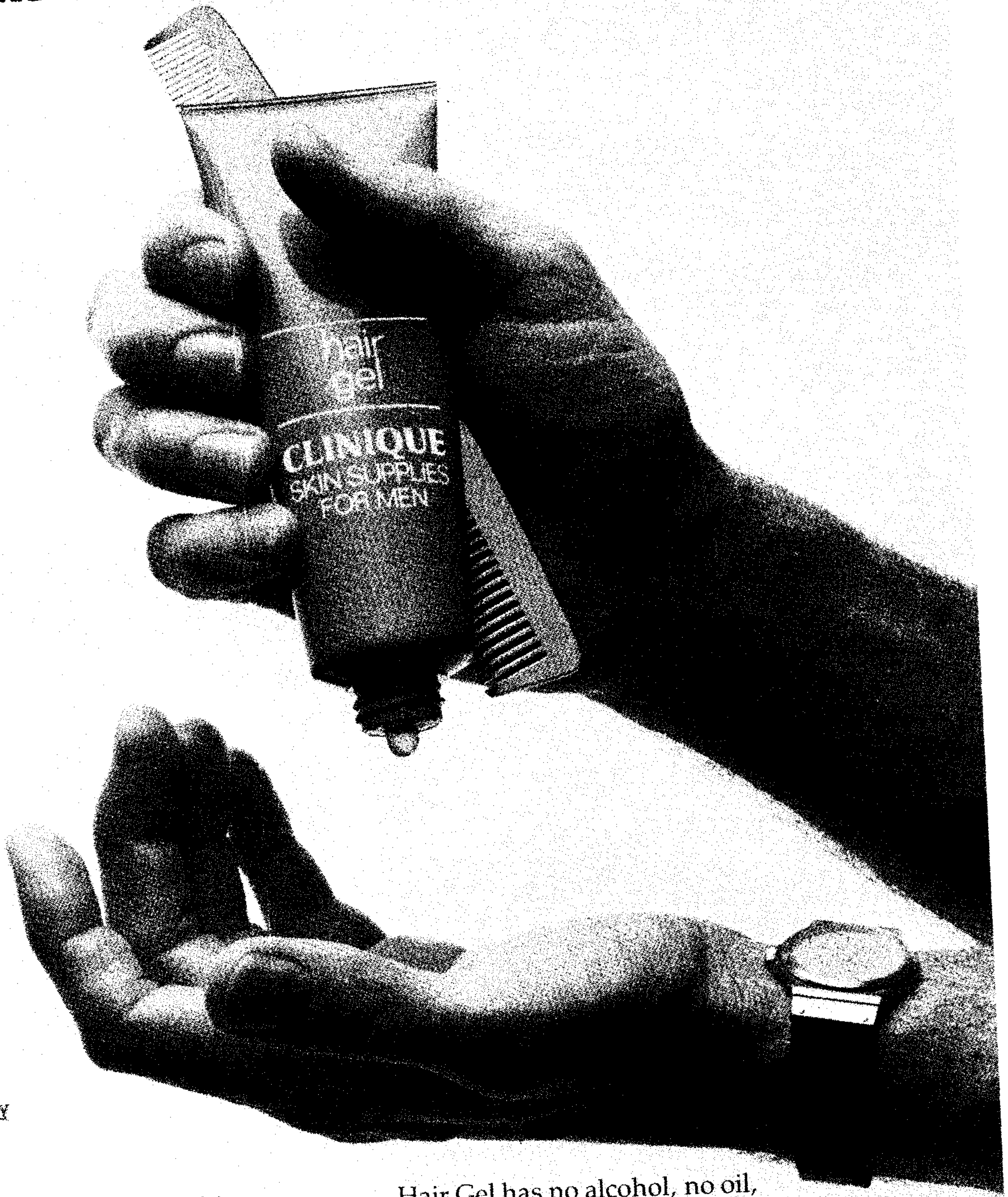

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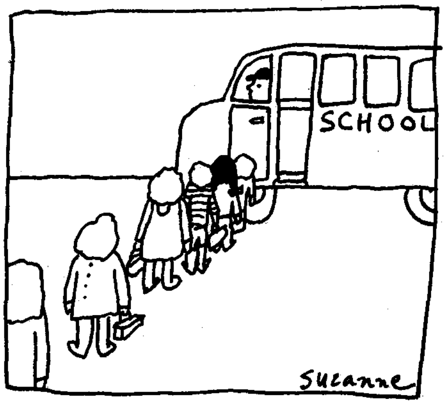
kin and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Keith Michell. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,136 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, *sad, sentimental, and witty*—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

The Chinese Magic Revue—A company that includes jugglers, acrobats, magicians, and dancers. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 5, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 16. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A one-week engagement. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 7:30, with guest artist Judith Jamison; Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 12-14, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, at 2 and 8.)

Charles Moore Dance Theatre—"Jigbu," "Tyi Wara," "Bongo," "Awassa Astrige," and other works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 16, at 5. For tickets, call 807-4158.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, will belong to singer Daniella, and Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 12-15, to singer **DAKOTA STATON.** Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Sept. 5, Faction, Rockers Unlimited, and the Urge; Thursday, Sept. 6, Peter Bliss, Secret Lovers, and the Quarks; Friday, Sept. 7, the Modulators, the Tapes, and Kid Stuff; Saturday, Sept. 8, Dressed to Kill, the David Roche band, and End to End; Sunday, Sept. 9, X-Plorer, Tracer, and the Right; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11, comedy nights; Wednesday, Sept. 12, Crybaby, the King Bees, and the Bachelors; Thursday, Sept. 13, Soldier's Fancy, the Models, the Knobs, and Yahoo Yahotts; Friday, Sept. 14, the Mark Mayo Blues Band, Three Car Crash, and Two One Two; and Saturday, Sept. 15, Bedrock, Broken Promises, and the Shane Gang. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **STANLEY TURRENTINE,** a compelling, funky tenor saxophonist whose music is accessible, fun, and sounds great on a car radio, leads his combo through Sunday, Sept. 9; Monday, Sept. 10, will be claimed by the Jazz Babies; and Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 11-16, the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** will reassemble itself on this stage. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 5, **DE DANANN;** Thursday, Sept. 6, **BONNIE KOLOC** and Frank Christian; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, **NRBQ;** Sunday and Monday, Sept. 9-10, **LEE RITENOUR;** Tuesday, Sept. 11, Andy Fraser; Wednesday, Sept. 12, John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown band; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, Allan Holdsworth & I.O.U. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and a bassist play through Saturday, Sept. 8. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**JULIE WILSON,** a terrific and convincing performer, sings in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will return to the Bemelmans Bar at nine on Tuesday, Sept. 11.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 5, the Losers and Kati Mac; Friday, Sept. 7, Hi Fi Tie, Rebo 5, and G. C. Greene; Saturday, Sept. 8, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan, Steppin' Razor, and Gray District; and Sunday, Sept. 9, the Psychos, Nevermore, and No Control. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts, and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city. Wednesday, Sept. 5, Naire Ni Chathasaigh; Saturday, Sept. 8, Holland-America Line and the Juggernaut String Band; Wednesday, Sept. 12, Josie McDermott; and Saturday, Sept. 15, Charged Particles. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Midtown's traditional-jazz outpost: Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays to the house sextet; and Mondays and Tuesdays Ed Polcer's band has the floor. On Sunday, Sept. 9, Joel Helleny will head a quintet. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, the Bill

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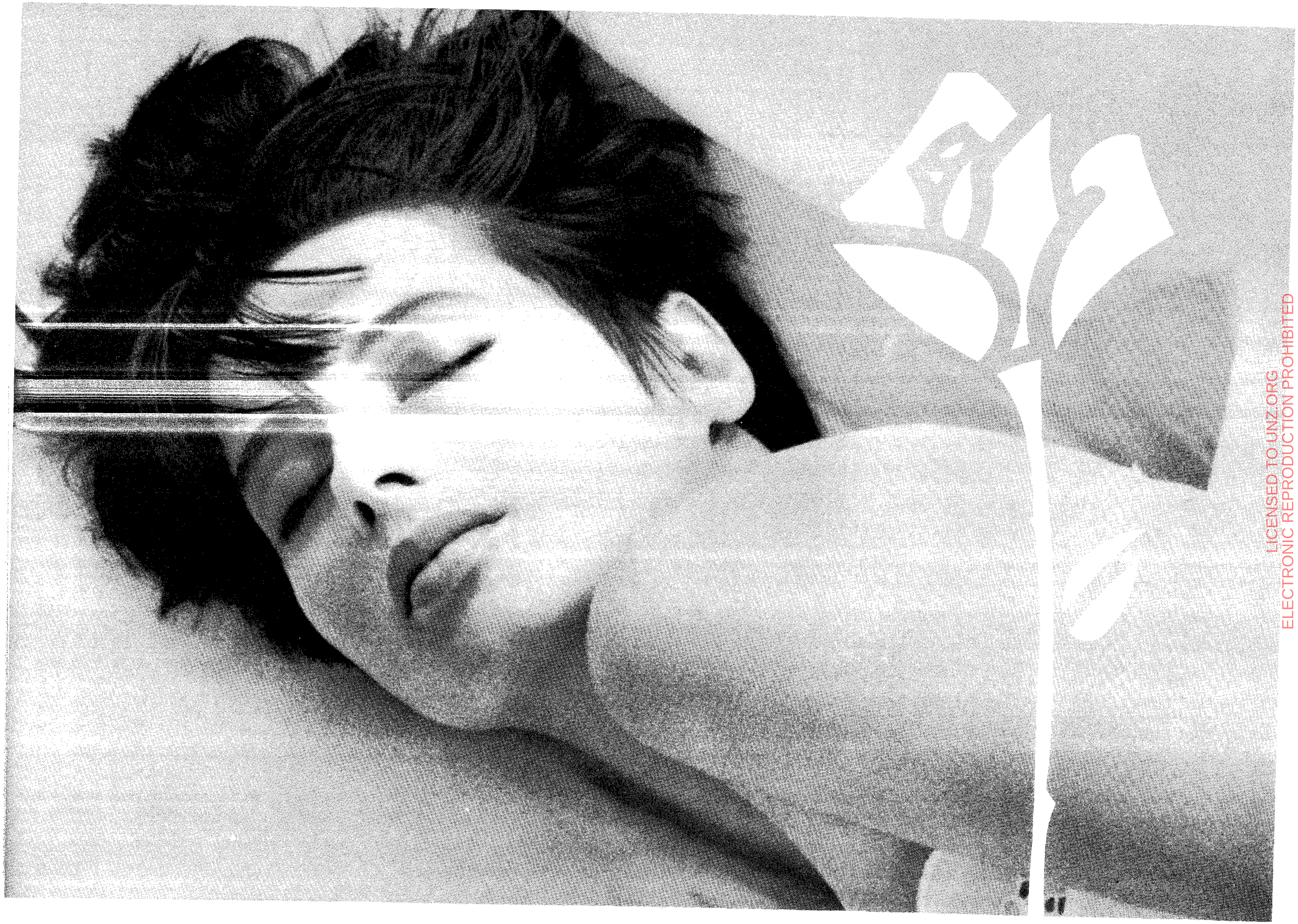

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Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** bassist **RICHARD DAVIS,** and drummer **BILLY HART** team up through Sunday, Sept. 9, and on Tuesday, Sept. 11, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will start singing Brazilian tunes, and occasional funky ones as well, in her soft, low, non-dramatic voice. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 5, Topper Lilien and Michael Fracasso; Thursday, Sept. 6, Ferron; Friday, Sept. 7, **MARY MC CASLIN & JIM RINGER;** Saturday, Sept. 8, Paul Geremia and Elizabeth Barraclough; Wednesday, Sept. 12, the Last Roundup and True Love; Thursday, Sept. 13, Chicago City Limits; and Friday, Sept. 14, Terry Waldo & the Gotham City Jazz Band, with Susan LaMarche. There are usually two shows, the first starting after eight. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents music to dine to. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6, pianist **DANNY MIXON;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and his trio; Monday, Sept. 10, singer Connie James; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 11-13, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, singer Marion Cowings. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Closed Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride-piano specialist, works through Friday, Sept. 7; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9, **BEN ARONOV** will be present; on Monday, Sept. 10, **DICK HYMAN** will be at the keyboard; and **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a ragtime and stride whirlwind, will start playing on Tuesday, Sept. 11. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Sept. 5, Poco and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog; Thursday, Sept. 6, New Riders of the Purple Sage; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, Blackwater and Tommy Joe White; Sunday, Sept. 9, **WILLIE DIXON** & the Chicago Blues All-Stars and Jon Paris; Monday, Sept. 10, the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS;** Tuesday, Sept. 11, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12-13, Pure Prairie League and Rhonda Coullet & the Cows; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, the Bud Moffett band and Way Out West. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. The current roster: pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** band through Sunday, Sept. 9; starting Tuesday, Sept. 11, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS.** Mondays are devoted to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing, occasionally uttering birdcalls, and sort of pop scat singing—using *chi, chi, chis* instead of *oop-bop-sh'bams* on "I Can't Give You Anything but Chi, Chi, Chi" or "Button Up Your Chi, Chi, Chi" through Saturday, Sept. 8. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

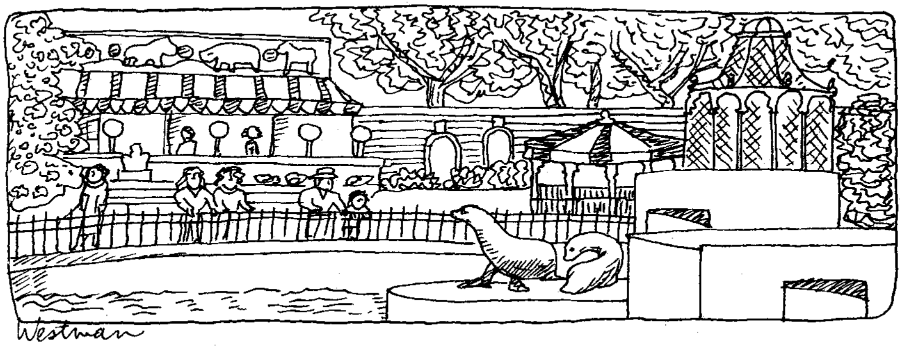
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Sept. 5, Ron Granger; Thursday, Sept. 6, guitarist **GEORGE WADENIUS;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, pop-jazz crooner **JON LUCIEN;** Monday, Sept. 10, **JUMP STREET,** an adept rhythm-and-blues group; Wednesday, Sept. 12, the Norman Riley quintet; and Thursday, Sept. 13, the Jeff Franzel band. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Sept. 7, the Vipers and the Mosquitos; Saturday, Sept. 8, Illustrated Man; Friday, Sept. 14, the Raybeats; and Saturday, Sept. 15, East of Eden. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra perform the honors Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Sept. 5, Fela Anikulapo Kuti; Saturday, Sept. 8, Dream Syndicate and **GUN CLUB;** Monday, Sept. 10, Grandmaster Melle Mel & the Furious 5; Thursday, Sept. 13, Sheila E.; and Saturday, Sept. 15, Men Without Hats. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.



St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Starting Monday, Sept. 10, pianist and composer **JOE BUSHKIN** and his band will present a salute to Louis Armstrong. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday, Sept. 5, **JUMP STREET;** Thursday, Sept. 6, Batacada; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 7-9, violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Sept. 5, the **MIGHTY SPARROW;** Thursday, Sept. 6, Mikata; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, the Sweet Talks; Sunday, Sept. 9, **LLOYD MC NEILL & THE AFRO-BRAZILIAN SEXTET;** Wednesday, Sept. 12, Moja Nya; Thursday, Sept. 13, Obo Addy Kukrudu; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14-15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN** directs a foursome through Sunday, Sept. 9, and on Tuesday, Sept. 11, drummer **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will arrive. Mondays are given over to **GIL EVANS** and his orchestra. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is here on Wednesdays, and Thursdays through Saturdays are assigned to Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**). Music after ten.

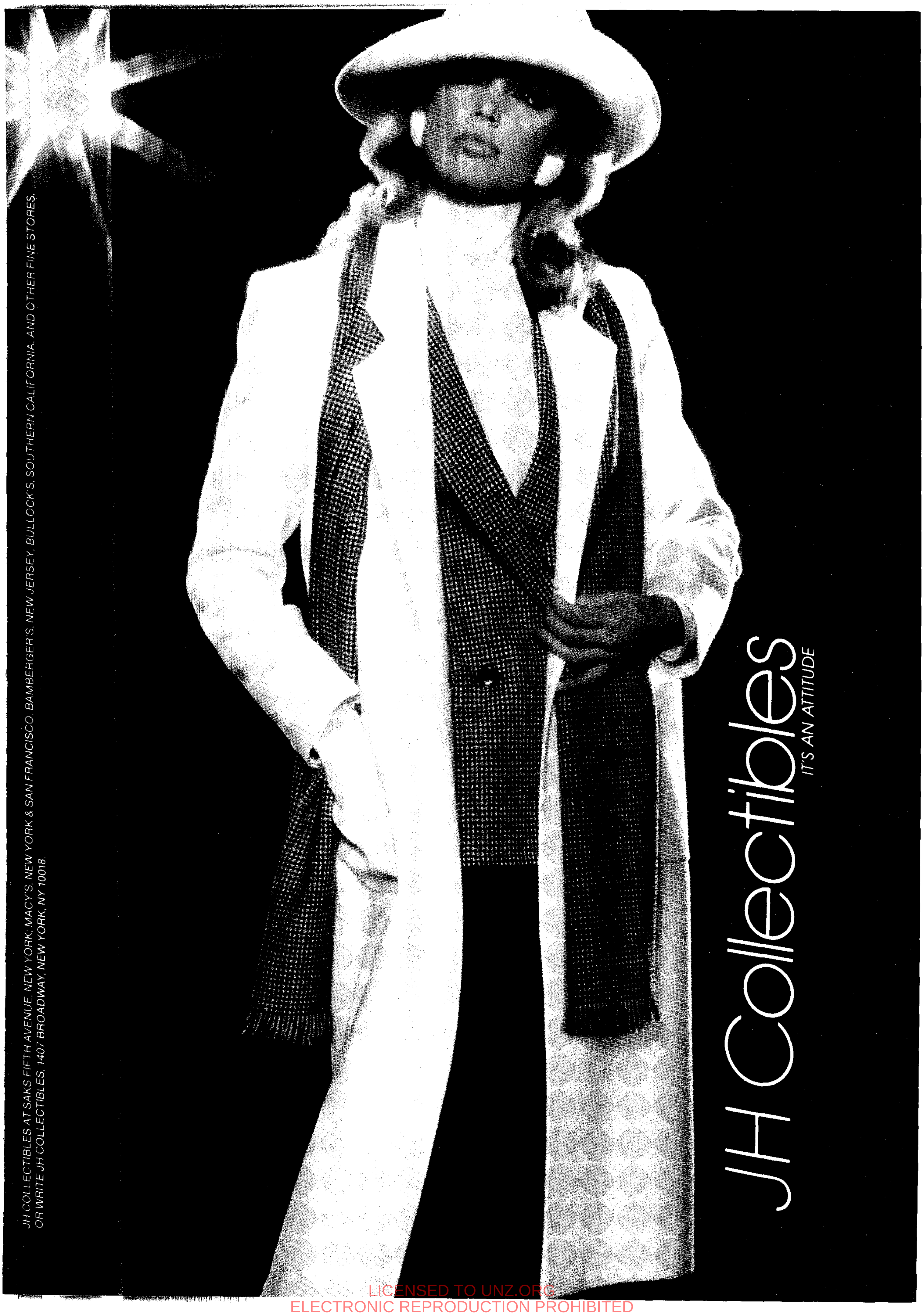
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Sept. 10, **EL GRAN COMBO** and **GRUPO FASCINACIÓN** will trade sets and back up the guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN.** . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, the music is handled by pianist **JAKI BYARD** and bassist Ralph Hamperian every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and pianist **ELIANE ELIAS** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 9; on Tuesday, Sept. 11, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 5, Kevin Hays; Thursdays through Sundays, Ted Chavis and Bob Hobson; and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 10-12, Samir Safwat. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The players: Wednesday, Sept. 5, Latin-jazz star **TITO PUENTE;** Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 6-9, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY;** Monday, Sept. 10, the Drifters; Tuesday, Sept. 11, drummer **SHELTON GARY'S** quartet, with **LOU DONALDSON** on alto sax; Wednesday, Sept. 12, Latin-jazz great **RAY BARRETTO;** and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 13-15, guitarist **BARNEY KESSEL** and his trio. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the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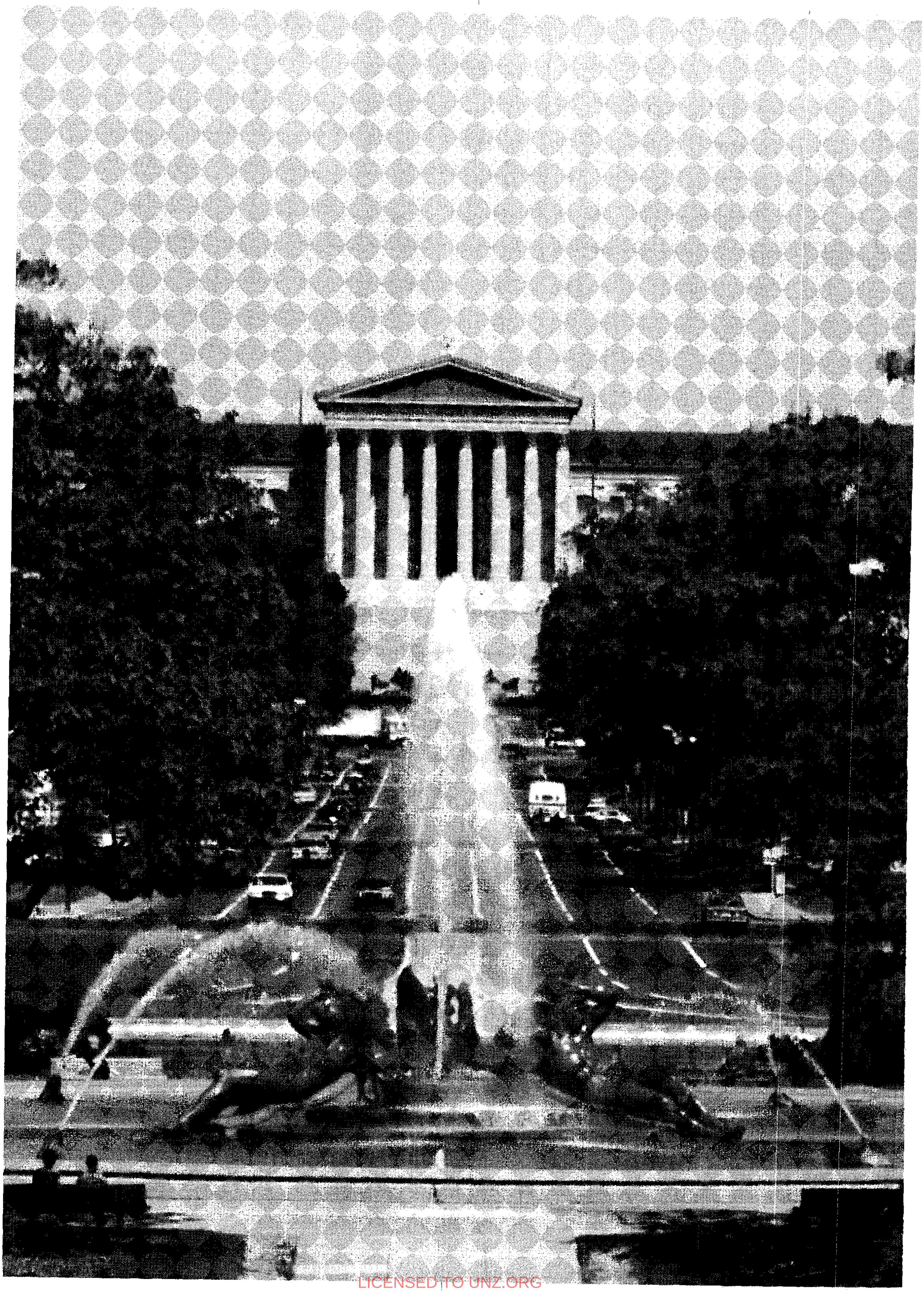

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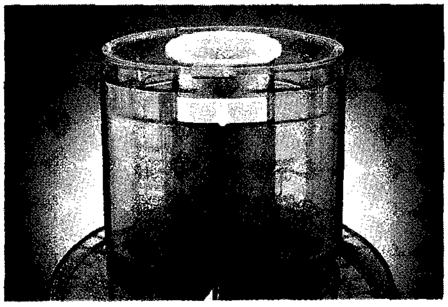

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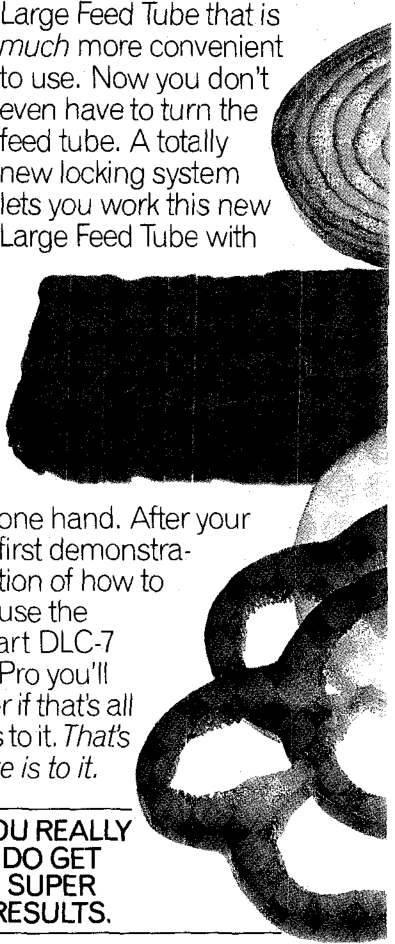

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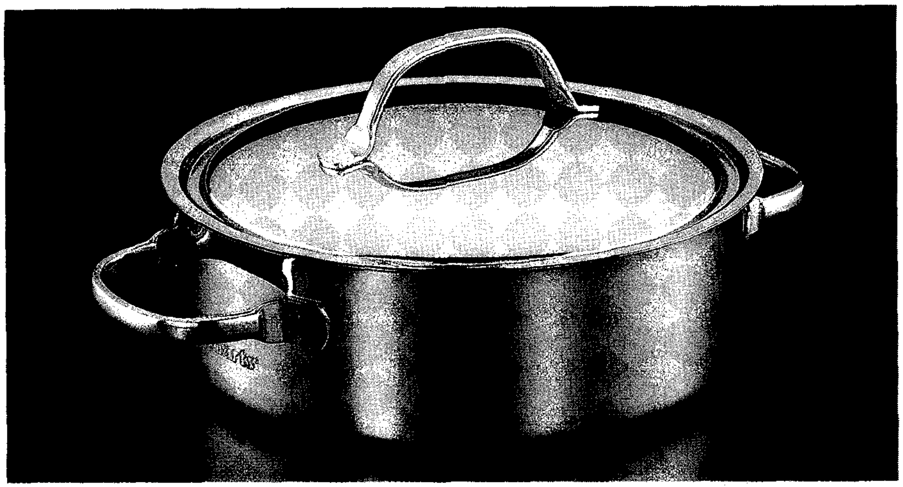

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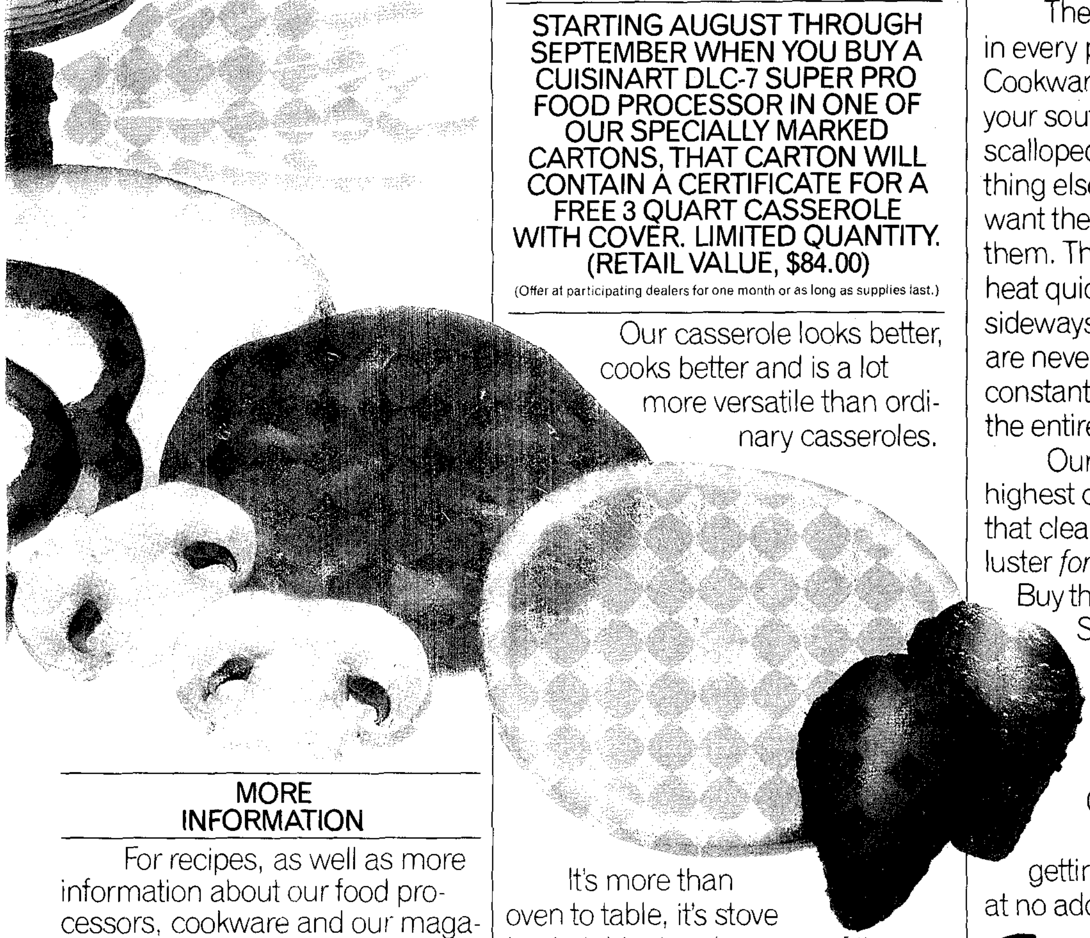

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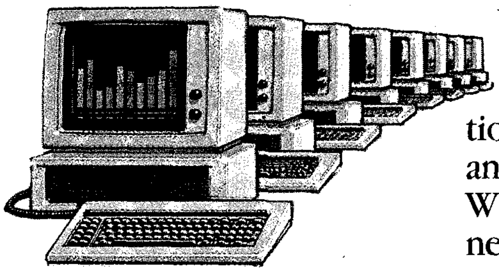

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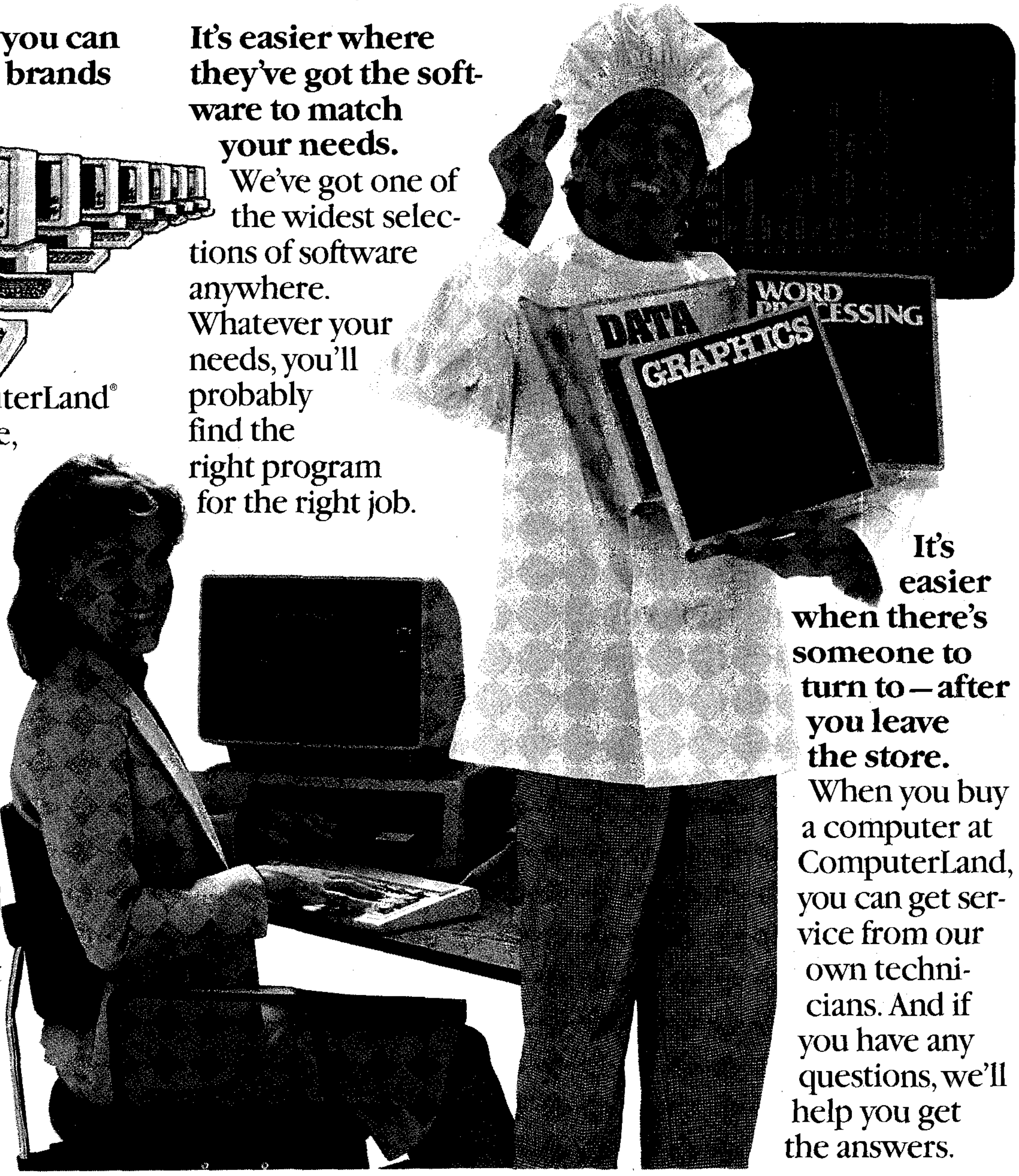

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are performing their own comfortable, highly satisfying brand of chamber jazz—a mixture of jazz improvisations, twinges of rock, and brief excursions into the classical arena—through Sunday, Sept. 9; Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 11-15, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** will play with Mr. Moore. Mondays belong to pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JULIO IGLESIAS—With Michael Davis. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Wednesday, Sept. 6-12, at 8.)

EEK-A-MOUSE—With Jah Malla. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, Sept. 8, at 11:30.)

ROD STEWART—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11, at 8.

PATTI LABELLE—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 11-13; Friday, Sept. 14, at 7 and 10; Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 16, at 3 and 7.

LAURA BRANIGAN—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Sept. 14, at 8.

RICK SPRINGFIELD—With Corey Hart. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, at 8.)

CHRIS SPEDDING—With the Rattlers. (Irving Plaza. Saturday, Sept. 15, at 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DIANE FARRELL—Paintings and drawings inspired by dreams—a three-by-four-foot oil of Mount Rushmore, for instance. Through Sept. 22. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Recent pencil and charcoal drawings of androgynous figures in complex scenarios. Also, a fifteen-foot leather totem. Through Sept. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER AND FRIENDS—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (Ned Sublette on Wednesday, Sept. 5; Steve Clorfeine on Sunday, Sept. 9, and Wednesday, Sept. 12); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. For information, call 571-2206.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Friday, Sept. 14. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St.: Oil paintings on canvas by an array of twentieth-century artists—Walt Kuhn, Giorgio Cavallon, and Grace Hartigan, to name a few. Through Sept. 29. . . . **SPANIERMAN**, 50 E. 78th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by American expatriates, including Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, and Elihu Vedder. Through Sept. 17. (Open Mondays; closes at 3 on Fridays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statue of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Friday, Sept. 14. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Saturday, Sept. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's entire collection of ancient Greek and Roman gold and silver plate, including cups, pitchers, bowls, vases, and a nearly complete silver table service, is now on permanent display. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Rhode Island samplers and silk embroideries. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A recently acquired collection of contemporary color photographs has been installed in the Edward Steichen Photography Center. Young photographers such as John Harding, David Graham, and Lorie Novak, together with established ones—Jan Groover, William Eggleston, Lucas Samaras, and others. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays. 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a group of sculptures taken from the collection, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A second selection from the collection, this one of drawings by twentieth-century European artists, including Chagall, Klimt, and Kirchner. Through Oct. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than two hundred prints acquired by the museum over the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Contemporary color photographs, including Jim Dow's panoramas of empty baseball stadiums, and a French series by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Damask fabrics, including Arabic woven silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and for Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ A display of tea services which pays homage to the variety of designs over the centuries. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 setback zoning law on the city's skyline. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. Also, Irish manuscripts from the permanent collection—"The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Oscar Wilde, and a page of James Joyce's "Ulysses," for example. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and rare printed editions from his private library, as well as works published by him, including a copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt, from the library's collection, including "Three Trees" and "The Goldweigher's Field." All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Twenty wood sculptures by Martin Puryear, including painted circular works executed recently and reconstructed pieces whose original versions were lost in a fire at his studio. . . . ¶ David Ireland's environmental installation, designed as an extension of the gallery space, is in part a three-tiered structure that wraps around

Albert Hubbell

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the gallery's columns. Both shows through Sunday, Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—*each of them once anathema to* somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 6, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at 7: "The Mikado," with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Bruce Reed, and William Wildermann; conducted by David Stahl. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 9, at 1: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and William Wildermann; David Stahl. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8: The company's première of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Erie Mills, Joy Davidson, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Cynthia Rose, Barry McCauley, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 15, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Mentzer, Stephen Dickson, and Bruce Reed; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

J. S. Bach: A Musical Offering—In advance of their regular concert season, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center is presenting a one-week festival commemorating the upcoming three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sunday, Sept. 9, at 6, Guy Bovet, organ, in a one-hour recital. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 9, at 8:30, Todd Phillips and Laurie Smukler, violin; Stephen Burns, trumpet; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and members of the society. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 6, a lecture by Christopher Hogwood. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 8:30, Mr. Hogwood directing the Academy of Ancient Music Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8, the Academy of Ancient Music Chamber Ensemble, members of the society, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 14, at 6, Anthony Newman, organ, in a one-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 14, at 8:30, Fortunato Arico and Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba; members of the society; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 15, at 6, Gillian Weir, organ, in a one-hour recital. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 15, at 8:30, Arleen Auger, soprano; Jane Bunnell, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Ben Holt, baritone; members of the society; and others. . . . **BRUNO WALTER AUDITORIUM,** New York Public Library at Lincoln Center: Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 6, a lecture by Christoph Wolff. (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Pablo Casals Trio—Oswald Lehnert, violin; Jurgen de Lemos, cello; and Larry Graham, piano, in their first appearance here. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

Evan Johnson and Julianne Baird—Baroque violin and soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Maxwell Jarman and Margery Tede—Bass-baritone and mezzo-soprano, in a program that features Maori songs from New Zealand. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Sept. 15, at 9. For tickets, call 226-1115.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season. Friday, Sept. 7, at 8:15: Rick Springfield and Corey Hart. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 9, at 8:15: Billy Squire and Ratt. (Saratoga Springs. For *information* about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, Sept. 14, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 15, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, *Friday, Sept. 7, at 8:05*; Saturday, Sept. 8, at 7:35; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at 1:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 10-11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 7:35, and Thursday, Sept. 13, at 1:35.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 8:** Fordham vs. Fitchburg State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Boston University, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 4. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 15:** Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at Piscataway, at 1:30.

Professional Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Thursday, Sept. 6, at 9. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Sunday, Sept. 9, at 1.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Man o' War, Saturday, Sept. 8; the Maskette, Sunday, Sept. 9; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 12; and the Woodward and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:19.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Thursday, Sept. 6, at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Pegasus, Saturday, Sept. 15.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5-6, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 9, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Music Festival on the Pier—Final concerts in the Miller beer people's summertime series. Wednesday, Sept. 5: Cyndi Lauper. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 7-8: King Sunny Ade and Black Uhuru. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 12: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 14: The Alarm. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Naumburg Orchestra—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Paul Tobias, cello, and Robert Routch, horn. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the upper West Side sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9, starting at Central Park W. and 72nd St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ A conducted tour of the Murray Hill area sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 9, starting at the southwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 33rd St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15-16, from noon until sundown.

THE DUSE ENCHANTMENT

(or, how her heart caught fire over a Sambuca Romana.)

When they met, she was *at the height of her powers, an* actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

As for Sambuca Romana Con Mosca, the drink the poet created, the taste is history.

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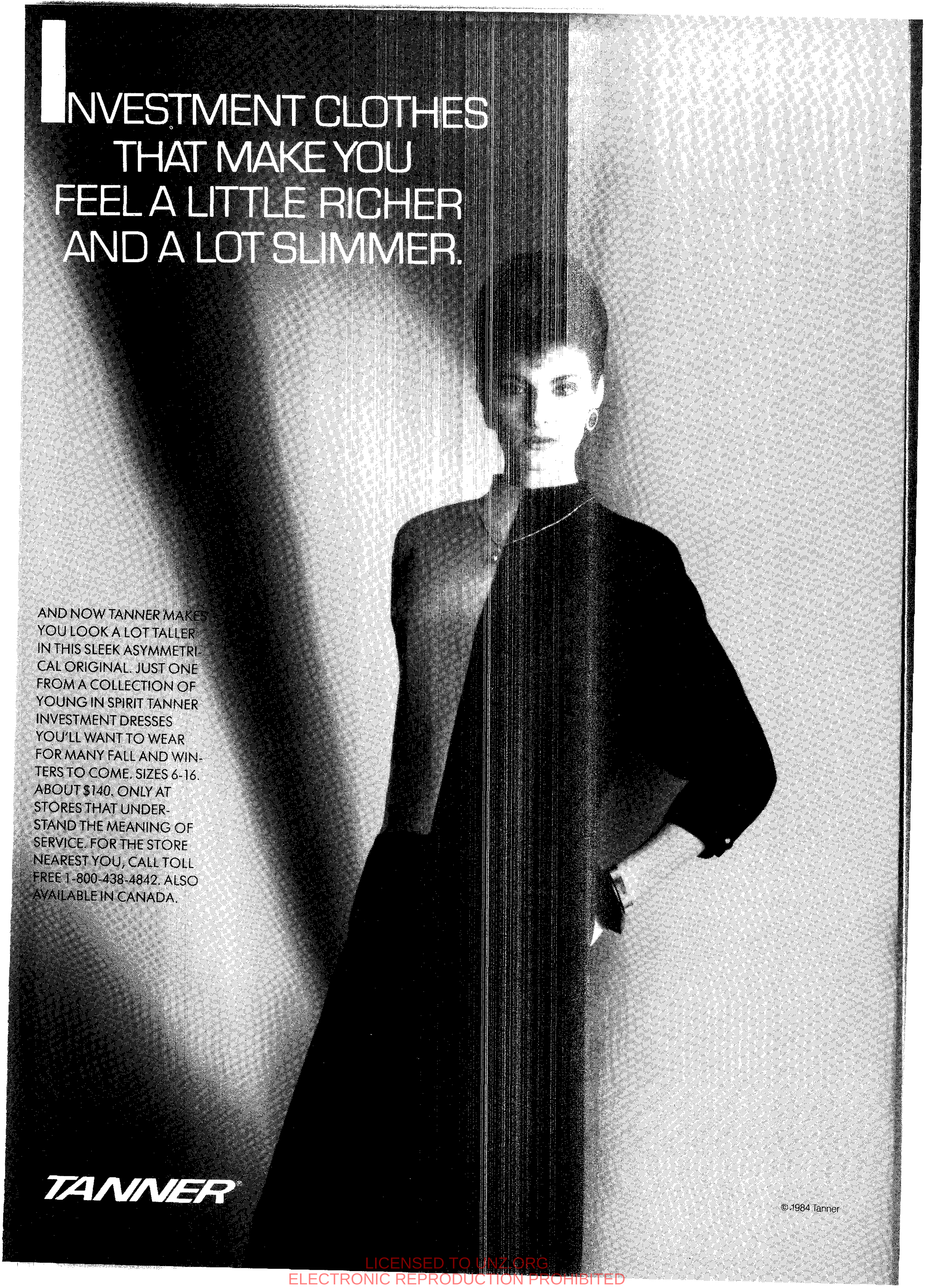

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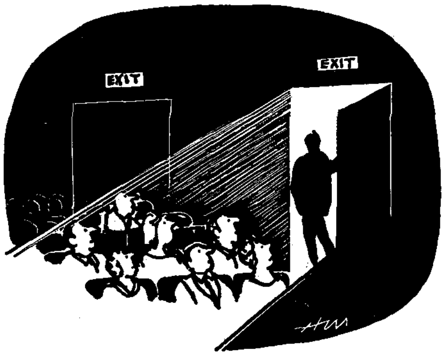

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Sept. 6: "The Gentleman Tramp" (1978; directed by Richard Patterson), a documentary on Charlie Chaplin; and three short films made by Chaplin in 1914—"Tango Tangles," "His Favorite Pastime," and "The Knockout."
From Sept 7: "Scarface" (1932 †).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Purple Rain" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 6: "Gremlins" (†) and "Sudden Impact" (†).
Sept. 7-13: "Gremlins" (†); and "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 3: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Purple Rain" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Sept. 11: "The 4th Man" (†).
From Sept. 12: "A Joke of Destiny" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Sept. 14: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 6: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
From Sept. 7: "The Last Winter" (Riki Shelach), with Kathleen Quinlan.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Bostonians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 12: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Phar Lap" (Simon Wincer), with Tom Burlinson.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 12: (matinées only) "The Muppets Take Manhattan;" (evenings only) "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
From Sept. 13: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 2: "Ninja Mission."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "American Pictures, Part I" (1981; directed by Jacob Holdt).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 6: "Pauline at the Beach" (†). From Sept. 7: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 11: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch). From Sept. 12: "The 4th Man" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 6: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe. From Sept. 7: "The Last Winter" (Riki Shelach), with Kathleen Quinlan.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French). From Sept. 14: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Theatre 4: "Eréndira" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 13: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).
From Sept. 14: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Sept. 6: "Under the Volcano" (†).
From Sept. 7: "The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 13: "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.
From Sept. 14: "Swann in Love" (Volker Schlöndorff; in French), with Jeremy Irons and Ornella Muti.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 6: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan. From Sept. 7: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 3: "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Vittorio Gassman.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "In the White City" (Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver). From Sept. 14: "Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell). From Sept. 14: "Old Enough."

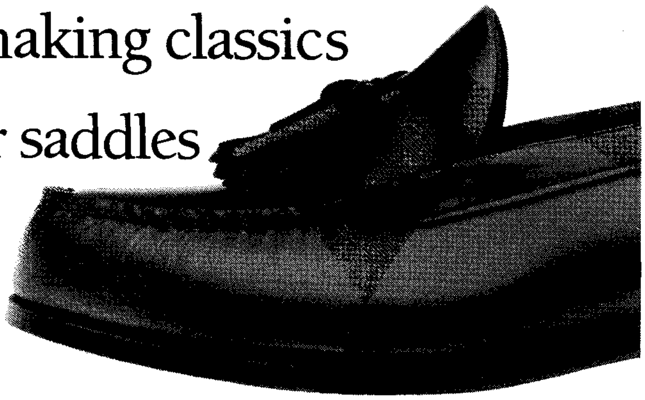
Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

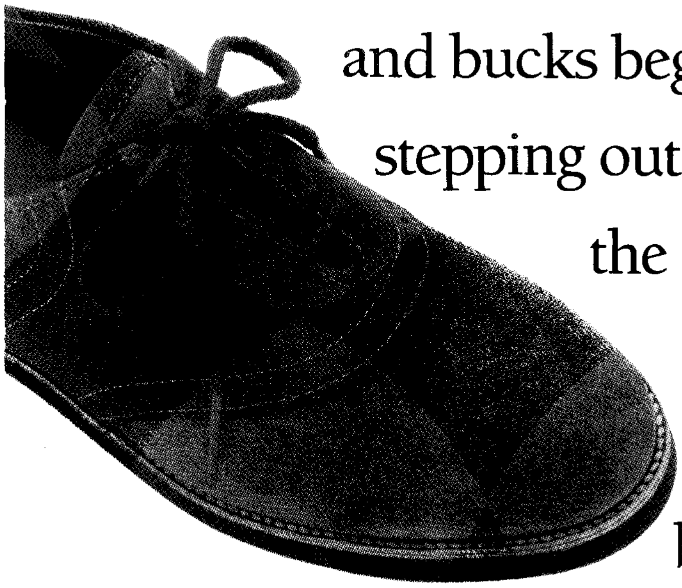
New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 6 "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards. From Sept. 7: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

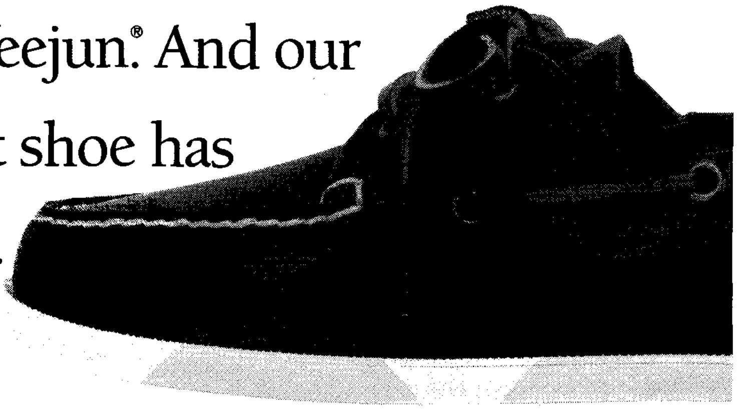
Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams. From Sept. 14: "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman).
Theatre 3: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (directed by Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 3: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff







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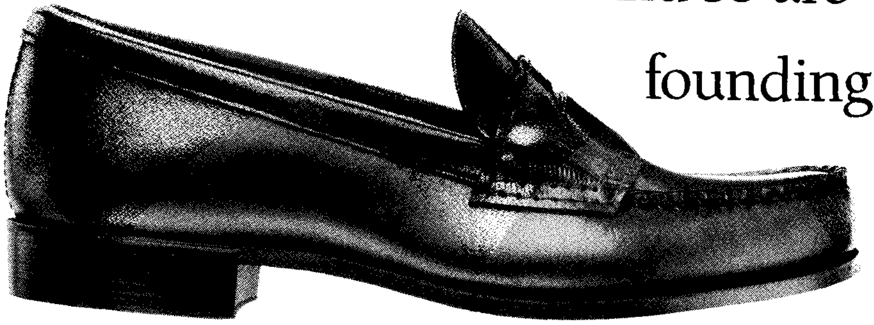

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Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 4: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 5: "Cloak & Dagger" (Richard Franklin), with Henry Thomas and Dabney Coleman.
Theatre 6: "Bachelor Party."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 11: "Footloose" (†).
From Sept. 12: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 3: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.
Theatre 4: "Sheena" (John Guillerman), with Tanya Roberts.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.
Theatre 2: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Ninja Mission."
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 5: "Orpheus" (1949; directed by Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).
Sept. 6: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
Sept. 7-8: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.
Sept. 9-10: "Miracle in Milan" (†) and "Umberto D." (†).

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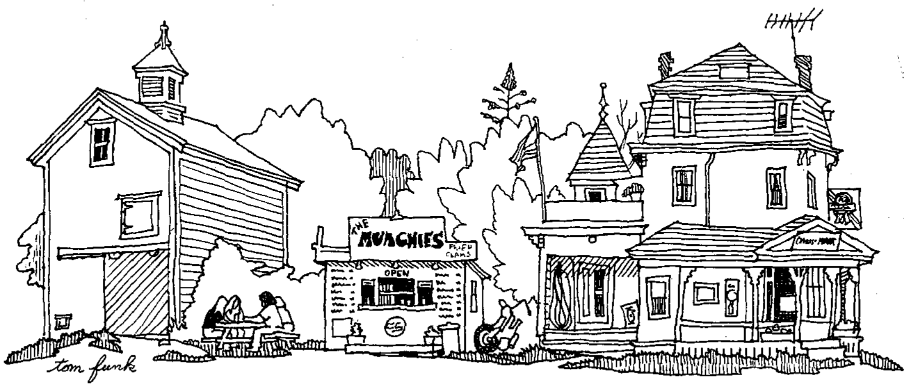
Sept. 11: "La Strada" (†); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Sept. 12: "Il Posto" ("The Sound of Trumpets;" 1961; Ermanno Olmi); and "The Fiancés" (†).
Sept. 13: "The Night Porter" (†); and "Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson and Dominique Sanda.
From Sept. 14: A program of films directed by King Hu entitled "Zen and the Martial Arts."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 5: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S; and "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp and Warren Mitchell.
Sept. 6: "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian); and "A Slave of Love" (1978; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei.
Sept. 7: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian); and "The Lady with the Dog" (1960; Josef Heifitz; in Russian).
Sept. 8: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian).
Sept. 9: "Crime and Punishment" (1970; Lev Kulijanov; in Russian).
Sept. 10: "My Name Is Ivan" (†) and "Ballad of a Soldier" (†).
Sept. 11: "Uncle Vanya" (1971 †) and "The Cranes Are Flying" (†).
Sept. 12: "And Quiet Flows the Don" (†).
Sept 13: "Alexander Nevsky" (†); and "Don Quixote" (1957; Grigori Kozintsev; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.
From Sept. 14: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Âge d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Gaston Modot.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 6: "Bananas" (1971) and "Sleeper" (1973), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Sept. 7-8: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Sept. 9-11: "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow; and "The Hotel New Hampshire" (1984; Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.



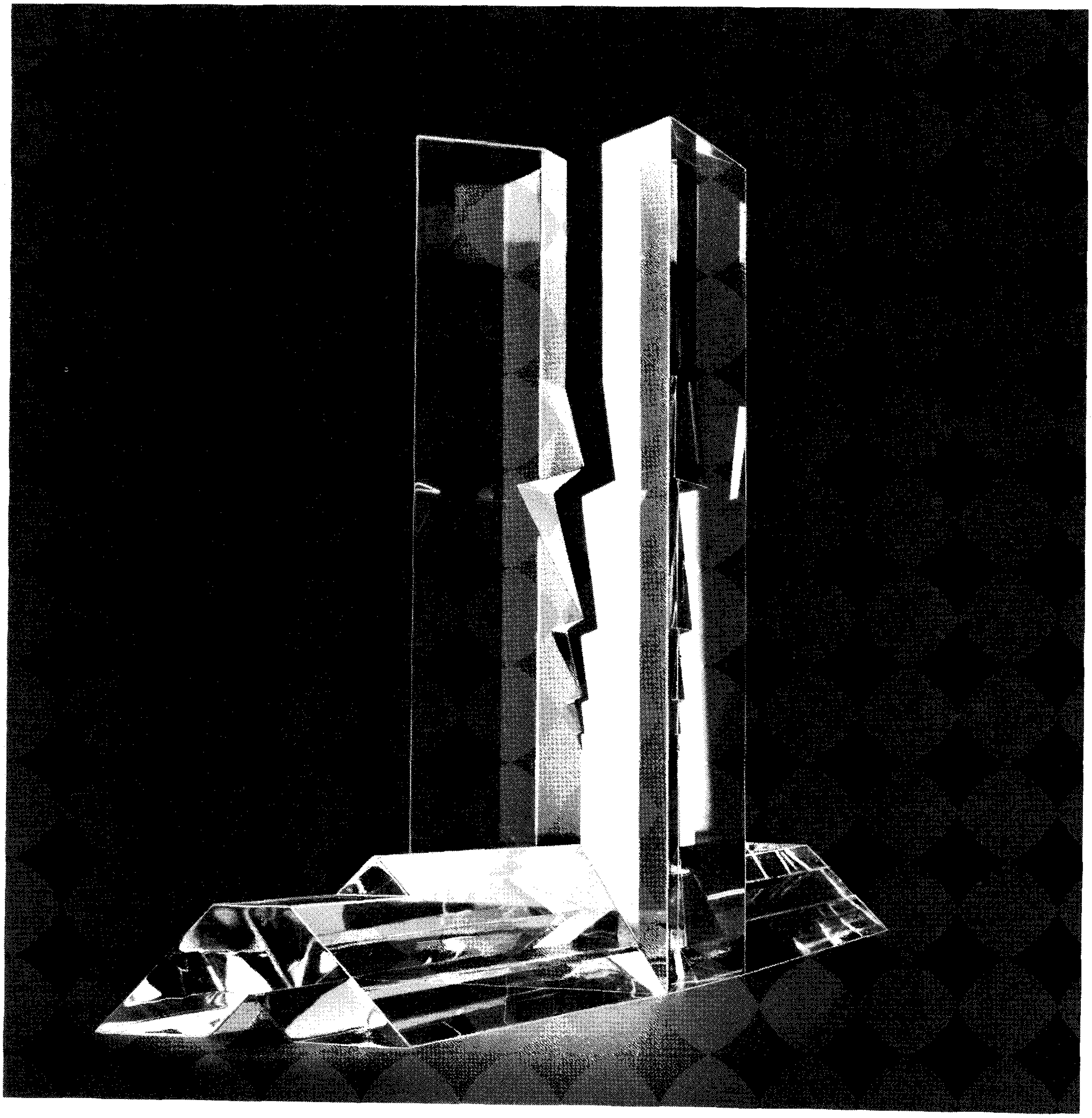
Sept. 12-13: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 14-15: "Tender Mercies" (†); and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 5: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); and "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Sept. 6-8: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Sept. 9-10: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; "Hard Times" (†); and "Paradise Alley" (†).
Sept. 11-12: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937; Lothar Mendes), with Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and George Sanders; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.
Sept. 13-15: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 6: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, Denholm Elliott, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.
Sept. 7-8: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
Sept. 9: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Sept. 10-11: "Heavy Traffic" (1973) and "Fritz the Cat" (1972), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Sept. 12-13: "Meatballs" (1979; Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray; "Easy Money" (1983; James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield; and ". . . All the Marbles" (1981; Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.
Sept. 14-15: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (1984; Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert and Ralph Richardson; and "Quest for Fire" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Sept. 6: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards.
Sept. 7: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and four short films made by Chaplin in 1916—"The Vagabond," "The Fireman," "The Count," and "Behind the Screen."
Sept. 8: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and four short films made by Chaplin in 1916—"One A.M.," "The Pawnshop," "The Floorwalker," and "The Rink."
Sept. 9: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Martha Raye.
Sept. 10: "The Circus" (1928; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Merna Kennedy; and five short films made by Chaplin in 1914—"Caught in a Cabaret," "Making a Living," "The Masquerader," "Mabel's Busy Day," and "The Rounders."
Sept. 11: "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and three short films made



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STEUBEN GLASS

by Chaplin in 1918—"A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "The Pilgrim."

Sept. 12: "The Kid" (1921; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, and Carl Miller; and four short films made by Chaplin—"The Idle Class" (1921), "Pay Day" (1922), "Sunnyside" (1919), and "A Day's Pleasure" (1919).

Sept. 13: "*Limelight*" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and four short films made by Chaplin in 1917—"The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street."

Sept. 14: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

From Sept. 15: "Fanny and Alexander" (†); and "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 6: "Dragonwyck" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.

Sept. 7-8: "Cleopatra" (1963; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.

Sept. 9-10: "Another Language" (1933; Edward H. Griffith), with Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery; and "Stamboul Quest" (1934; Sam Wood), with Myrna Loy and George Brent.

Sept. 11-12: "Million Dollar Legs" (†) and "If I Had a Million" (†).

Sept. 13-15: "Manhattan Melodrama" (†); and "After Office Hours" (1935; Robert Z. Leonard), with Clark Gable and Constance Bennett.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 5: "Shack Out on 101" (1956; Ed Dein), with Terry Moore, Frank Lovejoy, Keenan Wynn, and Lee Marvin; and "The *Whip Hand" (1952; William Cameron* Menzies), with Carla Balenda and Elliott Reid.

Sept. 6: "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (1981; Marco Ferreri), with Ben Gazzara; and "Coming Apart" (1969; Milton Moses Ginsberg), with Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors, and Sally Kirkland.

Sept. 7: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

Sept. 8: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Breathless" (1983; Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Sept. 9: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "I Vitelloni" ("The Young and the Passionate;" 1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi.

Sept. 10: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). Parts 3 and 4 will be showing.

Sept. 11: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne and Arthur Shields.

Sept. 12: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Sept. 13: "Out of the Past" (1947; Jacques Tourneur), *with Jane Greer, Robert Mitch*um, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming; and "Nightmare Alley" (1947; Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, and Ian Keith.

Sept. 14-15: "Death Watch" (1980; Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Harry Dean Stanton, Romy Schneider, Harvey Keitel, and Max von Sydow; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 5: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929; Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall; and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, and Eric Blore.

Sept. 6: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.

Sept. 7-8: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke) and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna *Loy and William Powell.*

Sept. 9: "La Dolce Vita: (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Sept. 10: "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, Irene Papas, and Lila Kedrova; and "La Strada" (†).

Sept. 11: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940 †).

Sept. 12: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "They Made Me a Criminal" (†).

Sept. 13: "Mon Oncle" (†) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†).

Sept. 14: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmar Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, *and Walter Brennan.*

Sept. 15: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Sept. 6 at 2:30: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: "L'Étoile de Mer" (1928; directed by Man Ray), "The Cage" (1947; Sidney Peterson), and "Anticipation of the Night" (1958; Stan Brakhage), all silent films. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2:30: "Land Without Bread" (1933; Luis Buñuel; a documentary), "Nazi Propaganda Films: 1933-37" (in German, with no English subtitles), and "Granton Trawler" (1934; John Grierson). . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 6: "Night Mail" (1936; Harry Watt) and "Heart of Spain" (1937). . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Les Raquetteurs" (1958; Gilles Groulx and Michel Brault), "The Back-Breaking Leaf" (1959; Terence Macartney-Filgate), and "Lonely Boy" (1961; Roman Kroitor and Wolf Koenig). . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 5: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "The Little Train Robbery" (1905; Edwin S. Porter; a silent film), "The 'Teddy' Bears" (1907; Edwin S. Porter; a silent film), and "Rumpelstiltskin" (1915; Thomas H. Ince; a silent film). . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 5: Another program of animated films. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 1: A program of the 1984 winners of the British Advertising Broadcast Awards. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "L'Étoile de Mer," "The Cage," and "Anticipation of the Night." . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 6: "Spare Time" (1939; Humphrey Jennings), "Valley Town" (1940; Willard Van Dyke), and "Prelude to War" *(1942; Frank Capra). . . . ¶ Sept. 13* at noon, 1:30, 3, 4:30, 6, and 7: A program of the 1984 winners of the British Advertising Broadcast Awards. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "The Song of Lisbon" (1933; Cottinelli Telmo; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Vasco Santana, Teresa Gomes, and Manoel de Oliveira. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: "The May Revolution" (1937; António Lopes Ribeiro; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Maria Clara, António Martinez, and Emília de Oliveira. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Mountain Wolves" (1942; Jorge Brum Canto; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with António Sousa, Maria Domingas, and António Silva. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 5: "The Green Years" (1963; Paulo Rocha; in Portuguese, *with English subtitles), with Isabel* Ruth, Rui Gomes, and Ruy Furtado. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Sergei Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. When it's great, it's very great, but there are long deadly stretches (which isn't the case with Eisenstein's other films). The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by German knights; needless to say, the Russians expel the invaders. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. Photographed (as were all Eisenstein's feature films) by Eduard Tisse; with Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

And Quiet Flows the Don *(1957)—A kaleido*scopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1959)—A lyrical celebration of young love and patriotism set during the Second World War. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by *Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as* limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/84.) (Cinema I.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—This Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless mar*riage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent* pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how un-

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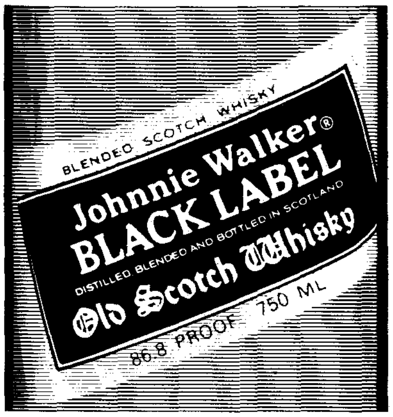
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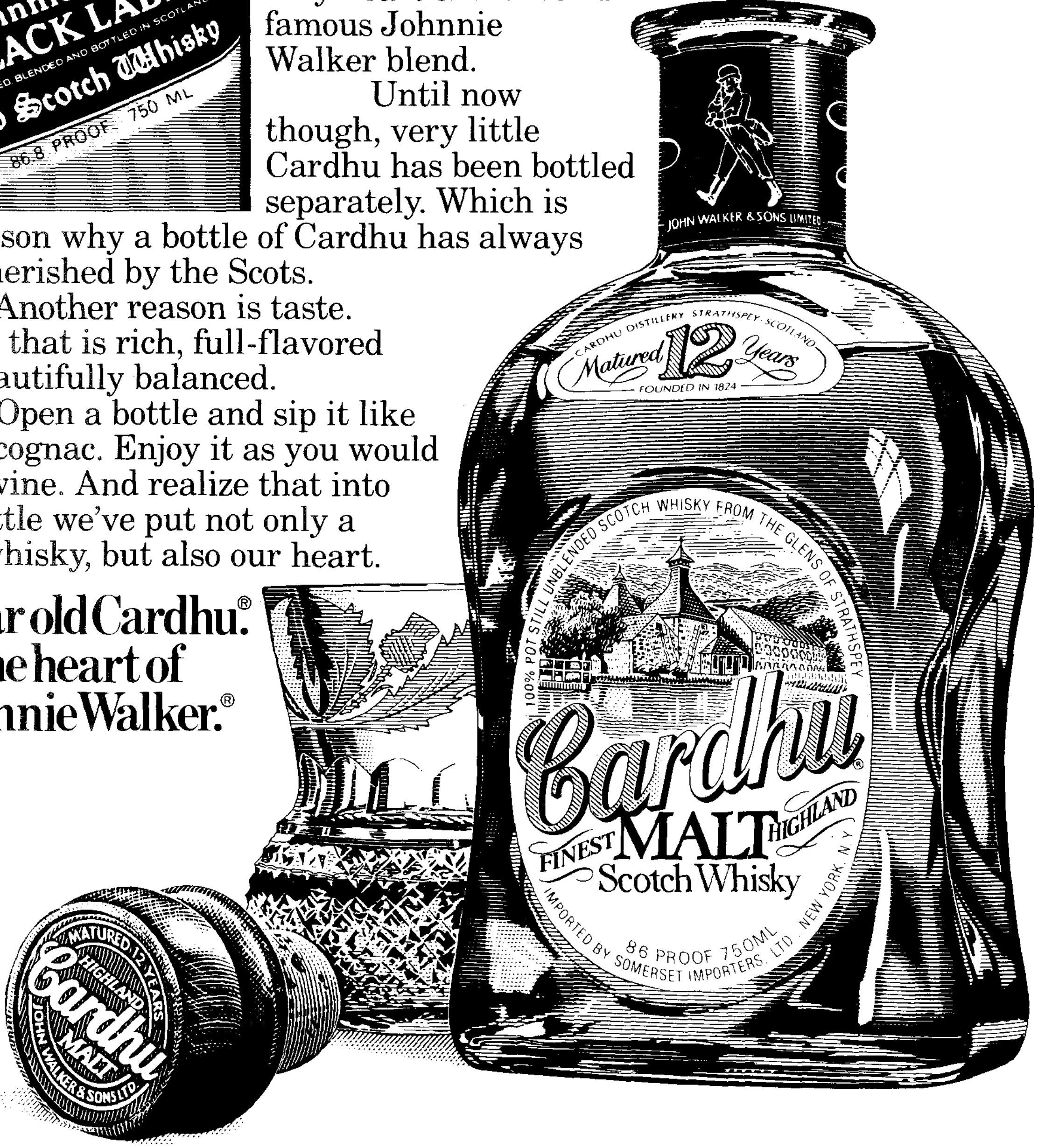
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fulfilled they have been in their marriages *until they meet each other*. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Fanny and Alexander (1983)—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Metro Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

The Fiancés (1963)—A wonderfully sweet-natured film about a long-distance engagement between poor young people in Italy, made by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Sept. 12.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing—a piece of neo-Andy Hardyism, with plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." (Footloose is what they're not.) The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown: you don't get the climactic dance you expect. This will probably be the only rock musical ever made in which every single character is white Protestant. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter, Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed, and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. There's an exhilarating title sequence, a good brief scene with a little boy asleep in church, and an entertaining passage in which Bacon teaches Penn to dance. And despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy 1; through Sept. 11.)

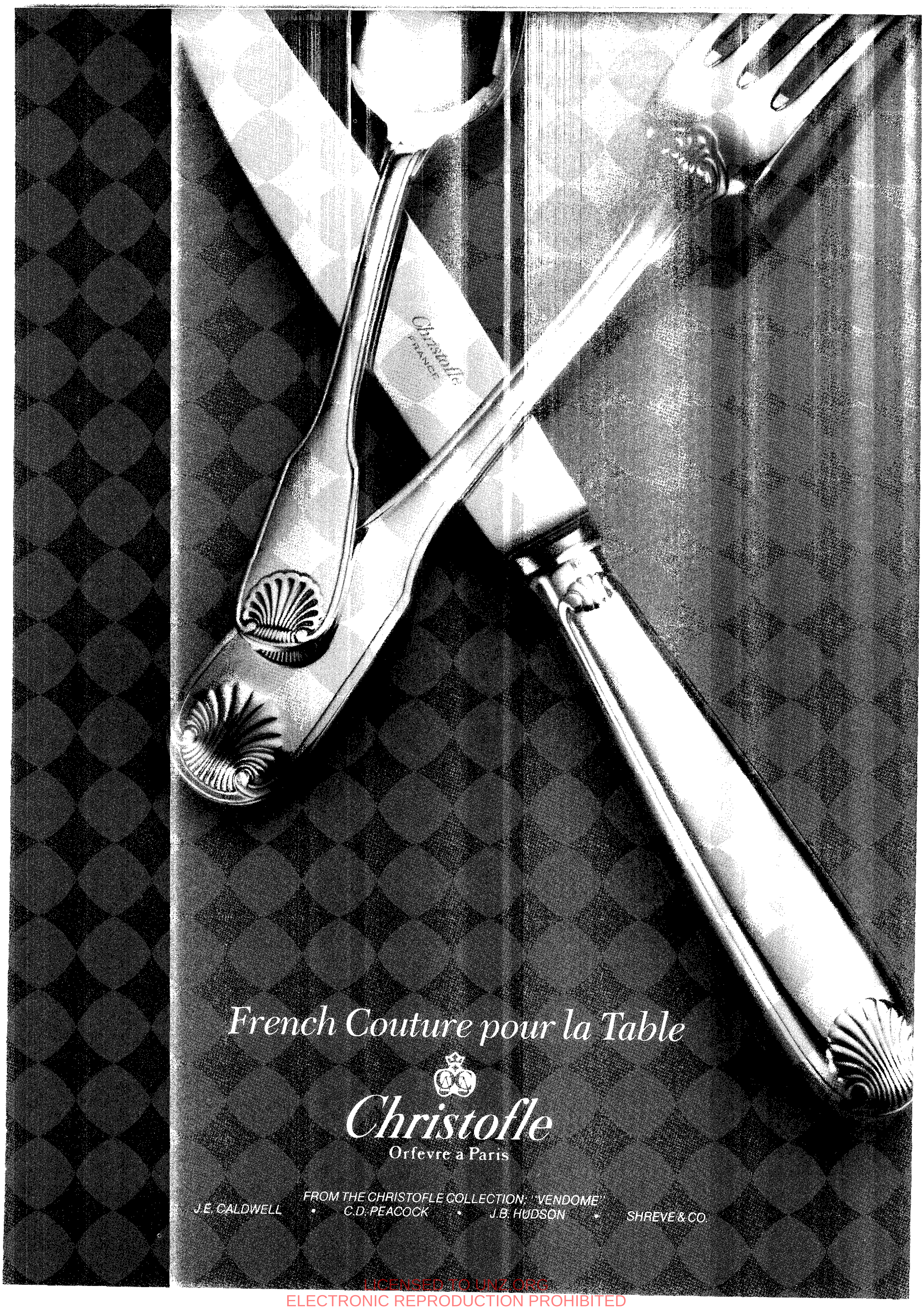
The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Sept. 12.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

Hard Times (1975)—Spacious, leisurely, and with elaborate period re-creations of Louisiana in the thirties, the first feature directed by the then young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp, perhaps even great pulp. The hero (Charles Bronson) rides into town on the rails, looking like an authentic Depression worker—a cap on his head, his face worn, narrow slits of hurting eyes. This aging itinerant never speaks of his past; he hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. By using Bronson with superb calculation, so that he is the underdog in every situation, Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that our hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. Written by Hill, Bryan Gindorff, and Bruce Henstell. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 9-10.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—Perhaps the best of the American all-star episode films of its era. Each brief story has a different comic flavor. The cast includes W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, Mary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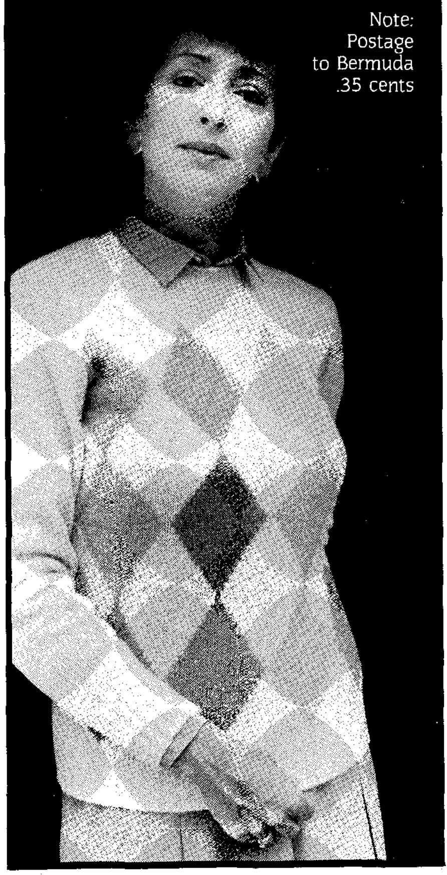

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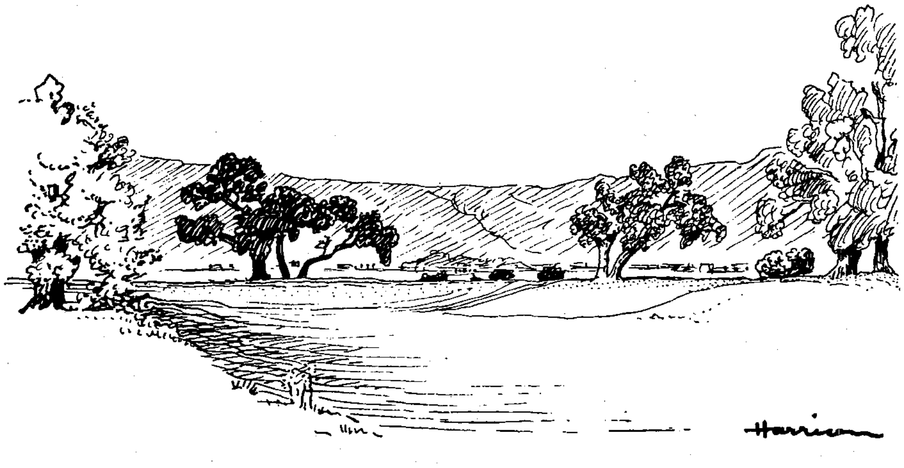
Boland, Jack Oakie, George Raft, and Wynne Gibson as the prostitute who, given a million dollars, goes to bed alone. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, among others. (Regency; Sept. 11-12.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells off her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her laywer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Victor Sen Yung, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai, and Doris Lloyd. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11.)

Manhattan Melodrama (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a deluxe melodrama. Gable and William Powell play boyhood friends from the slums who grow up on what Hollywood writers used to call "opposite sides of the law." In the climax, Powell, the District Attorney, must prosecute his old friend, who gallantly dies rather than allow Powell to jeopardize his career. Despite the heavy moralizing tone, the picture holds one's interest; Powell manages to get his conflicting emotions across, and he has an unusual rapport with Myrna Loy, the woman both men love. (Powell and Loy were then teamed and made "The Thin Man" later that year.) Produced by David O. Selznick and directed by W. S. Van Dyke, it was originally released by M-G-M as one of their Cosmopolitan Productions (which meant a William Randolph Hearst production), but after the Dillinger shooting, Hearst, who was sensitive to any hint of scandal or notoriety, had the Cosmopolitan credit deleted. The cast includes Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Clark Gable as a twelve-year-old. The screenplay involved at least four writers (Oliver H. P. Garrett, Rowland Brown, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Pete Smith), working from Arthur Caesar's Academy Award-winning screen story. Cinematography by James Wong Howe; Shirley Ross appears in a set that is meant to represent the Cotton Club, singing "The Bad in Every Man"—a song by Rodgers and Hart that later got new lyrics and became "Blue Moon." (Regency; Sept. 13-15.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the



lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

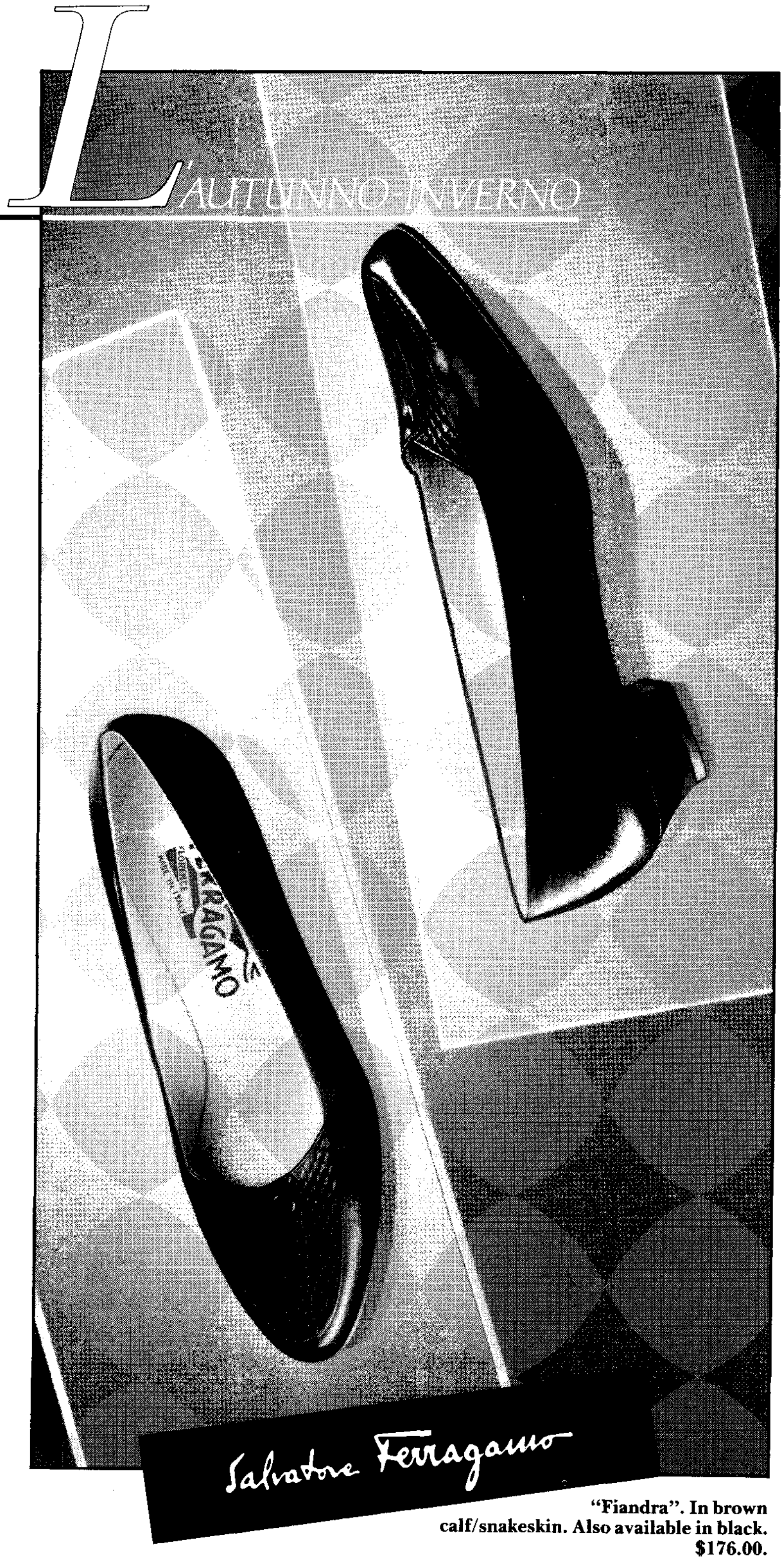
Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Regency; Sept. 11-12.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoyevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. Francesco Golissano is perfect as Toto; the heroine, Brunella Bovo, is what Chaplin's heroines should have been but weren't. The film provides a beautiful role for that great, almost legendary lady of the Italian theatre, Emma Gramatica (many, many years before, she had taken over Duse's roles and acted under the direction of D'Annunzio); as the supremely silly old woman of De Sica's fairy tale, she is as yielding and permissive as his Umberto D. (see "Umberto D.," below) is proud and stubborn. With Paolo Stoppa as the unhappy man. Cesare Zavattini adapted his own novel, "Toto il Buono." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Sept. 9-10.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 13.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "À Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But the moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: Shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 13.)

My Name Is Ivan (1963)—This Russian movie about a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a remarkable per-



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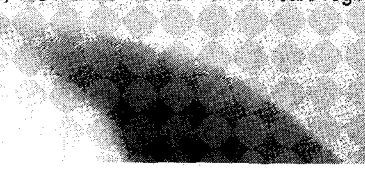

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formance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is credited with the effective direction. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an S-M Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. With Philippe Leroy and Gabriele Ferzetti. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Sept. 13.)

Paradise Alley (1978)—Sylvester Stallone wrote, directed, and stars in this story about three Italian brothers in Hell's Kitchen in 1946. The youngest (Lee Canalito) becomes a saloon wrestler, the oldest (Armand Assante) manages him, and the middle brother (Stallone) serves as his trainer. The film is an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, a gentle giant who talks to a pet canary named Bella, and a Damon Runyonesque assortment of crooks and thugs. Not a single one of them seems capable of walking the two or three blocks that would get them out of Hell's Kitchen; instead, they all dream about escape or hatch near-impossible plans. Stallone gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling that you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four. With Frank McRae, as Big Glory, and Terry Funk. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 9-10.)

Pauline at the Beach (1982)—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with exquisite control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit has nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. (She and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Film Forum; through Sept. 6.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. With Patty Apollonia Kotero, Jerome Benton, and Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

Quest for Fire (1982)—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heavy dose of Desmond ("Naked Ape") Morris, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly close-ups of torn flesh and the composer, Philippe Sarde, letting himself go in the Stravinsky and Wagner department, the picture might be taken for a put-on. (If it were double-billed with the comedian Carl Gottlieb's "Caveman," its overblown solemnity might backfire.) The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup, and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and yet attractive; the sixties have made the ape look seem hip—these fellows might be rock stars. The hero Naoh falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who have pottery and the beginnings of a culture and know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. It's almost impossible to guess what the tone of much of this Stone Age love story is meant to be. At times Amoukar and Gaw are baggy-pants comics without the pants. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages" and Desmond Morris "created" the "body languages and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 14-15.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." Over all, it's a terrific movie, even though the pacing doesn't always seem quite right. The opening sequence is a beauty: the camera moves from a street lamp with stylized skyscrapers in the background and follows a milkman into a speakeasy, where we see the remnants of a gangland New Year's Eve party and finally pick up the shadow of Scarface, who kills the gangland leader. The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. Truffaut suggests that Hawks "deliberately directed Paul Muni to make him look like a monkey, his arms hanging loosely and slightly curved, his face caught in a perpetual grimace." The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen

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Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. Here's Truffaut again: "The most striking scene in the movie is unquestionably Boris Karloff's death. He squats down to throw a ball in a game of ninepins and doesn't get up; a rifle shot prostrates him. The camera follows the ball he's thrown as it knocks down all the pins except one that keeps spinning until it finally falls over, the exact symbol of Karloff himself, the last survivor of a rival gang that's been wiped out by Muni. This isn't literature. It may be dance or poetry. It is certainly cinema." The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems; the scene in the publisher's office wasn't directed by Hawks—it was inserted to appease pressure groups. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Sept. 7.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Guild; through Sept. 13.)

La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Sept. 11.)

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Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The script, by Joseph C. Stinson, features lines such as the main sadistic, rotten villain's laying claim to Harriet with "The bitch is mine." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 6.)

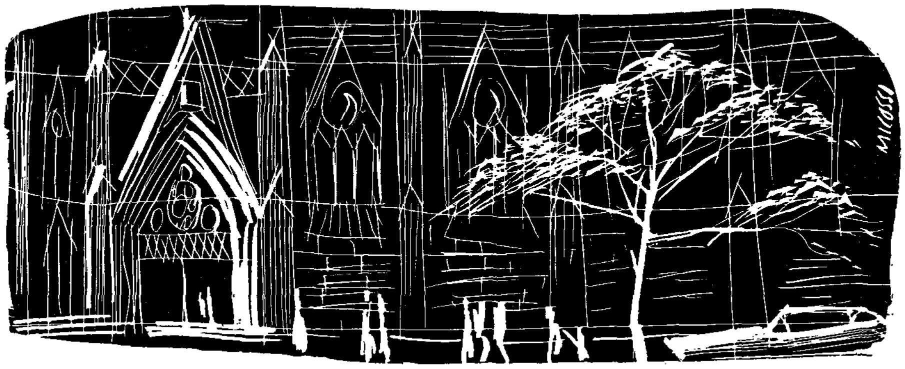
Tender Mercies (1983)—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema Village; Sept. 14-15.)

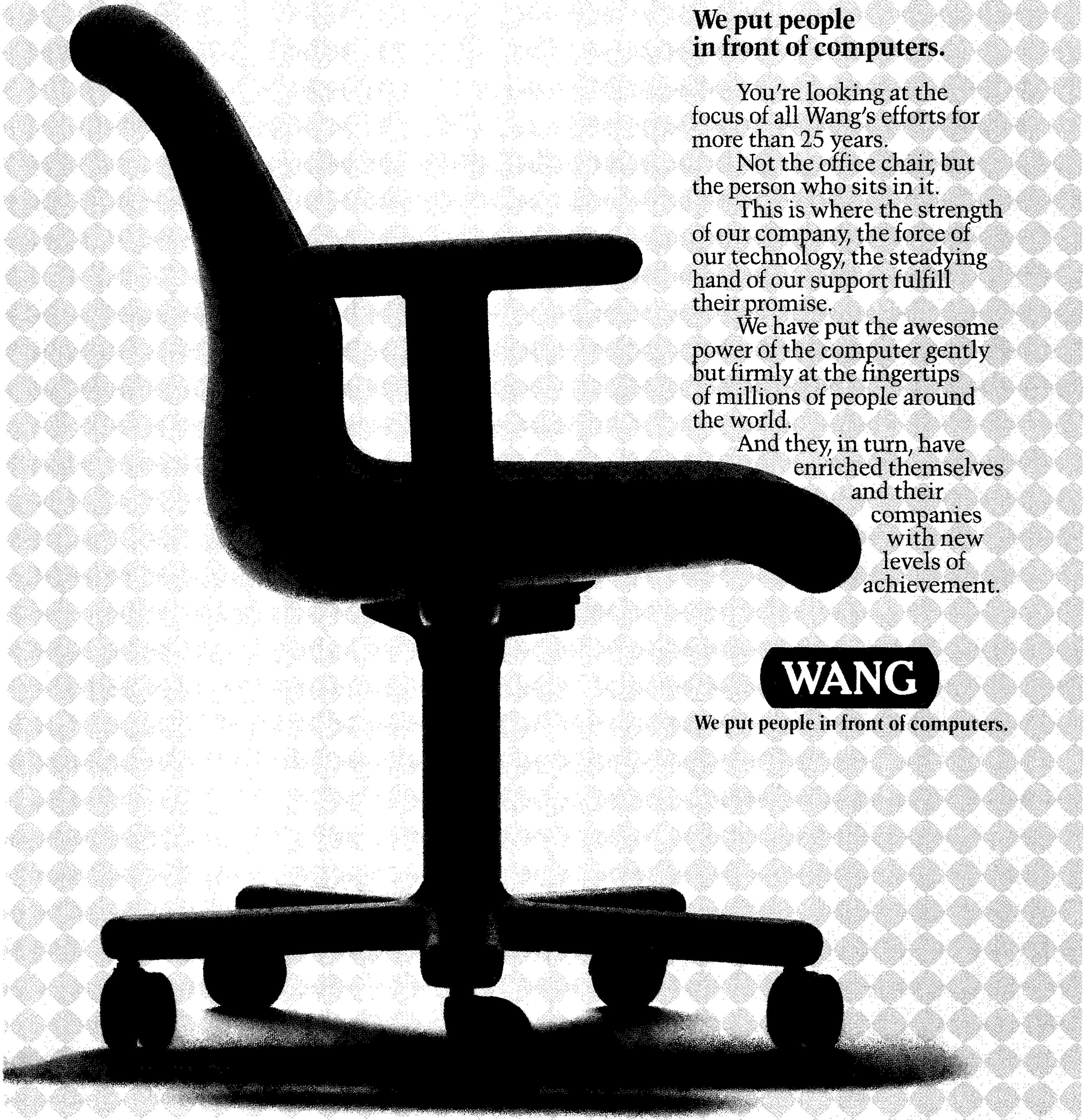
They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—The screenwriter must have gone berserk on this one, or maybe it was some higher-up's idea to cast John Garfield as a New York prizefighter on the lam from a murder charge, who gets a job on a date ranch in Arizona, which is run by a kindly old lady (May Robson) as a work farm for delinquent boys—the Dead End Kids. When the do-gooding old broad is about to be evicted, the redeemed Garfield enters a local prizefight and is spotted by a New York detective (Claude Rains). To add to the unlikeliness, Busby Berkeley was the director. The melodrama is mawkishly familiar, but there are watchable bits along the way, and it's tolerable. Barbara Pepper and Ann Sheridan figure in the big-city dirty glitter at the beginning, and on the ranch there's twisty-mouth Gloria Dickson as the good-woman blonde—she's an odd one, even by Warners' thirties standards. James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. The script, credited to Sig Herzig, is a reworking of the 1933 Warners movie "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone except his dog (Flick in the subtitles but pronounced Flike). Umberto's alienation has pride and spirit in it, even though his skinny frame is stiffening. Someone has said that this picture goes a long way toward making us aware of what it is to be a man—and also, for that matter, of what it is to be a dog. There are graceful, beautiful episodes—such as a sequence of a young servant girl rising—that would be unthinkable in a conventional movie, or even in a documentary of the time, since the sequence doesn't illustrate any social thesis but is there for itself, for what Cesare Zavattini, who wrote the script with De Sica, called "the love of reality." This work stands apart from De Sica's other films, with the possible exceptions of "The Children Are Watching Us" and "Shoe-Shine"—its moral passion has a special purity. Zavattini wrote that "no other medium of expression has the cinema's original and innate capacity for showing things . . . in what we might call their 'dailiness.' " Perhaps what makes this film singular is that its "dailiness" is infused with so much awareness that the screen seems luminous. There isn't a minute of banality in this simple, direct film, and there's none of the usual Italian post-synching—even the background sound is live and was recorded at the time. Cinematography by G. R. Aldo. With Carlo Battisti, a retired professor, as Umberto, Maria Pia Casilio as the servant, and Lina Gennari as the landlady. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Sept. 9-10.)

Uncle Vanya (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Festival; through Sept. 6.)





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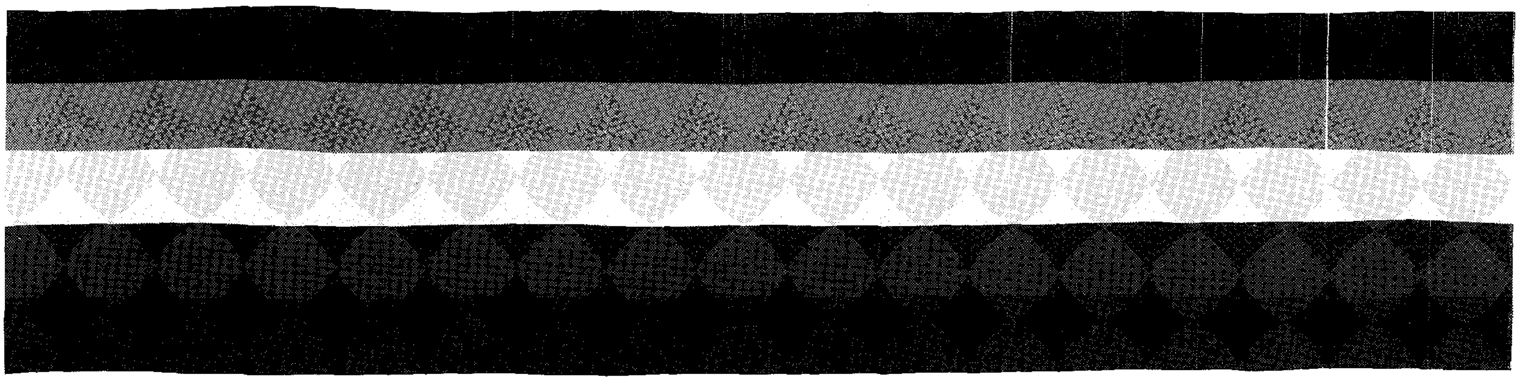

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

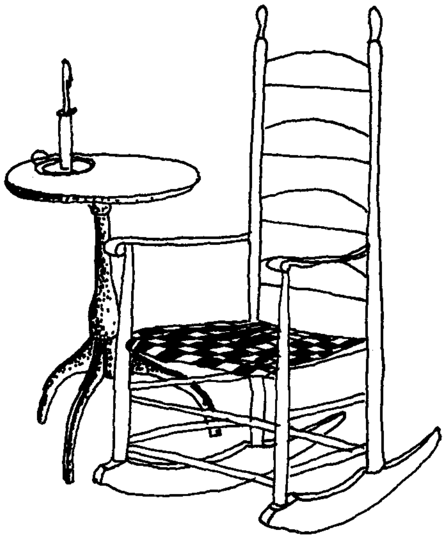
A FRIEND in the Middle West writes:

My fifteen-year-old son has just returned from abroad with a dozen rolls of exposed film and a hundred dollars in uncashed travellers' checks, and is asleep at the moment, drifting slowly westward toward Central Time. His blue duffelbag lies on the hall floor where he dropped it, about four short strides into the house. Last night, he slept in Paris, and the twenty nights before that in various beds in England and Scotland, but evidently he postponed as much sleep as he could: when he walked in and we embraced and he said he'd missed home, his electrical system suddenly switched off, and he headed half-unconscious for the sack, where I imagine he may beat his old record of sixteen hours.

I don't think I'll sleep for a while. This household has been running a low fever over the trip since weeks before it began, when we said, "In one month, you'll be in London! Imagine!" It was his first trip overseas, so we pressed travel books on him, and a tape cassette of useful French phrases; drew up a list of people to visit; advised him on clothing and other things. At the luggage store where we went to buy him a suitcase, he looked at a few suitcases and headed for the duffels and knapsacks. He said that suitcases were more for old people. I am only forty-two, however, and I pointed out that a suitcase keeps your clothes neater—a sports coat, for example. He said he wasn't taking a sports coat. The voice of my mother spoke through me. "Don't you want to look nice?" I said. He seemed pained.

My mother and father and a nephew went with him on the trip, during which he called home three times: from London, from Paris, and from a village named Ullapool, in the Highlands. "It's like no place in America," he reported from London. Near Ullapool, he hiked through a crowd of Scottish sheep and climbed a mountain in a rainstorm that almost blew him off the summit. He took cover behind a boulder, and the sun came out. In the village, a man spoke to him in Gaelic, and, too polite to interrupt, my son listened to him for ten or fifteen minutes, trying to nod and murmur in the right places. The French he learned from the cassette didn't hold water in Paris—not even his fallback phrase, "*Parlez-vous anglais?*" The French he said it to shrugged and walked on. In Paris, he bought a hamburger at a tiny shop run by a Greek couple, who offered Thousand Island dressing in place of ketchup. He described Notre Dame to me, and the Eiffel Tower, as he had described Edinburgh, Blair Castle, hotel rooms, meals, people he saw on the streets.

"What is it like?" I asked over and over. I myself have never been outside the United States, except twice when I was in Canada. When I was eighteen, a friend and I made a list of experiences we intended to have before we reached twenty-one, which included hopping a freight to the West Coast, learning to play the guitar, and going to Europe. I've done none of them. When my son called, I sat down at the kitchen table and leaned forward and hung on every word. His voice came through clearly, though two of the calls were like ship-to-shore radio communication in which you have to switch from Receive to Send, and when I interrupted him with a "Great!" or a "Really?" I knocked a little hole in his transmission. So I just sat and listened. I have never listened to a telephone so intently and with so much pleasure as I did those three times. It was wonderful and moving to hear news from him that was so new to me. In my book, he was the first man to land on the moon, and I knew that I had no advice to give him and that what I had already given was probably not much help.



The unused checks that he's left on the hall table—almost half the wad I sent him off with—is certainly evidence of that. Youth travels light. No suitcase, no sports coat, not much language, and a slim expense account, and yet he went to the scene, got the story, and came back home safely. I sit here amazed. The night when your child returns with dust on his shoes from a country you've never seen is a night you would gladly prolong into a week.

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Laughs

CARROLL PRATT owns and operates a patented laugh-track machine that is used on many television situation comedies and variety shows, and for twenty-six years he has been, in the jargon of the trade, "sweetening" live-television-audience soundtracks—or, in more demanding cases, "re-laughing" them. So when Bill Persky, the director of the highly rated sitcom "Kate and Allie," needed someone to fill out the soundtrack on several episodes of the show he called upon Mr. Pratt, whom he introduced to us as "the famed laugh man."

The man we were meeting looked like a tan and relaxed Donald Pleasence, and he was dressed in a casual ensemble of sports shirt, slacks, and loafers, in various shades of coffee-and-cream. Mr. Pratt's voice indicates an easygoing nature, and his own laugh is undistinguished and certainly less vibrant than one might expect from a famed laugh man. Mr. Persky had scheduled Mr. Pratt for an early Saturday morning at the Sound Shop, a recording facility for motion pictures and television on the East Side, and Mr. Pratt whisked in from a red-eye flight from his home base, in Los Angeles, bringing with him a beige box about a foot square and two and a half feet high, which he transported upright on a rolling cart—a box containing his machine. Unboxed, it looks like an adding machine combined with modern dentist-office cabinetry. On top, the machine has four rows of blue and gray keys, each row numbered horizontally in ascending order; Mr. Pratt told us that the numbers correspond to the fullness and enthusiasm of the machine's laughter, while each row corresponds to one or another of a series of customized laughter cassettes he revolves in and out of sliding trays built into the torso of the machine. We watched from behind an elaborate recording console where Mr. Persky and Mr. Pratt sat, along with an audio engineer and the laugh machine, as the videotape of a "Kate and Allie" episode began rolling on a monitor that everybody faced. As Mr. Pratt manipulated the grid of keys in response to the action on the screen (and in response to Mr. Persky's directives), we learned that each row of keys produced a single track of laughter—light laughs on the bottom row, then jokey laughs, then an isolated woman's laugh, and, at the top, an isolated man's laugh. On the isolated laughs, when Mr. Pratt moved his fingers across from No. 1 to No. 10 on the keyboard it brought a chuckle up to a medium laugh, then to a heavy laugh, and then to a guffaw. And with a pedal on one side of the machine Mr. Pratt could limit the laughter to a trickle or a single titter. When the videotape and Mr. Pratt are really rolling together, the machine will respond instantly to the laugh line in the script, and the machine is capable of reproducing every type and length of laugh by every type of person or group of people in what can sound like every type of venue, depending on the rotation of cassettes employed; and, furthermore, it can do the same for applause, cheers, whistles, woos, oohs, uh-ohs, aws, bravos, all *rights*, yays, stomping, rustling, coughing, and hubbubbing.

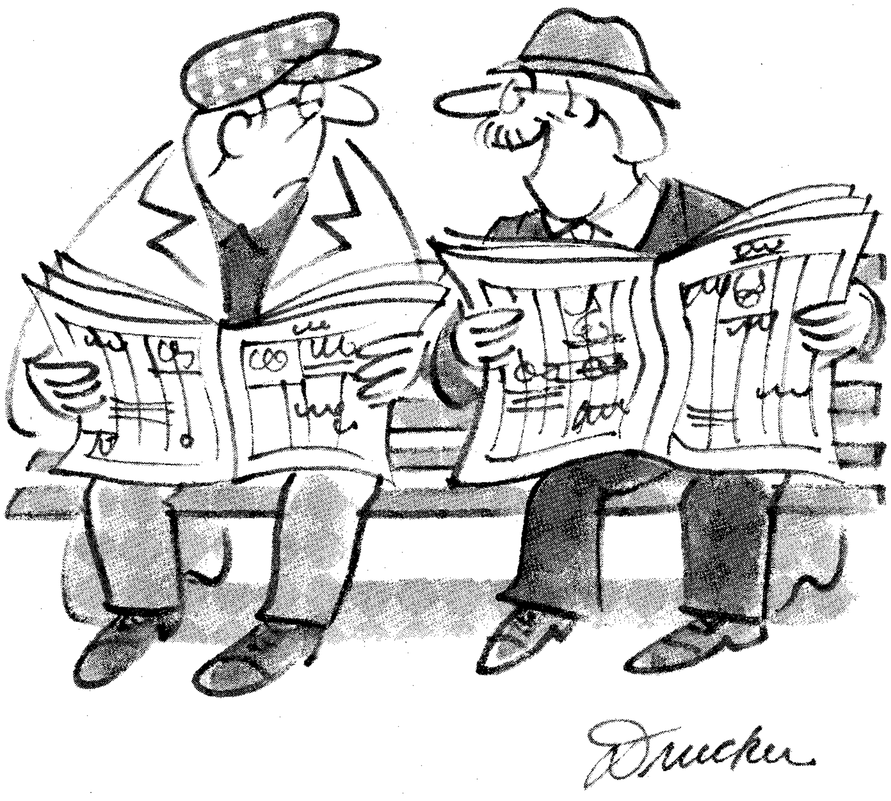
"I collect the audio tracks from the shows I've worked on, and then I edit them for my purposes," Mr. Pratt explained. "I must have a thousand cassettes, but for this kind of show I can get away with twenty or thirty. The whole point is to be prepared with whatever is necessary to keep the movement of the show going. You want to keep the feeling of life in there."

Mr. Persky had been listening to Mr. Pratt's comments. "At the risk of embarrassing Carroll, I must say he does that more tastefully than anyone else," Mr. Persky said.

During a break between episodes, we had a chance to ask Mr. Pratt about his career as a laugh man. He told us that he began "laughing" shows in the late years of "I Love Lucy," under the tutelage of Charles Douglass, who is recognized as the Father of the Laugh Track. Among the shows Mr. Pratt has "laughed" are "Dennis the Menace," "Leave It to Beaver," "Father Knows Best," "My Three Sons," and a number of shows he calls the Honey-I'm-home-type show. Over a period ranging from the era of "The Beverly Hillbillies" through that of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" and "M*A*S*H," he and Mr. Douglass "laughed" nearly every major network show. In those days, neither he nor Mr. Douglass consented to interviews, because when it came to public acceptance the use of laugh tracks on television shows was considered a subject akin to the use of fluoride in the water supply. In 1979, Mr. Pratt "spun off" from Charles Douglass and joined his brother in the audience-reaction business. Since then, Mr. Pratt has developed his own machine and has become the most sought-after laugh man. He believes he is the only laugh man in the business with the ability to laugh in stereo. Meanwhile, his brother has taken up sheep ranching in Tasmania.

We asked Mr. Pratt how he trained to become a laugh man.

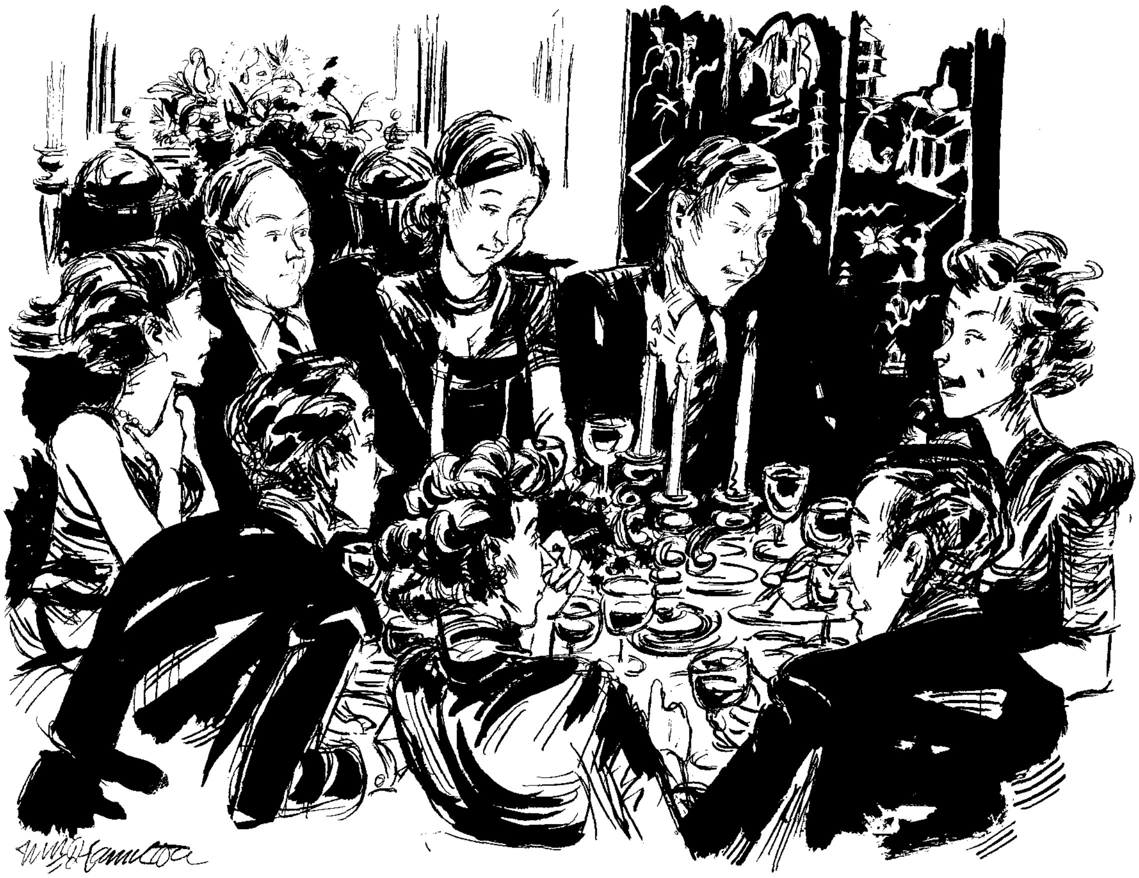
"Charlie Douglass trained me for a full year before he felt I could go on



"I love gold when it rallies."

and use my fingers as an extension of my funny bone," he said. "He had me take home the raw, 'unlaughed' TV shows—rough cuts, they are called—and I would sit and practice 'laughing' in front of the screen. Then I'd take the machine home with me and 'laugh' shows on television. It's like hypnosis. I sort of become the audience as soon as the show starts. I laugh internally to cue up. That's really subconscious—I don't think about it. But after twenty-six years I know when the laugh is coming before it happens. Sometimes you might be caught flat-footed, paying off the topper joke when it's actually three jokes later, but if you're intense and totally absorbed in the show you can feel the pattern."

Laugh tracks on television shows became the industry standard back in the fifties, Mr. Pratt explained, when live comedy on television was replaced by videotape, and the editing technique caused bumps and gaps in the audience soundtrack. "Filling and bridging—that was the first use of the machine," he said. "But then the producer would say, 'As long as we're here, this joke or that joke didn't get all that we wanted,' and pretty soon the monster developed. Now all the networks have some kind of sweetening device in their sound-effects departments."



"I think there should be an Olympics of the mind."

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Factory

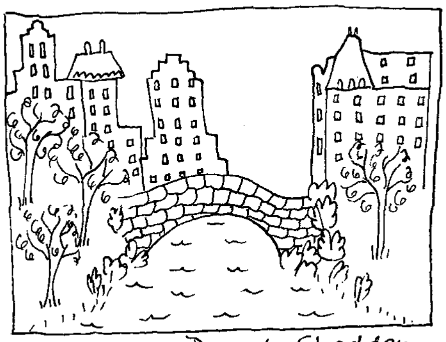
IN New York City, tools necessary for field study in the disciplines of archeology and paleontology are made in a factory in the National Arts Building, at 38 East Thirtieth Street. The business is called Archaeon, and it is a subsidiary of Sculpture House, a firm that has made sculpture tools since 1918. Sculpture House was originally called Ettl Studios, after Alex and Charles Ettl and their father, John, who founded it. Ettl Studios specialized in the enlargement of sculptors' maquettes: a sculptor would bring them a small-scale model for a work, and they would construct an enlargement, which the sculptor would touch up before casting the piece. Ettl Studios enlarged the original models for several well-known statues, among them that of Washington on the east side of the Washington Square arch, and "The Genius of Electricity"—in 1930 rechristened the "Spirit of Communication"—which stood on top of the telephone building at 195 Broadway from 1916 until 1980. (Recently restored, it is on view in the lobby of the new A.T. & T. Building, at Fifty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue.) The "Spirit of Communication" is probably one of the most frequently pictured pieces of sculpture, since the telephone company reproduced it for more than forty years on the covers of many Bell System phone books. The Ettls started manufacturing sculpture tools when they realized that hardly anyone else was doing it and that artists were wasting a lot of work time building their own. A number of archeological tools are similar to ones used in the sculpture of plaster and ceramics, and are made on the same machines.

Retail business at Sculpture House is carried on in a street-level store. A small sign in its window says, "Archaeological and Paleontological Tools Available," and some of those tools appear in the window. One is a pick hammer with a flat, square head and a blue nylon-vinyl-covered handle on which is written, in cautionary yellow, "Warning—Wear Safety Goggles." Inside the store is a rack of books with titles like "Methods for Modern Sculptors" and "Welded Sculpture." There are several display cases of tools for sculpture and wood carving. A selection of archeological and paleontological tools is on the bottom shelf of a case near the door. Altogether, Archaeon makes eighty-nine archeological and paleontological tools, most of them small hand tools for close work, and all of them of steel. Many of the tools have no particular name. From the catalogue you order Steel Tool No. 50, which looks like a dental pick, or a kit of steel tools, or you order a caliper by the span of its jaws.

The factory is mostly in the basement. It has about twenty machines, hardly any of them new. At moments of high activity, they produce a staggering amount of noise. There is steel-turning foil on the floor, a coffeepot on a hot plate, and a radio on a shelf. If the radio is on, the men working the machines ignore it. They can't hear it anyway, above the din, except from a few feet away, and then only well enough to distinguish between music and speech or between a man's and a woman's voice. Besides, most of the men working the machines are Polish and can't speak much English. Several years ago, one Polish man was hired, and when other jobs opened up he recruited his friends. A Polish man who works upstairs grinding wood-carving tools understands some English and acts as a translator when it's necessary. (Except for the translator, the grinders upstairs are Puerto Rican, and they listen to Spanish-speaking radio stations at top volume.)

Albert D'Souza is the general manager of Sculpture House. He is an engineer in his middle forties who was born in Bombay and received his training in India and Great Britain. He occasionally gives tours of the factory to customers, during which he will say things like "This is an upright, or vertical, forging machine—it's a Little Giant twenty-five-pound vertical forging hammer, and the weight refers to the amount of force it delivers. And this is a fifty-pound Little Giant, which I bought to do a bigger job. All our machines are old; some are thirty or forty years old, and one is as much as eighty. We don't do a great volume of business, so we can't use sophisticated machinery. We use very simple machines, and the skill lies in the hand of the man. The twenty-five-pound we got years ago from the Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn. The larger one came from a farm in the Midwest, through a dealer in Chicago. Actually, the ideal use for a forging machine would be on a farm, where it would do forging and rough machining. An upright forging machine is also called an upsetting machine. 'Upset' is a technical term. The machine 'upsets,' or deforms, the shape of the steel. Basically, it does what a blacksmith would do, only faster. This machine is a grinder, this is a Niagara open-throat press, over there is a saw with an industrial-diamond blade for cutting stone, and here's a small furnace for heating steel. That, of course, is a table saw, this is a belt-polisher for adding a finish to a tool, and this is a lathe. Over here is a milling machine." The milling machine stands about seven feet high and looks like a microscope. "It's also old," Mr. D'Souza may go on. "It's so old that if I had to get parts for it I don't know where I would do it. I make some of them. The milling machine came from the Errington Tool & Forge Company, in Kenilworth, New Jersey. It's used for cutting squares and rectangles from steel which will be used in making the dies that fashion the tools. It is in almost constant use, either making new dies or repairing old ones. One of the most difficult tools to make is the perforated steel rasp, which is a small hand tool. It comes in three sizes—six and a half, seven and a half, and nine inches long—and it is basically a strip of steel with a rasplike surface at each end. It takes seven press operations—that is, seven different steps, each using a separate die: shear off the steel, form the profile of the tool, make a reinforcement groove along the back of the handle to strengthen it, turn the ends up, bend the sides of the rasp, punch holes in the rasp, and offset the ends. Afterward, it is heat-treated for tempering. We send all our tools to Precision Heat Treating Associates, in Brooklyn. The simplest tool is a palette, which is a small and extremely thin oblong piece of steel with teeth along the edge. To make it, we use a piece of spring steel, which has already been tempered, and punch it out on the press using a male and female die, top and bottom."

On tours, Mr. D'Souza must occasionally raise his voice to be heard above the clamor of the machines. The noise is something like what you hear standing on a subway platform when an express rushes by. During breaks, there is calm. The only sound, except for the radio, is from the combustion of gas in the small furnace—a kind of hiss. The men stare into space. They daydream. The other day, a man on a break studied a photograph of a beach in a travel folder captioned "The Caribbean—what other body of water calls to mind so many vivid images of sun and palms?"

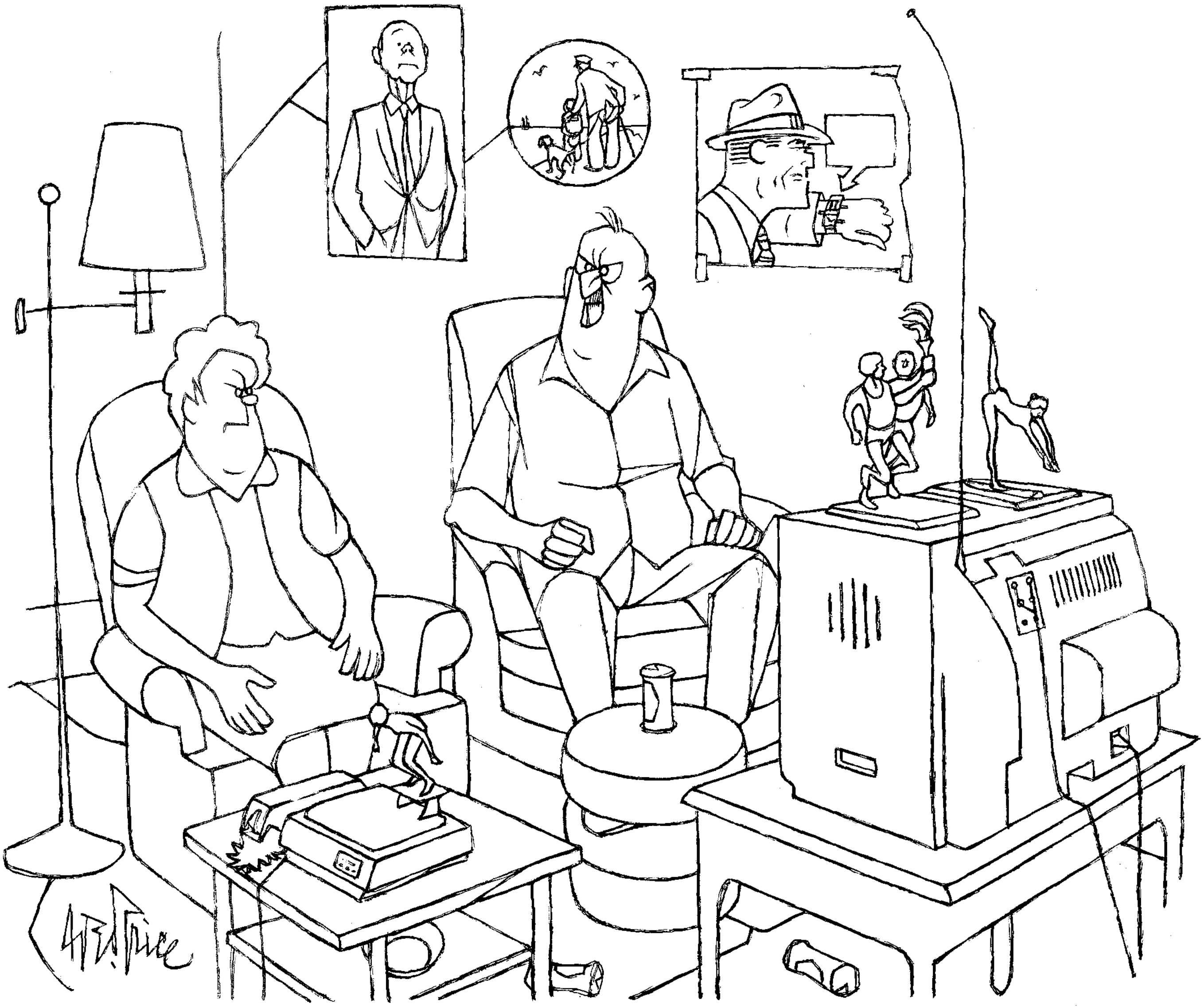


Darryl Shedden

Socks

ONCE, personal life weighed less heavily on men and women. Many problems, such as whom to marry, were handled for you. A kid went to high school, and sat around in ice-cream parlors, and just generally had some fun. Then one morning at breakfast the kid's parents, who had been working behind the scenes, would show the kid a snapshot of the person he or she was going to marry. Some people ended up with good spouses, and were happy. Some people ended up with bad spouses, and were unhappy. Which, of course, is precisely how they all end up in the late twentieth century, except that now, with everyone encouraged to worry over his or her own affairs, the years between fourteen and twenty-five are spent mooning around and making phone calls and then hanging up when *he* or *she* answers. Similarly, socks. For a long and happy epoch, stretching as far back as we do, we never thought much about socks. We had blue and brown and white socks, and we had socks with and without holes, and we put them on depending on what else we were wearing. No big deal—we could be putting on our socks and at the same time thinking about Japanese industrial achievement and its lessons for America. This era ended for us a week ago Friday, at the Vertical Club, on East Sixty-first Street, where we breakfasted with a sock manufacturer.

Jim Thorneburg, of the Thorneburg Hosiery Company, feels he has built a better sock, and now he is urging the world to beat a path to his door. When people get there, they can sit down and take off their old socks and put on a pair of his Thor-Lo Padds, and then they can beat paths off in all directions—long, long paths, because their feet will be so comfortable. The new socks are athletic in style, with a different design for each of seven sports and with an aerobics sock in the R. & D. phase. In some vital sock places, such as the heel



"Let's leave Jane Wyman out of this, shall we?"

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and the toe, Mr. Thorneburg (Big Jim in his press releases) has added extra sock density—padding, you could say. "It's an engineered approach," said Big Jim, who in the nineteen-sixties invented women's roll-top golf socks after noticing that the socks of women golfers routinely slid into their shoes. "I am in foot protection—foot health. Socks are the way I do it," he explained.

But don't take Big Jim's word—take Martina Navratilova's. Martina, the leading money-winner on the women's tennis circuit each of the last three years, told us at the breakfast, "A while ago, I bought a couple of pairs, and they felt great. But I said to myself, 'Why should I pay these country-club prices? Why don't I just call the manufacturer and have them send me a box for free?' " Martina also said she had introduced other top stars, including Pam Shriver, to the socks. "Maybe I should get a percentage," she said.

Or take Dr. Jerry Brant's word. Jerry presides over the American Podiatry Association, which awarded Thor-Lo Padds its Seal of Acceptance—no other sock in the world has the seal. "The seal looks sort of like the medical association's, with the caduceus, and all, except that there's a foot in the middle," he said.

We tried on the socks. They felt good. We felt bad, however. Once we had started thinking about socks, we knew, we would never pull on a pair in oblivion again, innocence being fragile. "Our market research showed that no one read about socks; it was the least involved fashion category," Mr. Thorneburg said. "I'm trying to raise the consciousness of socks, and of feet in general." Should he succeed, people will spend, say, four seconds each morning thinking about their socks—how comfortable they are. That's four seconds times two hundred and thirty-six million Americans. That's almost a billion seconds, and maybe more at night when people peel their socks off. The laws of chance tell us that some of those seconds would otherwise be spent pondering the national debt—how it can be brought under control. There's very little time to waste, for the federal government borrows three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a minute at present. How ironic it will be if our feet are comfortable but we as a nation are saddled with a crushing debt that threatens our children's future and that of our children's children.

IN ONE PLACE

THE Real-West Mobile Home Park, Wynn’s home for twenty-five years, is on the edge of town near the state line, sandwiched between a cemetery and the highway. On the other side of the highway is the J & S Tavern, where Wynn and Annalee work. Wynn, who’s fifty-four, lives in the trailer next to Annalee’s. The two of them are outside, working on a small vegetable garden. Wynn has his television turned up so that he and Annalee can listen to a quiz program.

“True or false,” the master of ceremonies says. “The title of Neil Sedaka’s 1962 hit song, ‘Breaking Up Is Hard to Do,’ was originally written by Shakespeare.” There’s the sound of a buzzer. “True!” a man shouts. “No, I’m very sorry,” says the m.c., “that is *not* true. Your opponent receives fifty points.”

“I don’t know anything about Shakespeare,” Wynn says, “but I sure as hell know he didn’t say that.” He’s wearing jeans and work boots and a new blue plaid shirt.

Annalee is sorting through a box of seed packets. She has a swollen lip; her boyfriend punched her this morning because she had run out of bacon. She walks over to Wynn’s pickup and inspects her lip in the side-view mirror. “It’s really strange to have somebody hit you,” she says. “When I was in high school, a boy hit me once and I remember thinking, If he hits me again, I’m going to kill him. Then he hit me again and I didn’t do anything.”

“That’s because you never learned to watch out for yourself,” Wynn says. He lights a cigarette and studies the paint job on his truck, which has turned out greener than he intended. “You could start right now.”

“I can’t help loving him,” Annalee says. “It’s just how I feel.”

“Well, if he hits you again, he’ll have me to answer to. I want you to tell him that.”

“O.K.,” Annalee says. She’s unwrapping a candy bar that was in the pocket of her jeans and is against the rules of her diet. In the past year, she’s lost thirty pounds, and Wynn figures she has thirty more to lose before she’ll get a fair shake from life. Annalee is twenty-four.

They work in the garden for another hour, until the wind picks up and the woman across the street calls for her children. Annalee is shivering. They collect their garden tools in a cardboard box and store it underneath Annalee’s trailer. Then they get ready for school. Annalee and Wynn are taking classes in order to earn their high-school diplomas.

A LITTLE after seven, they climb into Wynn’s truck and drive into Dixon. The sun has set behind Moon Hill, which isn’t one hill but a ridge of hills that are gray-blue in the evening, as if there might be rain or smoke in the distance. Annalee has her science book open on her lap, and in the remaining light is studying for a test. “What would happen if you were sitting in a room and it suddenly filled with methane?” she asks Wynn.

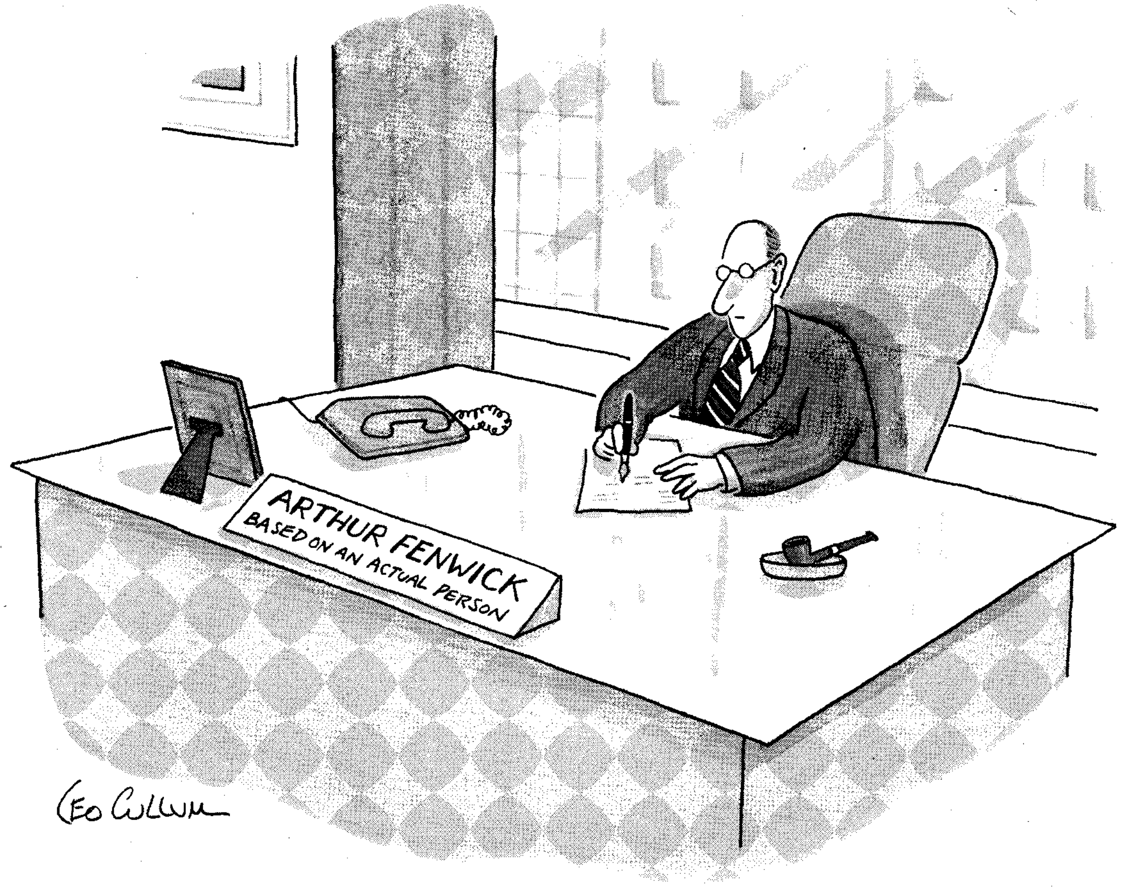
“You’d explode,” Wynn says.

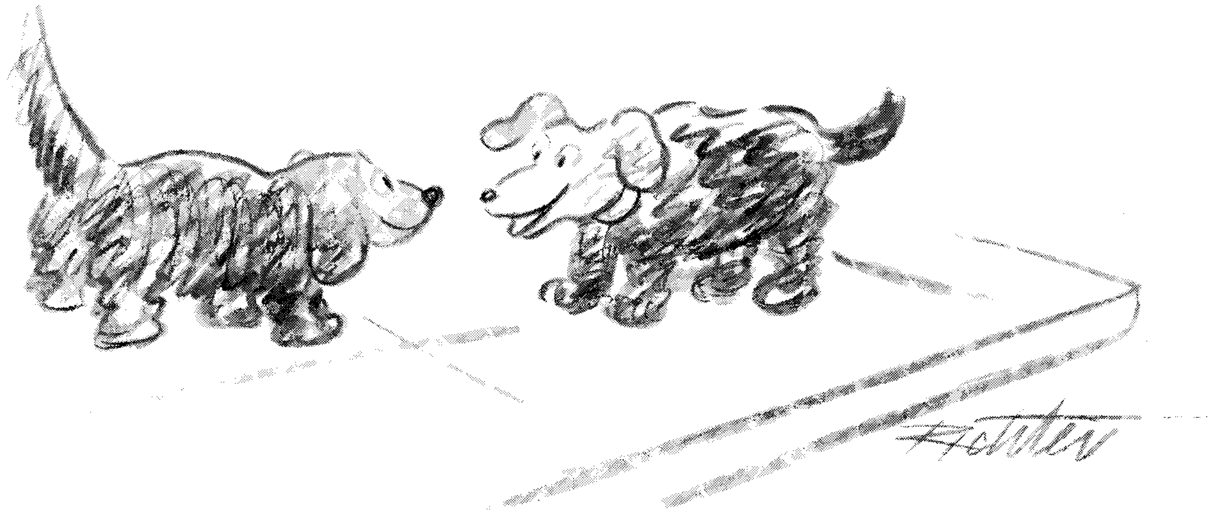
“No, you wouldn’t. You’d just die. For a few seconds, you’d feel as though you were falling asleep, and then you’d just be unconscious.” She closes her book. “You wouldn’t feel anything. You wouldn’t even have time to think about what you’d miss.”

Wynn pulls into the school parking lot and they wait in the truck until class time; most of the students are in their teens and make Wynn and Annalee feel out of place. In the car next to them, four boys wearing bandannas on their heads are passing around a whiskey bottle. They have the doors open and they’re talking about girls.

“Number one, their language is disgusting,” Wynn says, “and number two, they don’t know what they’re talking about.” He’s proofreading a tongue-in-cheek composition he wrote entitled “The Importance of Vowels,” which took him four hours to write. “I can’t believe it,” he tells Annalee. “This isn’t funny. I can’t understand what happened—it was funny as hell while I was writing it.” He puts a comma after the title and adds the words “A Humorous Essay.”

After their classes, Wynn and Annalee stop at the drive-in for hamburgers and then visit Wynn’s parents, who live south of Dixon in a green frame


ARTHUR FENWICK
BASED ON AN ACTUAL PERSON



"Oh, I'm still living with my best friend. What have you been doing?"

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house they've been in for fifty-two years. They're watching a television movie about call girls in New York City. Wynn and Annalee sit on the couch and watch the rest of the movie with them.

"The little blond girl is being followed by a man who killed another girl earlier on," Wynn's father explains. "Look at her—she's going to open the door for a complete stranger."

"In her nightgown," Wynn's mother adds.

During a commercial, Wynn's father turns down the volume with the remote control and Wynn's mother serves coffee. His parents drink coffee day and night, and each has a special cup. Wynn's father's cup came as a bonus with a box of breakfast cereal. Wynn helps his mother sit down, which is becoming difficult for her. Before long, Wynn thinks, he'll have to build a ramp from the walkway to the front porch.

"Next time I come over, I'll fix the railing. Meanwhile," Wynn says, motioning to the porch, "don't lean on it. It'll give way and you'll end up in the bushes."

"Don't worry about us," Wynn's father says.

"Then listen to what I'm saying. Did you hear what I said?"

"You told us not to fall off the porch." His father turns up the volume for the movie. He's ninety-one. He's wearing high-top basketball sneakers that help support his ankles, and a blue cap. He has a collection of threadbare caps in the utility room, which hang from the wall pegs like tired birds.

"This little girl sure makes a lot of money being a dancer," Wynn's mother says. "I guess she's auditioning in private for a musical."

"They have to take their clothes off in musicals these days, or else nobody comes," Wynn's father says.

At the conclusion of the movie, the blond girl is rescued by a policeman who has been masquerading as a pimp.

"I don't think I understood that picture," Wynn's mother says. She's collecting the empty cups. "Did you understand it?" she asks her husband.

"Of course I did," Wynn's father says.

"Let me do that," Annalee says. She takes the cups out to the kitchen.

"I'd like to punch her boyfriend in the nose," Wynn's mother whispers.

Wynn is jerking the arm of the sofa back and forth. "This is loose," he tells her. "Remind me next time. Make a list, and I'll do everything at once."

"I can take care of that," Wynn's father says. "I'm going to get up early and take care of everything first thing in the morning."

AT the trailer park, Annalee and Wynn sit on the hood of Wynn's truck and look at the sky. Wynn knows a lot about the universe; he knows that all stars lead similar lives except in the manner of their deaths. He understands how it is that some of the stars are no longer suns but the light from suns that existed thousands of years ago, and he knows that if it were possible to travel at the speed of light you'd never die.

"A girl I know saw Eddie with someone else," Annalee says.

"You should get out of Dixon," Wynn says. "People shouldn't spend all their lives in one place."

"Dixon's all right," Annalee says.

There is piano music coming from the trailer just east of Wynn's. It's Gus J. Fouts playing "One for My Baby." He plays Thursdays through Sundays at the Holiday Inn, and for his neighbors the rest of the time.

"Do you think people can love you and hurt you at the same time?" Annalee asks.

Wynn is squinting at a plane moving north. "Not over and over again."

Annalee nods her head. She's watching the highway for her boyfriend's headlights, which will be moving fast and turning suddenly.

"There are men who would die before they'd hurt you," Wynn says.

Annalee looks in the direction of the music in order to keep her face out of Wynn's sight. "One for My Baby" has blended into "Stormy Weather," and she begins to cry.

After midnight, through his closed windows, Wynn can hear Gus J. Fouts playing. Sometimes it makes him mad; sometimes he thinks he would be lonely without it. It's not like a radio—he can't turn it on or off—but something valuable happens. It's as though emotions forming in the atmosphere were making their way into his body like oxygen. They make his life real to him. He throws off his clothes and lies on his bed, so that he can be asleep before the music stops.

—JUDY TROY

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With cannon booming and skydivers drifting to earth, Vice President George Bush opened the Olympic soccer competition at another venue Sunday. Bush told a cheering crowd of more than 25,000 in Cambridge, Mass., the home of Yale University, that "the Olympic Games have always stood for man's highest ideals."

—*Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News.*

Boola, boola.

ON THE ZATTERE

WITHOUT meaning to, Verity had taken her mother's place. Six months after her mother's death she had given up her flat and moved back to the house where she and her two brothers—both of them now married—had grown up. She had pretended, even to herself at times, that she was concerned about her father's loneliness, but the true reason was that she wished to make a change on her own account, to break a pattern in her life. She became, as her mother had been, her father's chief companion and was in time exposed to traits in his nature she had not known existed. Preserving within the family the exterior of a bluff and genial man, good-hearted, knowledgeable and wise, her father had successfully disguised the worst of himself; and had been assisted by his wife's loyalty. It was different for a daughter, and Verity found herself watching the old man in a way she would once not have believed possible, impatient with his weaknesses, judging him.

Mr. Unwill, unaware of this development in his daughter, was greatly pleased with the turn events had taken. He was touched when Verity gave up her flat and returned to the family home, and he was proud to be seen in her company, believing that strangers might not take her for his daughter but assume instead that he was an older man to whom this beautiful woman was sentimentally attached. He dressed the part when they went on their first holiday together—to Venice, which every autumn in her lifetime he had visited with his wife. In swirls of green and red, a paisley scarf was knotted at his throat and matched the handkerchief that jauntily protruded from the top pocket of his navy-blue blazer. There was no reason they should be taken as father and daughter, he argued to himself, since they were so very different in appearance. Verity, who was neither small nor tall, gave an impression of slightness because she was slim and was delicately made. The nearly perfect features of her face were set on the suspicion of a slant, turning ordinary beauty into the unusual and causing people who saw it for the first time to glance again. Her hair, clinging smoothly around the contours of classically high cheekbones, was the brown of chestnuts; her eyes, almost strangely, matched it. She dressed and made up with care, as if believing that beauty should be honored.

In contrast, Mr. Unwill was a large man in his advanced sixties, with a ruddy complexion and a freckled bald head. People who knew him quite well had difficulty remembering, when no longer in his presence, if he had a mustache or not. The lingering impression of his face—the ruddiness, the tortoiseshell spectacles—seemed somehow to suggest another, taken-for-granted characteristic, and in fact there was one: a gray growth of bristle on his upper lip, unnoticeable because it so easily became one with the similar grayness that flanked the freckled dome.

"Well, what shall you do today?" he asked in the pensione dining room when they had finished breakfast on their third day. "I'll be all right, you know. Don't spare a worry for me."

"I thought I'd go to the Church of San Zaccaria."

"Why not? You trot along, my dear. I'll sit and watch the boats go by."

They were alone in the dining room: in early November the pensione was not full. The American family had not come in to breakfast, presumably having it in their rooms. The German girls had been and gone; so had the French threesome and the lone Italian lady in the purple hat.

"Nice, those German girls," Mr. Unwill said. "The pretty one made a most interesting observation last night." He paused, tobacco-stained teeth bared, his eyes ruminative behind his spectacles. "She said she wondered where waiters go between meals. *Most* un-Germanic, I thought."

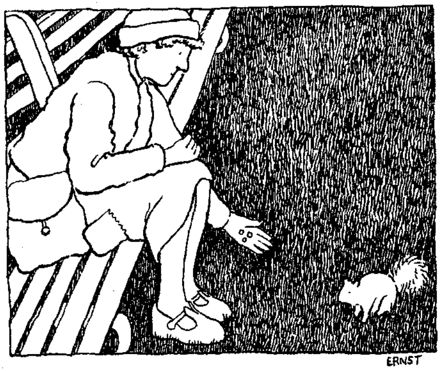
Verity, who was thirty-eight and had recently come to believe that life was going to pass her by, reached across the table and took one of her father's cigarettes from the packet that was open beside his coffee cup. She acknowledged the observation of the German girl by briefly nodding. She lit her cigarette from the flame of a small gold lighter, given to her by the man she'd been in Venice with before.

"The pretty one's from Munich," her father said. "The other—now, where on earth did they tell me the fat one came from?" Furrows of thought appeared on his forehead, then he gave up. Slowly he removed his spectacles and in the same unhurried manner proceeded to wipe them with his paisley handkerchief. It was a way of his, a hobby almost. The frames were polished first, then each lens; sometimes he went to work with his Swiss penknife, tightening the screws of the hinges with the screwdriver that was incorporated in one of the blades. "The pretty one's a laboratory assistant," he said. "The other one works in a shop or something."

The penknife had not, this morning, been taken from his blazer pocket. He held the spectacles up to the light. "I'll probably sit outside at Franco's," he said.

"The coffee's better at Nico's. And cheaper."

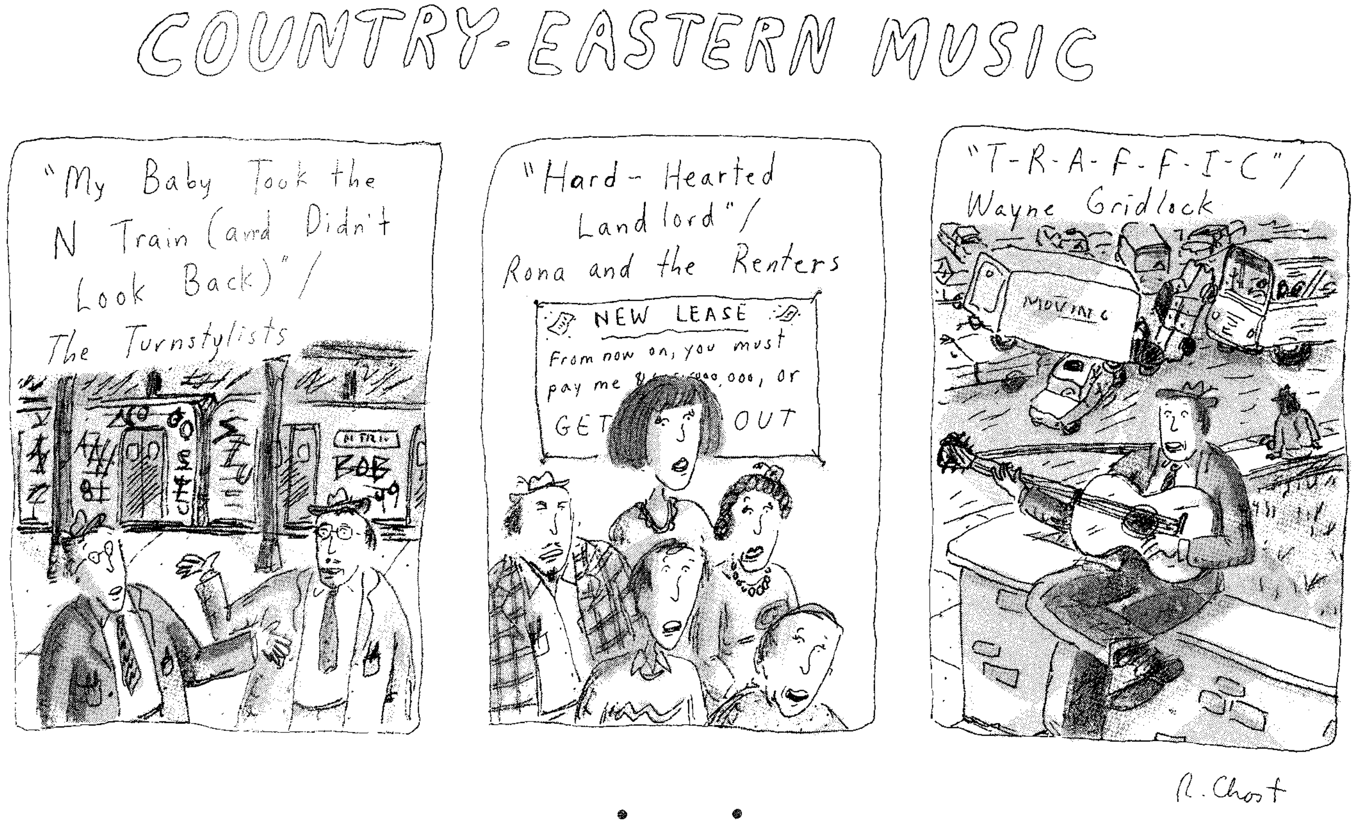
It was he—years ago, so he said—who had established that, and yesterday it had been confirmed. She'd sat outside Franco's by mistake, forgetting what he'd told her, obliging him to join her when he emerged from the pensione after his afternoon sleep. He'd later pointed out that a cappuccino at Franco's was fifteen hundred but only eleven at Nico's or Aldo's. Her father was mean about spending small sums of money, Verity had discovered since becoming his companion. He didn't like it when she reached out and helped herself to one of his cigarettes, but he hadn't yet learned to put the packet away quickly.



"Oh, I don't know that I'm up to the walk to Nico's this morning," he said.

It took less than a minute to stroll along the Zattere to Nico's, and he was never not up to things. She had discovered also that whenever he felt like it he told petty, unimportant lies, and as they left the dining room she wondered what this latest one was all about.

STRAINING a white jacket, beads of perspiration glistening on his forehead, the pensione's bearded


COUNTRY-EASTERN MUSIC
"My Baby Took the N Train (and Didn't Look Back)"/ The Turnstylists
N TRAIN
BOB
"Hard-Hearted Landlord"/ Rona and the Renters
NEW LEASE
From now on, you must pay me $[illegible]000,000, or
GET OUT
"T-R-A-F-F-I-C"/ Wayne Gridlock
MOVING
R. Chast

waiter used a battery-powered gadget to sweep the crumbs from the tablecloths in the dining room. His colleague, similarly attired and resembling Fred Astaire, laid two tables for the guests who had chosen to have lunch rather than dinner.

The dining room was low-ceilinged, with mirrors and sideboards set against the fawn silk on the walls, and windows of round green panes. The breathing of the bearded waiter and the slurping of the canal just outside these windows were the only sounds after the crumbs had been cleared and the tables laid. The waiters glanced over their domain and went away to spend their time mysteriously, justifying the German girl's curiosity.

In the hall of the pensione guests who were never seen in the dining room, choosing to take no meals, awaited the attention of the smart receptionist, this morning all in red. A kitten played on her desk while patiently she gave directions to the Church of the Frari. She told the Italian lady with the purple hat that there was a dry cleaner less than a minute away. "*Pronto?*" she said, picking up her telephone. The hall, which was not large, featured in the glass door of the telephone booth and the doors that led outside the same round green panes as the dining room. There were faded prints on the walls by the reception desk, a map of Venice, and a list of the pensione's credit-card facilities. A second cat, gray and gross and bearing the marks of a lifetime's disputes, lay sleeping on the stairs.

"Enjoy yourself, my dear," Mr. Unwill said to his daughter, stepping over this animal. She didn't appear to hear, so he said it again when they had passed through the round-paned doors and stood together for a moment on the quayside.

"Yes," she said. "I'll probably wander a bit after I've been to San Zaccaria."

"Why not, old girl? I'll be as happy as a sandboy, you know."

The fog that had earlier obscured the houses of Giudecca on the other side of the canal was lifting; already the sun evaporated the dankness in the air. Verity wore a flecked suit of pinkish orange, with a scarf that matched it loosely tied over a cream blouse. In one lapel there was a tiny amber brooch, another gift from the man she'd been in Venice with before.

She turned into the *fondamenta* that ran along one side of the pensione. It was cold there, untouched by the November sunshine. She shivered, but felt it was not from this chilliness. She wished she was not alone, for an irony in her present circumstance was that she found the company of other people both tiresome and of use. She walked more quickly, endeavoring to keep certain insistent thoughts out of her mind. At the Accademia she bought her ticket for the vaporetto and waited on the landing stage. Other people, no matter who they were, disrupted such thoughts, which was something she welcomed. The attention other people demanded, the conversations they began, their faces and their voices, clogged her communication with herself; and yet so much of the time while in the company of other people she wished she was not.

Odd, to have taken her mother's place in this old-fashioned way: on the vaporetto she saw again the tortoiseshell spectacles in her father's hands, his square, wide fingers working the paisley silk over each lens. Repetition had etched this image in some corner of her mind: she heard his early-morning cough, and then the lowered tone he used when talking to himself. Had it been panic that had caused her to use his loneliness as an excuse to break the pattern she found so merciless? Lovemaking had been too easy in her convenient flat, too much had been taken for granted. But even so, giving up the flat might have struck some people as extreme.

On the vaporetto the Italians

glanced at her, women assessing her in some Italian way, the men desirous. Venice was different in November, less of a bauble than the summer city she remembered. The tourist crowds had gone, with the mosquitoes and the cruel Italian heat. The orchestras had ceased to play in the Piazza San Marco, the Riva degli Schiavoni was again the property of the Venetians. She imagined her parents walking arm in arm on the Riva, or going to Torcello and Burano. Had the warmth of their companionship been a pretense on his part? For if he'd loved his wife, how could he so easily come back to the city he and she had discovered together and had affectionately made their own? Eleven months had passed since her death, and already in the pensione they had come to know so well he was striking up acquaintanceships as though nothing of importance had occurred since last he'd been there. There had been a moment in the hall when he mumblingly spoke to the smartly dressed receptionist, who said that everyone at the pensione sympathized. The elderly maid who welcomed him upstairs had murmured in Italian, and in the dining room the waiters' voices had been low at first. It was he himself who subsequently set the mood, his matter-of-fact manner brushing sentiment aside, summarily dismissing death. Had her mother loved him, or had their companionship in this city been on her part also a pretense? Marriage was riddled with such falsity, Verity reflected, dressed up as loyalty or keeping faith.

Palaces loomed majestically on either side of her; the lion of St. Mark was disdainful on his column, St. Theodore modest on his. Carpaccio would still have recognized his city in the tranquillity of November; the Virgins of Cima still crossed the city's bridges. It was her mother who had said all that to her, translating emotions she had felt. Verity went on thinking about her parents, not wishing to think about herself, not wishing to catch a glimpse of herself in the summer dresses she had worn when she'd been in Venice before. There had been many weekends, spent faithfully with the same companion in many beautiful cities, but Venice that July had left behind a special meaning because hope had died there.

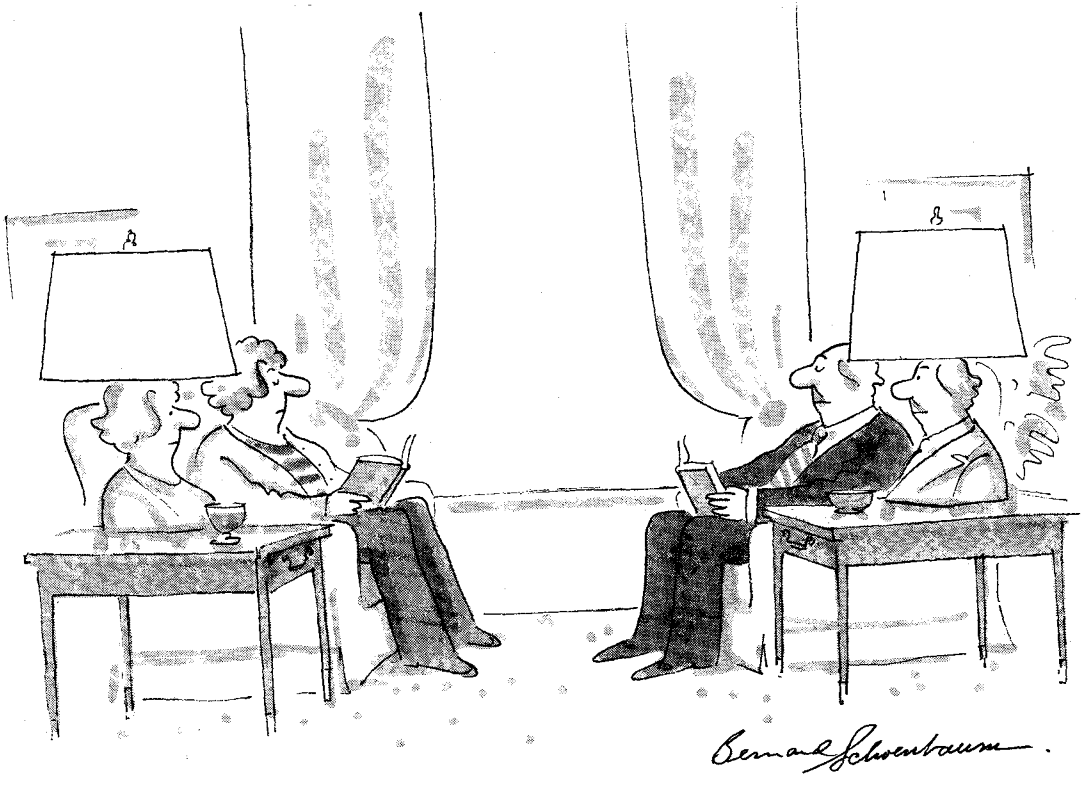
Mr. Unwill settled himself on one of the orange plastic seats outside Franco's. Verity was right: Franco's wasn't a patch on Nico's or Aldo's. Fewer people passed by, for a start, and the one cappuccino he'd been served yesterday by Franco's dour waiter had tasted of the last person's sugar. But the trouble with sitting outside Nico's or Aldo's was that people often turned off the Zattere before they reached them, and he happened to know that the pretty little German girl was still in the pensione, because he'd seen the fat one striding off on her own half an hour ago. Of course it could be that the pretty one had preceded her friend, in which case he'd be four hundred lire down, which would be annoying.

"*Prego, Signore?*"

He ordered his coffee. He wished he spoke Italian so that he might draw the waiter's attention to the inadequately washed cup he'd been presented with yesterday. He'd have done so in England: one of the few good things about being old was that you could make a fuss. Another was that you could drop into conversation with people without their thinking it was peculiar of you. Last night he'd wandered in from his stroll after Verity had gone to her room, and had noticed the two girls in the lounge. He'd leafed through a pile of magazines that had to do with the work of the Venetian police, and then the girls had begun to giggle unrestrainedly. By way of a polite explanation, the pretty one had spoken to him in English, explaining that it was the remark about where waiters go between meals which had caused their merriment. After that the conversation had drifted on. He'd told them a thing or two about Venice, which he knew quite well in a professional way.

Mr. Unwill was retired, having been employed for all his adult life in a shipping office. Ships and their cargoes, the building, sale, and insuring of ships, were what he was most familiar with. It was this interest that had first brought him to Venice, as it had to many other great ports. While his three children were still growing up it had been necessary to limit such travel to the British Isles, but later he and his wife had travelled as far and as adventurously as funds permitted, always economizing so that journeys might be extended or prolonged. Venice had become their favorite.

"Hullo there!" he called out to the Ger-

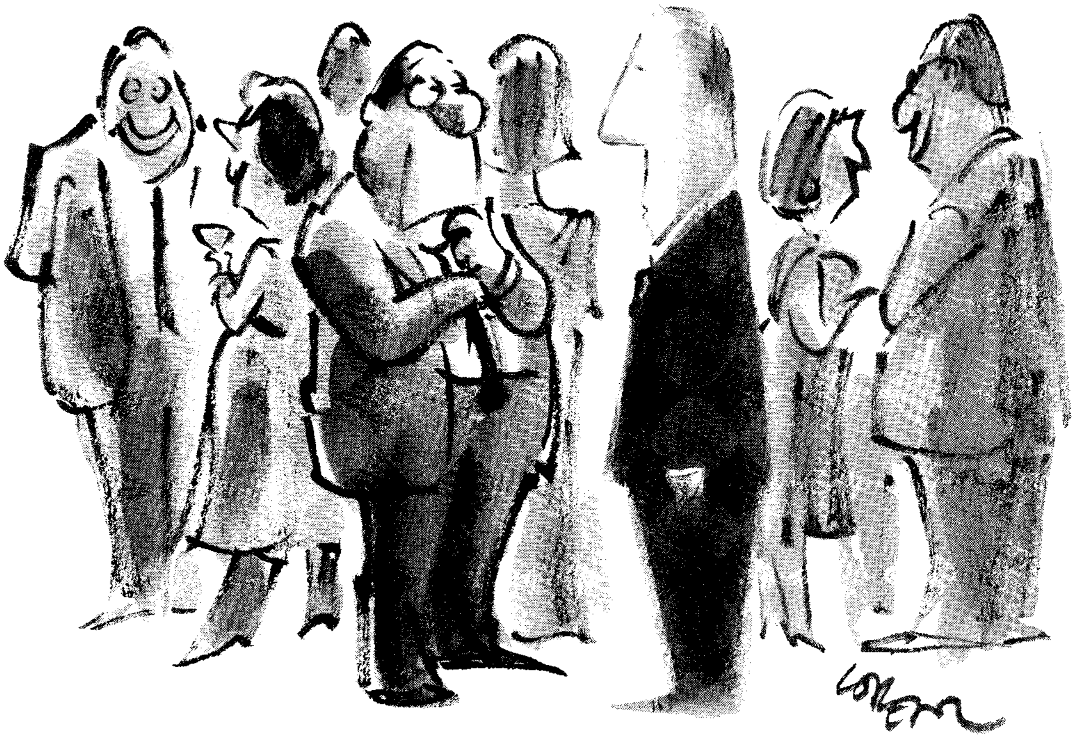


man girl as she stepped around the corner, shading her eyes against the sun. She was wearing a short dress that was almost the same color as her very blond hair.

"What a day!" Mr. Unwill said, standing up so that she could not easily just walk by. "Now, how about a coffee?"

Her teeth, when she smiled her appreciation of this invitation, glistened damply—large white teeth, each one perfectly shaped. But, to his disappointment, while smiling she also shook her head. She was late already, she explained: she was to meet her friend at the Rialto Bridge.

He watched her hurrying along the Zattere, her sturdy legs nicely bronzed, a camera slung across her shoulder. She turned the corner by the Church of the Gesuati, and Mr. Unwill sighed.



"It's taken me years, but I finally got rid of my anger."

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IN the Church of San Zaccaria, Verity gazed at the Bellini altarpiece her mother had sent her postcards of. Perfectly, she still contained her thoughts, conjecturing again. Had her mother stood on this very spot, had her father accompanied her to the churches she liked so much, or in all their visits had he been concerned only with duller interests? Verity didn't know; it had never seemed important.

The lights that illuminated the picture abruptly went out. Verity felt in her purse for two hundred lire, but before she found the coins a man stepped forward and dropped his through the slot of the little gray box on one side of the altar. The Virgin and her saints, in sacred conversation, were there again. She looked for a few moments longer and then moved away.

She hadn't looked at pictures that July. For a second she saw herself and heard her laughter: in a dress with primroses on it, wearing sunglasses and laughing, although she had not felt like laughing. In the church she felt again the effort of that laughter and was angry because for a single second her concentration had faltered. She dropped some money into a poor box by the door. She hadn't realized how fond she'd been of her mother until the very last moment, until the coffin had soundlessly slipped away behind a beige curtain in the chapel of the crematorium. The soundlessness was eerie and unpleasant; Verity had hated that moment.

She left the church and walked back to the Riva. Metal trestles supported planks of wood, like crude tabletops, on which people might walk if the tides rose and the floods of autumn began. These improvised bridges were called *passerelle*, her father had told her, pointing them out to her on the Zattere. "Oh, heavens, of course I'll manage," he'd kept repeating on the afternoon of the funeral, and all of them, her brothers and her sisters-in-law, she herself, had admired his urbanity and his resolve not to be a nuisance.

She rose and walked slowly along the Riva toward the Arsenale. Already the quayside hotels had a deserted look; the pink Gabrielli-Sandwirth had put up its shutters. "No, absolutely not," her father had said on some later occasion. "You have your own life, Verity." And of course she had: her own life, her own job, her own flat in which love might be made.

A fun fair was being erected farther along the quay: Dodgem cars and a tunnel of fear, swing boats and fruit machines. "AMERICAN GAMES," a garish announcement read; "CENTRAL PARK," proclaimed another. Two bespectacled old women washed down a rifle range; hobbyhorses were unloaded. Outside the Pensione Bucintoro a shirtsleeved waiter smoked a cigarette and watched.

In the Via Garibaldi children with satchels or schoolbooks chased one another on their journey home from morning school; women jostled and pushed at the vegetable stalls. In the public garden, tatty and forgotten in the low season, cats swarmed or huddled—mangy tomcats with ravenous eyes, pitiful kittens that seemed resentful of their recent birth, leanly slinking mothers. All of them were dirty; two weakly fought, a hissing, clawing ball of different-colored fur. Verity bent down and tried to attract a dusty marmalade-colored kitten, but, alarmed by her attentions, it darted off. She walked on, still determinedly dwelling upon her father's heartlessness in so casually returning to this city, to the pensione, to the Zattere. She dwelt again upon her mother's misplaced loyalty, which had kept the marriage

MORE MUSIC

This one thinks he's lucky when his car
Flips over in the gulley and he climbs out
With no bones broken, dusts himself off,
And walks away, eager to forget the episode.

And this one when her fever breaks
And she opens her eyes to breeze-blown,
Sky-blue curtains in a sunlit house
With much of her life still before her
And nothing she's done too far behind her
To be called back, or remedied, or atoned.

Now she'll be glad to offer her favorite evening hours
To Uncle Victor and listen as he tells again
How the road washed out in the rain
And he never made it to Green Haven in time
To hear the Silver Stars and the Five Aces.
And she'll be glad to agree that the good bands
Lift the tunes he likes best above them to another life,
And agree it isn't practice alone
That makes them sound that way
But luck, or something better yet.

And if Victor thinks he's a lucky man for the talk
And for his room in his nephew's house
Up beneath the rafters, and the sweet sound of the rain
Tapping on the tar paper or ringing in the coffee can,
We won't try to deny it, won't call him ignorant,
And make a list of all he's deserved and missed.

No one who could change things would read it anyway.
And the others will say that they've seen worse
Or that we've chosen from the grab bag of facts
Only those that will prove our case,
Whatever points to some end unpromised and impossible,
Not to the middle, where we all live now.

—Carl Dennis

• •

going. But she herself, in her primrose-yellow dress and her sunglasses, crept through these irrelevant reflections so crudely forced upon her consciousness. Her parents arm in arm in Venice, loving or not loving, vanished into wisps of mist and were replaced by the sound of her own ersatz laughter. There was an image of her face, strained with a smile that choked away the hopelessness she was frightened to surrender to. The ice tinkled in her ice-cold Soave; the orchestras played in the great, romantic square. "Oh, I am happy!" came the echo of her lying voice, and in the dingy public garden her beauty fled as swiftly as the marmalade kitten had leaped from her grasp. She wept, but it did not matter because no one was about.

Mr. Unwill, deprived of a conversation with the German girl, left Franco's and strolled down the Zattere in the direction of the western Stazione Marittima. It was an interesting place, this particular Stazione Marittima, and he would like one day to find someone who would show him round it. He often loitered by the bridge that led almost directly into it, hoping to catch the eye of some official with an hour or two on his hands who would welcome the interest of an Englishman who had been concerned with maritime commerce for a lifetime. But the officials were always in a hurry and usually in groups of three or four, which made matters difficult. Clerks, of course, they'd be—not quite right anyway. Once he'd noticed a man with gold braid on his cap and his uniform, but when Mr. Unwill smilingly approached him the man expostulated wildly—alarmed, presumably, by the sound of a language he did not understand. Mr. Unwill had thought it a strange reaction in a seafaring man, who should surely be used to the world's tongues.

A cargo boat called the Allemagna Express, registered in Venice in spite of its German-sounding name, and flying the Italian flag, was being painted. On planks suspended along the side of its hull men dipped long-handled rollers into giant paint containers which dangled at a convenient drop below each man. A single painter used a brush, touching in the red outline on the letters of "Allemagna Express." Cautiously he moved back and forth on his plank, often calling up to his colleagues on the deck to work one of the ropes or pulleys. A yellow stripe extended the length of the hull, separating the white of the ship's upper reaches from the brown beneath. The old girl was certainly beginning to look smart, Mr. Unwill considered, and wondered if they'd still be in Venice when the job was completed. There was nothing as rewarding as a well-painted ship, nothing as satisfying, even if your own contribution had only been to watch the men at work.

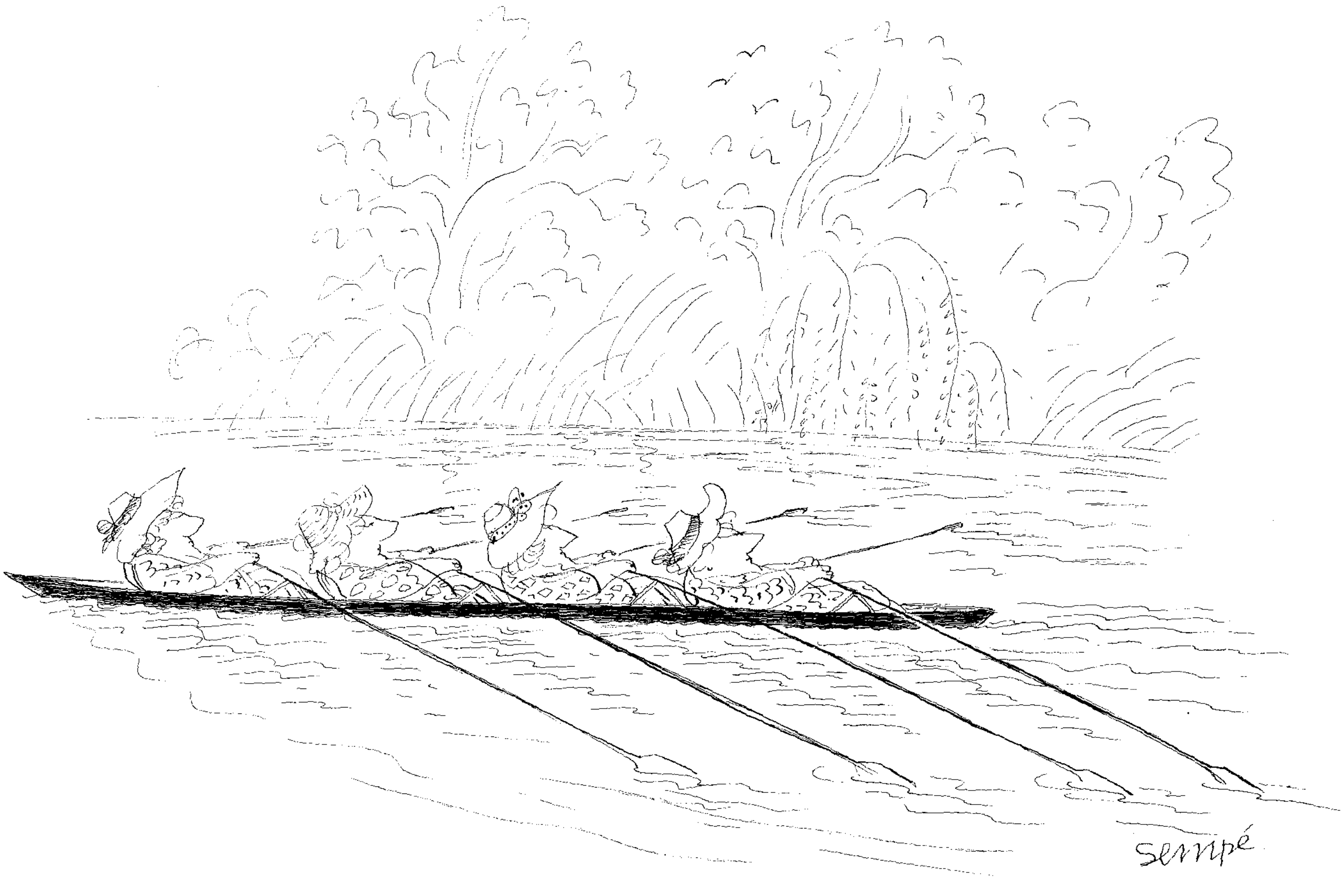
Judith Shahn

Mr. Unwill sat for a long time on a stone bench on the quayside, content in this unexacting role. He wondered why "Express" was spelled with an "x," since the vessel was Italian. That morning from his bedroom window he'd noticed the Espresso Egitto chugging by.

At half past eleven he rose and walked to Nico's, where he bought a banana ice cream and ate it sitting on a *passerella.*

"There was a time, you know, when the Venetians could build a warship in a day."

For dinner they sat at a round table in a corner of the low-ceilinged dining room of the pensione. The bearded waiter doled out salad onto side plates, and the one who looked like Fred Astaire went round with platters of chicken and fried potatoes.



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"I passed near the Arsenale today," Verity said, remembering that that was where such warships had been built. "*Grazie.*"

"*Prego, Signorina.*"

"You called in at the Naval Museum, did you?"

"No, actually I didn't."

Apart from the German girls, the people who'd been in the dining room the night before were there again. The American woman, with a blue-and-white bow tie, sat with her husband and her daughter at the table closest to the Unwills'. The two thin Frenchwomen and the frail man were beside the screen that prevented drafts. The solitary Italian woman in the purple hat was by the door. Other Italians, a couple who had not been in the dining room last night, were at a table next to the German girls'.

"I remember going to the Naval Museum," Mr. Unwill said. "Oh, years ago. When I was first in Venice with your mother."

"Did she go, too?"

"Your mother always liked to accompany me to places. Most interesting she found the Naval Museum. Well, anyone would."

He went on talking, telling her about the Naval Museum; she didn't listen. That afternoon she'd gone across to the Lido because it was a part of Venice they hadn't visited that July. But instead of the escape she'd hoped for she'd caught a melancholy mood from its windswept, shuttered emptiness and its dead casino. She'd sat in a bar drinking brandy she didn't like the taste of, and when she returned to the pensione she found herself not wanting to change out of the clothes she'd worn all day. She'd seen her father glancing in surprise at her tired orange suit, and she'd felt, ridiculously, that she was letting him down.

"Ah, here they are!" he exclaimed, making a sudden noise as the German girls entered. "*Buona sera!*" he shouted at them eagerly.

The girls smiled, and Verity wondered what on earth they thought of him. One of the Frenchwomen was complaining that her gnocchi was cold. The waiter who resembled Fred Astaire looked worried. She could not eat cold gnocchi, the woman protested, throwing her fork down, marking the white tablecloth.

"Where have you been today?" Mr. Unwill called across the dining room to the German girls. "Done something nice?"

"*Ja*," the fat girl replied. "We have been in a glass factory."

"Very sensible," said Mr. Unwill.

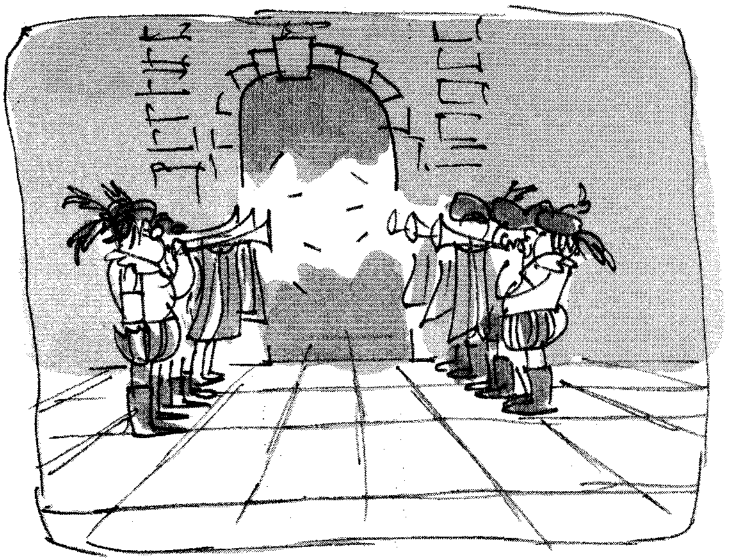
Another plate of gnocchi replaced the cold one at the French table. The American woman told her daughter that on her wedding day in Nevada she had thrown a cushion out of a window because she'd felt joyful. "I guess your momma'd been drinking," the father said, laughing very noisily. The Italian couple talked about the Feast of St. Martin.

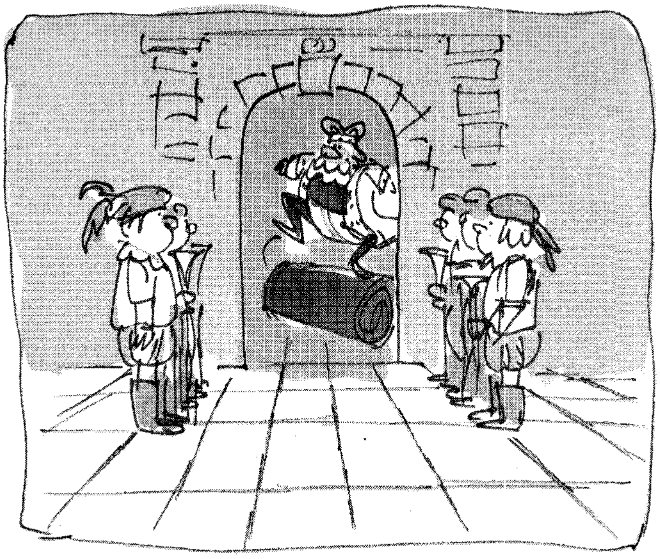
There had been only one lovemaking weekend since she'd moved back to the family house; she'd told her father some lie, not caring if he guessed.

"It's an interesting thing," he was saying to her now, "this St. Martin business. They have a week of it, you know. Old people and children get gifts. Have you seen the confections in the shopwindows? San Martino on horseback?"

"Yes. I have noticed them." Made of biscuit, she had presumed—sometimes chocolate-coated, sometimes not, icing decorated with sweets.

"And *cotognata*," he went on. "Have you seen the *cotognata*? Centu-





ries old, that St. Martin's sweetmeat is—far nicer than Turkish delight."

She smiled, and nodded. She'd noticed the *cotognata* also. She often wondered how he came by his information, and guessed he was forever dropping into conversation with strangers in the hope that they spoke English.

"The first ghetto was in Venice," he said. "Did you know that? It's an Italian word, called after the place the Jewish settlement was."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Well, there you are. Something every day."

The bearded waiter cleared their plates away and brought them each a bowl of fruit.

"I thought we might wander down the Zattere after dinner," her father suggested, "and take a glass of mandarinetto and perhaps a slice of cake. Feel up to that, old girl?"

If she didn't accompany him he'd bother the German girls. She said a glass of mandarinetto would be nice.

"They're painting the Allemagna Express. Fine-looking vessel."

In her bedroom she tied a different scarf around her neck, and put her coat on because the nights were cold. When she returned to the hall her father was not there, and when he did appear he came from the dining room, not from upstairs. "I told them we were going for a drink," he said. "They'll join us in a moment. You all right, old girl?"

He was smoking a cigarette and, like her, he had gone to his room for his overcoat. On the Zattere he put his hat on at a jaunty angle. There was a smell of creosote because they'd been repainting the rafts that afternoon. Sheets of newspaper were suspended from strings that looped along the quayside, to draw attention to the newly treated timbers. A terrier settled down for the night among the rubble on a builder's barge. Cats crept about. It was extraordinary, she suddenly thought, that just because she'd given up her flat she should find herself in Venice with this old man.

"Nice here, eh?" he said in the café, surveying the amber-colored cloths on the tables, the busyness behind the bar. He took his hat and overcoat off and sat down. He stubbed his cigarette out and lit a fresh one. "Mandarinetto," he said to the waiter who came up. "*Due.*"

"*Sì, Signore. Subito.*"

She lit a cigarette herself, caressing her lighter with her fingers, then feeling angry and ashamed that she had done so.

"Ah, here they are!" Her father was on his feet, exclaiming like a schoolboy, waving his hat at the German girls. He shouted after the waiter, ordering two more mandarinettos. "I really recommend it here," he informed the German girls, flashing his tobacco-stained smile about and offering them cigarettes. He went on talking, telling them about the Allemagna Express. He mentioned the Stazione Marittima and asked them if they had noticed the biscuit horsemen and the *cotognata*. "By the weekend the Votive Bridge will be complete," he said. "A temporary timber bridge, you know, erected as a token of thanksgiving. Every year, for three days, Venetians celebrate the passing of the plague by making a pilgrimage across it, their children waving balloons about. Then it's taken down again."

Verity smiled at the fatter German, who was receiving less attention than her friend. And a bridge of boats, her father continued, was temporarily established every summer. "Again to give thanks. Another tradition since the plague."

The Americans of the pensione came in and sat not far away. They ordered ice creams, taking a long time about it, questioning the waiter in English about whether they would come with added cream.

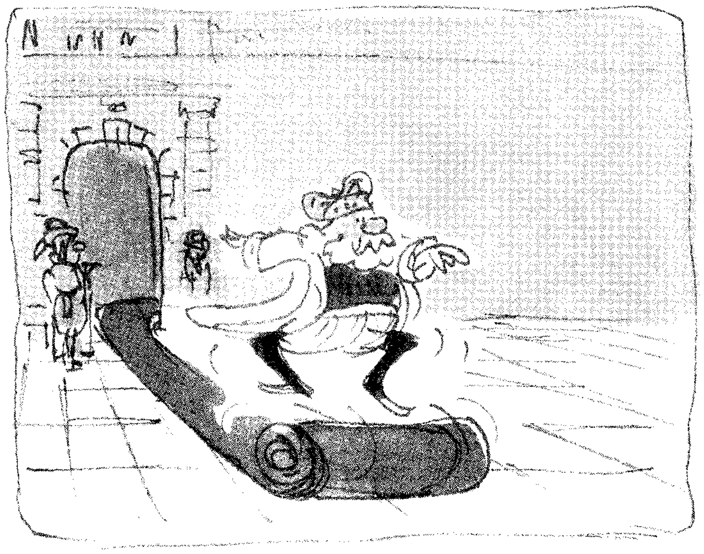
"Oh, I remember Venice forty years ago," Mr. Unwill said. "Of course, it's greatly changed. The Yugoslavs come now, you know, in busloads." He issued a polite little laugh. "Not to mention the natives of your own fair land."

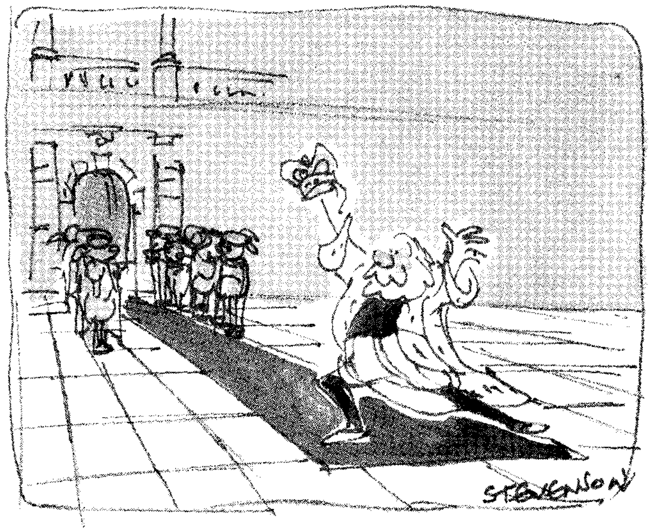
"Too many, I think," the prettier girl responded, grimacing.

"Ah, *ja*, too many," agreed her companion.

"No, no, no. You Germans travel well, I always say. Besides, to the Venetian a tourist's a tourist, and tourists mean money. The trouble with the Yugoslavs is they apparently won't be parted from it."

It wasn't usually his opinion that Germans travelled well; rather the opposite. He told the girls that at one time the Venetians had been capable of building a warship in a day. He explained about ghettos, and said that in Venice it was the cats who feared the pigeons. He laughed in his genial way. He said:





"That was a very clever remark you made last night, Ingrid. About waiters."

"It was Brigitta who said it first, I think."

"Oh, was it? Well, it's quite amusing anyway. Now, what we really want to know is how long you're staying at the pensione."

"*Ja*, just today," Ingrid said. "Tomorrow we have gone."

"Oh dear me; now, that's very sad."

He would not, when the moment came, pay for the mandarinettos or the cake he was now pressing upon his guests. He would discover that he had left his wallet in some other pocket.

"You must not spoil your looks, eh?" he said when Ingrid refused the cake. His smile nudged her in a way he might have thought was intimate but which Verity observed the girl registering as elderly. Brigitta had already been biting into a slice of cake when the remark was made about the losing of looks. Hastily she put it down. They must go, she said.

"Go? Oh, surely not? No, please don't go."

But both girls were adamant. They had been too tired last night to see the Bridge of Sighs by lamplight and they must see that before they left. Each held out a hand—to Verity and then to her father. When they had gone, Verity realized she hadn't addressed a single word to either of them. A silence followed their departure, then Mr. Unwill said in a whisper:

"Those Americans seem rather nice, eh?"

He would hold forth to the Americans, as he had to the German girls, concentrating his attention on the daughter, because she was the most attractive of the three. The mother was vulgarly dressed, the father shouted. In the presence of these people everything would be repeated—the painting of the Allemagna Express, the St. Martin's confections, the temporary bridges.

"No," Verity said. "No, I don't want to become involved with those Americans."

He was taken aback. His mouth remained open after he'd begun to say something. He stared at her, slowly overcoming his bewilderment. For the second time that evening, he asked her if she felt all right. She didn't reply. Time of the month, he supposed, this obvious explanation abruptly dawning on him: wretched for women. And then, to his very great surprise, he was aware that his daughter was talking about her decision, some months ago, to return to the family home.

" 'My father's on his own now,' I told him, 'so I have given up the flat.' As soon as I had spoken I felt afraid. 'We must be together' is what I thought he'd say. He'd be alarmed and upset, I thought, because I'd broken the pattern of our love affair by causing this hiatus. But all he said was that he understood."

They'd known, of course, about the wretched affair. Her mother had been depressed by it: so much time passing by, no sign of a resolution in whatever it was, no sign of marriage. Verity had steered all conversation away from it; when the subject was discreetly approached by her mother or her brothers, she made it clear that they were trespassing on private property; he himself had made no forays in that direction, it not being his way. Astonishing it was that she should wish to speak of it now.

"I didn't in the least," she said, "feel sorry for your loneliness. I felt sorry for myself. I couldn't bear for a moment longer the routine lovemaking in that convenient flat."

Feeling himself becoming hot, Mr. Unwill removed his glasses and searched in the pockets of his blazer for his handkerchief. He didn't know what to say, so he said nothing. He listened while Verity more or less repeated what she had said already. There had been sixteen years of routine lovemaking, ever since she was twenty-two. Her love affair had become her life, the routine punctuated by generous gifts and weekends in beautiful cities.

There was a silence. He polished one lens and then the other. He tightened the screws of the hinges with the useful little screwdriver in his penknife. Since the silence continued, eventually he said, "If you made an error in coming back to the house it can easily be rectified, old girl."

"Surely, I thought, those brief weekends would never be enough? Surely we would have to talk about everything again, now that there was no flat to go to?" She spoke of the cities where the weekends had been spent: Bruges, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Venice. Bruges had been the first. In Bruges she had assumed, although he had not said so, that he would leave his wife. They had walked through chilly squares, they had sat for hours over dinner in the Hotel Duc de Bourgogne. In Paris, some time later, she had made the same assumption. He did not love his wife; when the children grew up he would leave her. By the time they visited Venice, the children had grown up. "Only just grown up," she said. "The last one only just, that summer."

He did not say anything; the conversation was beyond his reach. He saw his daughter as an infant: a nurse holding a bundle toward him, the screwed-up face and tiny hands. She'd been a happy child—happy at school, happy with her friends. Young men had hung about the house; she'd gone to tennis-club dances and winter parties. "Love's a disease sometimes," her mother had said, angrily, a year or so ago. Her mother had been cross because Verity always smiled so, pretending the happiness that was no longer there, determinedly optimistic. Because of the love affair, her mother had said also, Verity's beauty had been wasted, seeming to have been uselessly visited upon her.

"It wasn't just a dirty weekend, you know, here in Venice. It's never just that."

"Please, Verity. Please, now . . ."

"He can't bring himself to be unkind to his wife. He couldn't be bad to a woman if he tried. I promise you, he's a remarkable man."

He began to expostulate but changed his mind. Everything he tried to say, even everything he felt, seemed clumsy. She stared beyond him, through the smoke from her cigarette, causing him to feel a stranger. Her silliness in love had made her carelessly harsh, selfish and insensitive because she had to think so much about herself. In a daughter who was not naturally silly, who had been gentle as a child, these qualities were painful to observe. Once she could have imagined what it was like for him to hear her refer so casually to dirty weekends; now she didn't care if that hurt him or not. It was insulting to expect him to accept that the man was remarkable. It dismissed his intellect and his sense.

"It was ridiculous," she said eventually, "to give up my flat."

He made some protest when she asked the waiter for the bill, but she didn't listen, paying the bill instead. He felt exhausted. He had sat in this very café with a woman who was dead; the man his daughter spoke of was still alive. It almost seemed the other way round. He would not have claimed a great deal for the marriage there had been: two people rubbing along, forgiving each other for this and that, one left alone to miss the nourishment of affection. Yet when the coffin had slipped away behind the beige curtain his grief had been unbearable and had remained so afterward, for weeks and months, each day a hell.

"I'm sorry for being a nuisance," she said before they rose from the table, and he wanted to explain to her that melancholy would have become too much if he allowed a city and its holiday memories to defeat him, that memories were insidious. But he didn't say anything because he knew she would not listen to him properly. She could not help thinking badly of him; the harshness that had been bred in her prevented the allowances that old age demanded. Nor could he, because of anger, make allowances for her.

"Hi!" one of the Americans whom he'd thought it might be quite nice to know called out. They had finished their ice creams and were preparing to leave also. All of them smiled but it was Verity, not he, who returned their greeting.

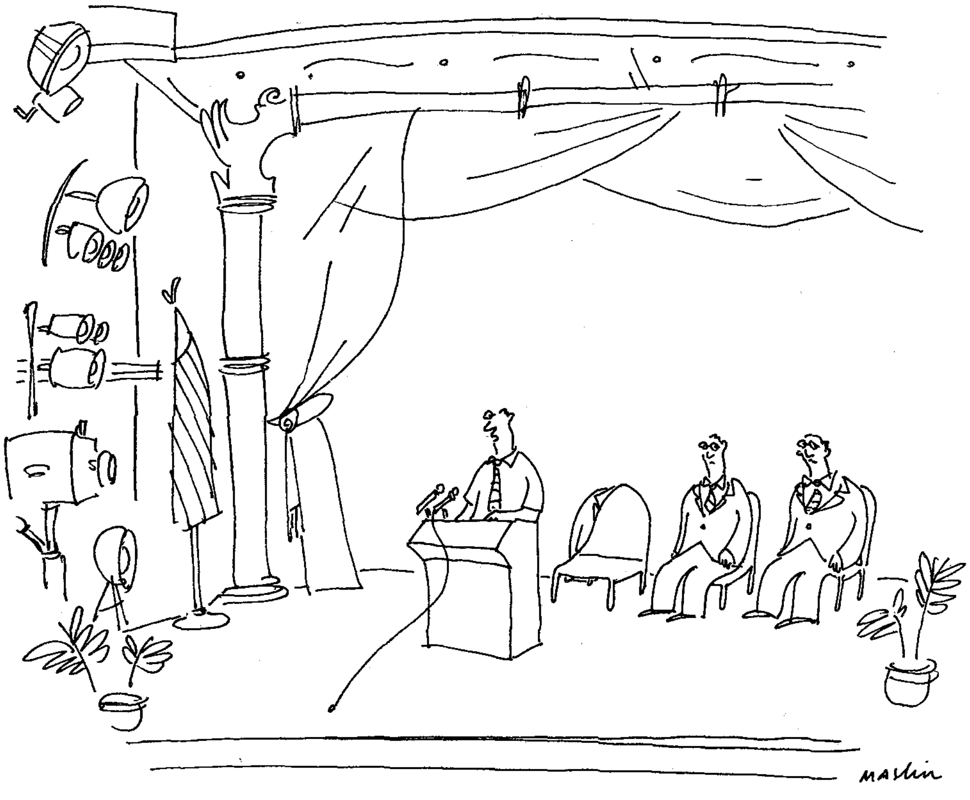
"It's I who should be sorry," he said on the Zattere. He'd been more gently treated than she: you knew where you were with death; in no way was it a confidence trick. He began to say that but changed his mind, knowing she would not wish to hear.

"Heavens, how cold it has become!" She hurried through the gathering fog, and so did he. The conversation was over, its loose ends hanging; each knew they would never be picked up.

"*Buona notte*," the smart receptionist, all in green now, murmured in the hall of the pensione, and they bade her good night in their different ways.

They lifted their keys from the rack beside the stairs and stepped over the sleeping cat on the bottom step. On the first-floor landing they said good night, were briefly awkward because of what had passed between them, then entered their separate rooms. Slowly he prepared himself for bed, slowly undressing, slowly washing, folding his clothes with an old man's care. She sat by her window, staring at the lights across the water, until the fog thickened and there was nothing left to see.

—WILLIAM TREVOR



"I stand before you in shirtsleeves, more comfortable than my opponents."

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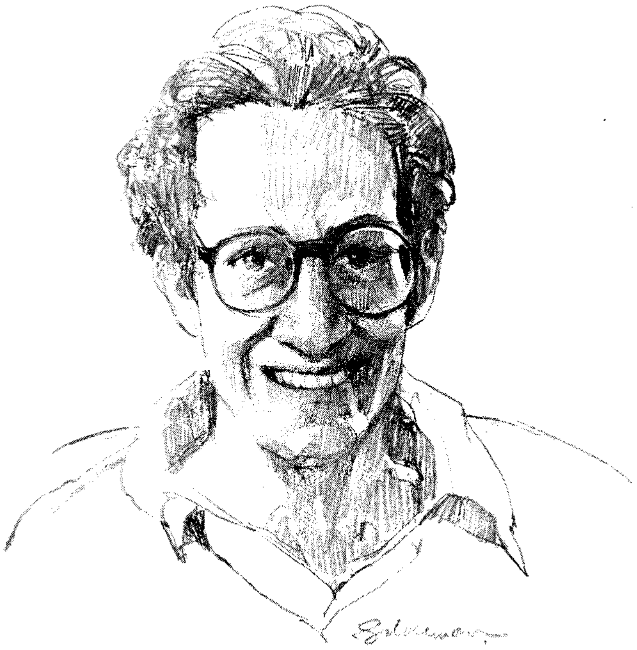
American soprano Beverly Sills, now director of the New York City Opera, remembers three performances of "Lucia & I Lammermoor" at La Scala in 1970 as "The Strangest Engagement of My Career."—*Boston Sunday Globe.*

We wouldn't be at all surprised.

PROFILES

THE SPACE AROUND REAL THINGS



Frank Stella

ONE of the principal honors of the academic life in America is to be named Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard. The annual appointment, which requires the appointee to give a series of six public lectures, is predicated on a very broad definition of poetry; its recipients have included T. S. Eliot, Igor Stravinsky, Ben Shahn, and R. Buckminster Fuller. Last year's Norton lecturer was Frank Stella, a forty-eight-year-old abstract painter whom many people consider one of the most important living artists. Stella's lectures covered a lot of art-history ground, from the Renaissance to the present day, and they contained such a profusion of ideas, presented from such an unfamiliar point of view—the point of view of a practicing artist, rather than of an art historian—that they were often difficult to follow. The difficulty was compounded by his rapid-fire delivery, and by his tendency not to pay much attention to the slides being projected on three large screens; the listener was often on his own in making the visual connections. Under the circumstances, it might have been expected that the audience would dwindle a bit from one lecture to the next—Stella had been warned that this nearly always happened during the Norton series. It did not happen in his case. The lectures, which were moved from their originally scheduled site to the larger auditorium of Sanders Theatre because of a heavy demand for tickets to the first one, continued to draw a capacity audience each time. The complexity of the argument did not appear to dismay the heterogeneous audience of students, teachers, and non-university people from as far away as New York City and Washington, D.C., that packed the wonderful old wood-panelled theatre to the rafters. A great many people seemed to find excitement and pleasure in the mere act of listening to this short, wiry, intense man who so clearly represented the factor of genius in contemporary art.

Stardom of this magnitude has descended on very few living artists. Andy Warhol has achieved it, to be sure, but Warhol's art form is essentially publicity; for Stella, a painter committed to abstract art, the phenomenon is new, and hard to explain. His work has never really appealed to a large public, and his private life has remained private. Somehow, though, Stella's career has become an exemplary one, a kind of guarantee of the integrity of the whole art enterprise. Constantly pushing his talent, he has produced an immense and prodigiously varied body of work, which was, until recently, quite difficult to sell; prospective buyers admired it without wanting to own it. Today, however, every museum of modern art must have a representative collection of Stellas, and the price of his early work has hit the stratosphere—one of the austere black-stripe paintings with which he established his reputation and which sold for twelve hundred dollars in 1960 was recently resold for more than a million. Stella's example of sustained energy, intelligence, and daring has made him a hero to any number of artists here and abroad, and his influence can be detected throughout contemporary art. His stripe paintings of the early nineteen-sixties prepared the ground for Minimal Art, although by the time Minimalism surfaced, about 1965, Stella himself was onto something less restrictive. His show of "Exotic Birds" paintings, in 1976, certainly influenced the Pattern and Decoration style that emerged a few years later, and his gaudily painted "Indian Birds" have had an incalculable effect on all those artists here and in Europe who now mine the Neo-Expressionist vein. (Stella has always worked in series, exploring each pictorial idea through many permutations.) Through all the metamorphoses of his own style, however, Stella has never deviated from his original commitment to abstract art. The so-called return to figuration that has been a major factor in Neo-Expressionist painting strikes him as misguided, to say the least, and he sees no future whatever for realist or representational art. Abstraction has been the twentieth century's major contribution to visual art, he believes, and it is still the mainstream. One of the sub-themes of his Charles Eliot Norton lectures, in fact, was the crisis into which abstract art has fallen in the last decade, and the course he thinks it must follow to regain its dominant position.

Stella's first lecture dealt mainly with the sixteenth century in Italy—a period, he said, when a crisis comparable to the current crisis of abstraction confronted the heirs to the High Renaissance. "What painting was going to stand up to Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael?" he said. "What painting was going to glow as brightly as Giorgione's and Titian's?" Since the past could not be improved on, something new had to come into painting, and that something new, according to Stella, was the genius of Caravaggio. Caravaggio "created the kind of pictoriality we take for granted when we call a painting great, a kind of pictoriality that not existed before." His great contribution, Stella said, was a method of depicting space which gave sculptural depth, roundness, and completeness to the human figure. Renaissance space gave viewers the illusion of looking through an invisible window into a receding fore-ground, middle ground, and distance. Caravaggio's space came forward from the painting to envelop the artist and the viewer. It provided "the sensation of real presence and real action," of human bodies that were "touchably there," according to Stella, and in doing so it greatly intensified the pictorial drama that "is everything in art." Caravaggio made the illusion of art more real, thereby providing a basis for its future development.

Since Stella's career had begun with an all-out effort to banish illusion from his own painting, it was a little strange to hear him extoll Caravaggio's illusory space. As the lectures progressed, though, it became clear that Stella's thinking had changed over the years almost as dramatically as his work has. What he loved about Caravaggio's illusionism was that it struggled to be "real" and at the same time to be painting. Rubens had taken this double-edged approach much farther, Stella said in his third lecture. Rubens' work "always declares itself as painting," and in this sense it is one of the foundations of modern art: "The sense of painting that we have today is formed by the space that Caravaggio created being set in motion by the force that Rubens supplied." Stella devoted a large part of the first three lectures to Caravaggio and Rubens, and he kept coming back to them in the next one, which dealt primarily with Picasso and Kandinsky. His approach to these modern masters was as fresh and original (and often as hard to follow) as his approach to Caravaggio and Rubens had been, and it centered on their treatment of pictorial space. Picasso had turned away from complete abstraction, which he had come close to in his analytical Cubist period—had turned away in part because abstraction seemed to deny the role of volume, of "the space around real things," and in part because, as he once said, "Abstract art is only painting. What about drama?" It had been left to Kandinsky, Malevich, and Mondrian to explore the possibilities of spatial expression in a completely nonrepresentational art, and each of these artists had made brilliant discoveries—discoveries that had helped to make possible the Abstract Expressionist breakthrough of the late nineteen-forties and the fifties. Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Arshile Gorky, Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, and Clyfford Still had provided, in their turn, a burst of pictorial energy that, Stella said, was comparable to Rubens' achievement in the seventeenth century. But then in the nineteen-seventies a hiatus had set in. The great promise of abstract art had not been fulfilled. And the main reason it had not, in Stella's view, was that abstract art had still not solved its central problem: it had not come up with a really viable substitute for the human figure.

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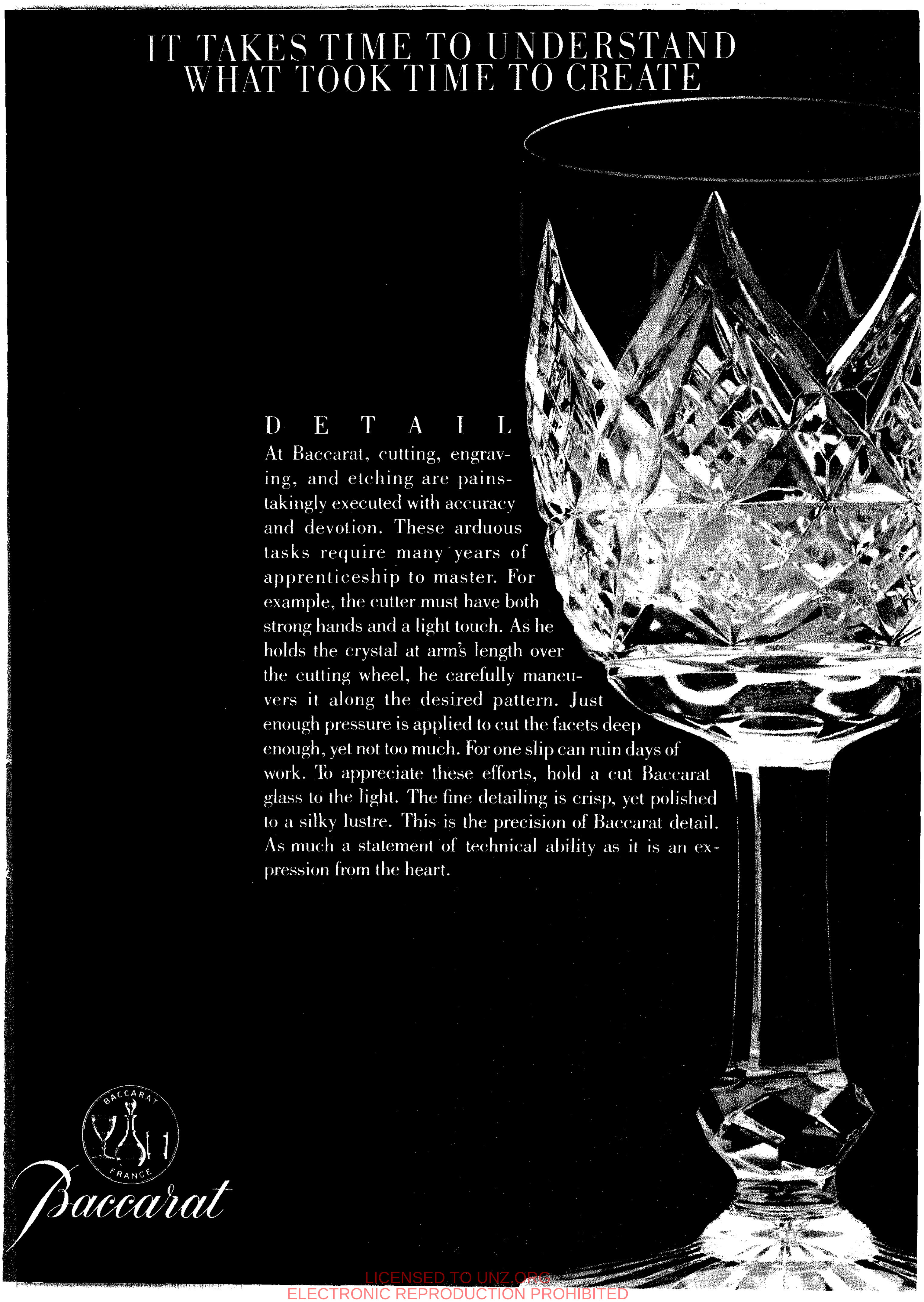
Up to this point, Stella had said little or nothing about himself. He had discussed many artists, without offering a shred of biographical detail about any of them—something of a feat in the case of Caravaggio, whose violent life is seen by many art historians as having had at least a peripheral bearing on the way he painted. It came as something of a shock, therefore, when, midway through the sixth and final lecture, the impassioned theorist started to talk in disarmingly personal terms about his own career. He described how it had felt for a young artist in the late fifties to be surrounded and sustained—"held . . . up physically and emotionally"—by the painting of the first generation of Abstract Expressionists. Stella talked about his own commitment to abstract art, which had begun thirty years ago at Phillips Academy, Andover, and he talked about his ambition to make abstract paintings that would inhabit a world of their own. At the end, he returned to the decline of abstract painting in the last ten years, and suggested what he thought the remedy might be. Abstract painting after Pol-



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BACCARAT
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Baccarat

lock and de Kooning, he said, had been based primarily on the metaphysical ideas of Kandinsky, Malevich, and Mondrian—all Northern Europeans, who tended to stress the intellectual and spiritual aspects of art. A new pictorial energy was needed now, and to Stella it was obvious what its source was: "the tough, stubborn materialism of Cézanne, Monet, and Picasso"—Southern Europeans for whom pictorial values outweighed ideas. If abstraction was to become again the driving force in contemporary art, "it must make painting real—real like the painting which flourished in sixteenth-century Italy."

Indirectly, of course, Stella had been talking about himself the whole time. Much of his own energy and ambition in recent years have gone into the effort to create "real" pictorial space and "real" pictorial drama in his work. While he did not exactly say that his role in the generation after Pollock's was analogous to Caravaggio's role in the period after Raphael and Titian, the implication was there. And in fact Stella does not feel that the decline he speaks of in contemporary abstraction applies to his own work. Stella has a character trait that he shares with several other leading contemporary artists: total self-confidence without arrogance. His conviction that he is on the right track—that he has made very few serious mistakes in his career and has applied his talent in the best possible way—somehow comes across sounding unemotional and unforced, as a mere statement of fact. He can talk that way because of what he has achieved.

In recent years, Stella's outward success has matched his inner conviction. Although he lives fairly simply, in Greenwich Village, spends no money on his clothes (work pants and T-shirts serve him for most occasions), and, for recreation, plays squash at a far from fashionable downtown club, he has not entirely shirked the trappings of wealth. He owns two very expensive automobiles—a Ferrari and an Audi—which he drives at breakneck speeds; he is part owner of an upstate-New York farm that breeds race horses; he travels first class whenever he feels like it, and stays in the best hotels. A major part of his income finds its way back into his work, however, which is not very surprising in view of the fact that his work has gradually assumed the proportions of a sizable industry. Although Stella himself employs only two assistants, at his

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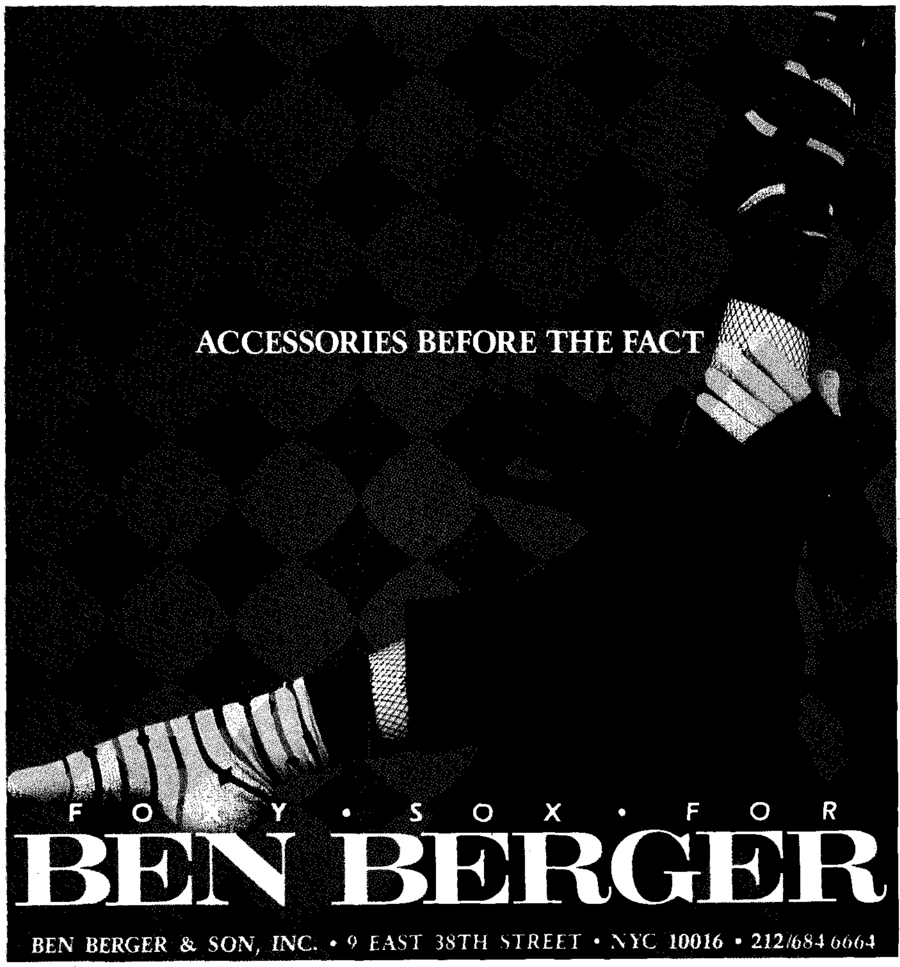
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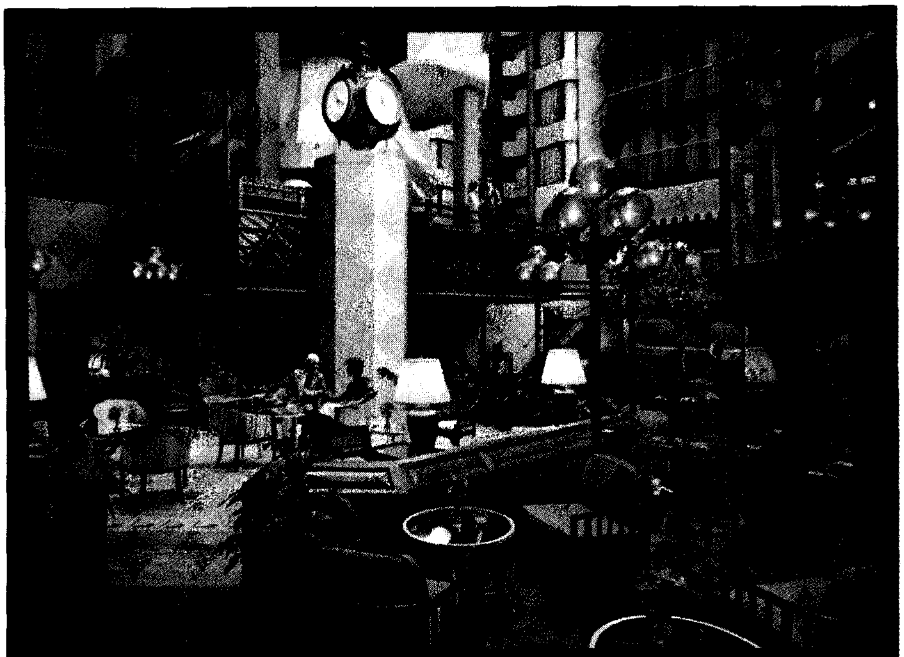
downtown studio, three print technicians operate an offset press in his house which turns out Stella editions exclusively; five men work full-time on his big metal-relief paintings in a factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut; and at frequent intervals he provides employment for eight more printers at Tyler Graphics, Ltd., in Bedford, New York, and for two or more people at a small Brooklyn shop that does specialized carpentry and metalwork for him. Last year, he also had projects that involved a ceramics factory in New Jersey and a computer firm on Long Island. (The computer plotted variations in some of his designs.)

Stella gets along fine with the people who work for him. He has a great admiration for technical skill in any form, and occasionally he will ask one of the factory hands for an opinion about a work in progress, and will listen attentively to what he has to say. Stella's early paintings were carefully plotted in preliminary drawings, so that no design decisions were required during their actual making. These days, his methods are much freer—he did not even make maquettes for the latest series of metal reliefs, which he put together at the Bridgeport factory from scrap aluminum pieces left over from earlier series. He started his career as a rigidly disciplined solver of pictorial problems and has become a master of improvisation, and somehow the process has been entirely logical. Each series of works has led to the next; if they are seen in sequence, the progression is always apparent. No other American artist has travelled such tremendous distances in his work, though, and no artist's future work is less predictable.

STELLA said a few years ago that he sees his work as being "determined by the fact that I was born in 1936"—at a time, that is, when the triumph of abstract art was no longer in question. He belongs to the first generation of American artists to have grown up in the climate of abstraction, and he has never attempted or been seriously pressed to paint any other way. "When I was at Andover, I thought representational painting was commercial art," he told me. "I thought abstract art had happened, and artists had stopped painting any other way."

He was exceptionally lucky in going to Andover, one of the few secondary schools that provide an active and highly professional studio art pro-



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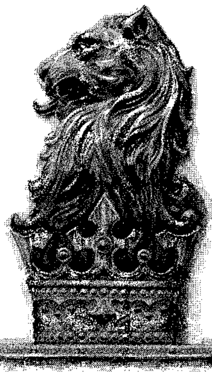

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gram. Patrick Morgan, the art teacher when Stella was there, gave a course that was divided about half and half between art history and time in the studio, where students had access to as much paint as they wanted. Morgan was a painter himself, and so was his wife, Maud, who showed her work at the Betty Parsons Gallery, in New York. Carl Andre, the Minimalist sculptor, who was at Andover at the same time Stella was, remembers that "the two of them just set you on fire." The Morgans had abstract paintings by Hans Hofmann and Arthur Dove in their house, where students were always welcome, and they seemed to know about everything that was going on in the New York art world. In order to take the second-year studio course, students had to show some real interest in painting or drawing. Confronted with a still-life arrangement and told to make a painting of it, Stella experienced a mental crisis. He sat for a long time staring glumly at the pot of ivy on the table and thinking how little he wanted to reproduce it. "I want to paint like Dove or Hofmann," he remembers thinking. His mind wandered. He thought about all sorts of unrelated things, and then he recalled a lecture that Morgan had given on Seurat, and something clicked in his head. In the next thirty minutes, he completed a semi-abstract picture that looked something like Seurat and not at all like a pot of sickly ivy on a table. Morgan accepted him for the studio course. And, as Stella said in the last of his Norton lectures, "in the thirty or so years since that date, nothing in my experience of looking at and making paintings has given me cause to doubt what I believed then and what I believe now."

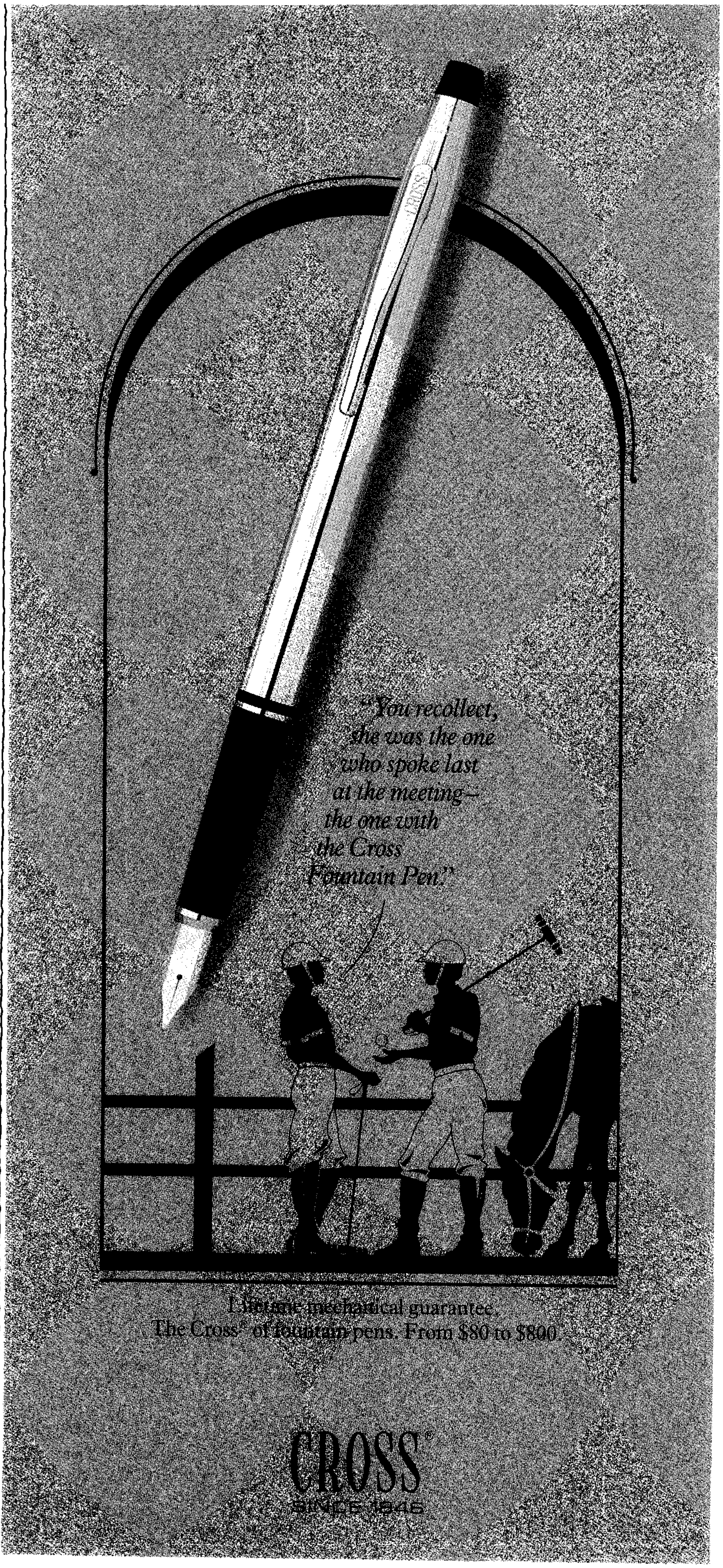
At the time, though, he had no idea of becoming an artist. He loved painting, and thought maybe he would always pursue it as a hobby, but real life, as his parents often impressed upon him, did not allow much time for doing what you loved. Stella's parents were both first-generation Italian-Americans. His mother's people had come from Calabria, his father's from Sicily, and the work ethic was strong in both of them. Frank Stella, Sr., was a small-town doctor, a gynecologist. Although he never urged Frank, the eldest of three children, to follow his example, he did want him to enter one of the respectable professions—preferably the law—and Andover was to be a step in that direction.

Stella himself had not really wanted

to go to Andover. As a boy growing up in Malden, Massachusetts, a blue-collar town about five miles north of Boston, he had always gone to public schools, and he would have preferred to stay with his friends at the local high school. A cocky, self-reliant kid who was small for his age and had a reputation for shooting his mouth off, he had been in a fair amount of teen-age trouble—shoplifting, cutting classes, that sort of thing—and it was mainly as a punishment, he feels, that his parents decided to send him away to boarding school. Stella and his father were very close, and frequently in conflict. They spent a lot of time together, going off at least twice a year on fishing or hunting trips to New Hampshire. The father had paid his way through medical school by painting department stores, and he taught his son all he knew about that sort of work by enlisting him as an assistant whenever the house in Malden or the Stellas' summer cottage, in Ipswich, needed repainting. He had been a top-notch amateur wrestler in his youth, and under his guidance Frank became one, too. They went around together to local and out-of-state wrestling meets, where young Frank did well, although not quite as well as his old man had—his father had advanced all the way to the National Championships, where he lost in the final. "He lost only three times in a hundred bouts," Stella told me. "The best I ever did was runner-up in the New England A.A.U. championships when I was seventeen."

When Stella entered Andover as a freshman, in 1950, it was with the clear understanding that his parents were making a financial sacrifice to send him there and that he was expected to do well. He did only fairly well in his academic courses, and this added to the tension between him and his father. Andover's standards are famously high, however, and his grades were good enough to get him into college. His father gave him a choice: he could go to any college he wanted, but the only three his father would pay for were Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Stella ruled out Harvard because it was too near home. Yale was where a lot of his Andover classmates were headed, so that was out. He had no particular feeling about Princeton, but he knew it was only an hour from New York, and that sounded promising. He applied to Princeton, was accepted, and entered in the fall of 1954.

While Princeton was no longer the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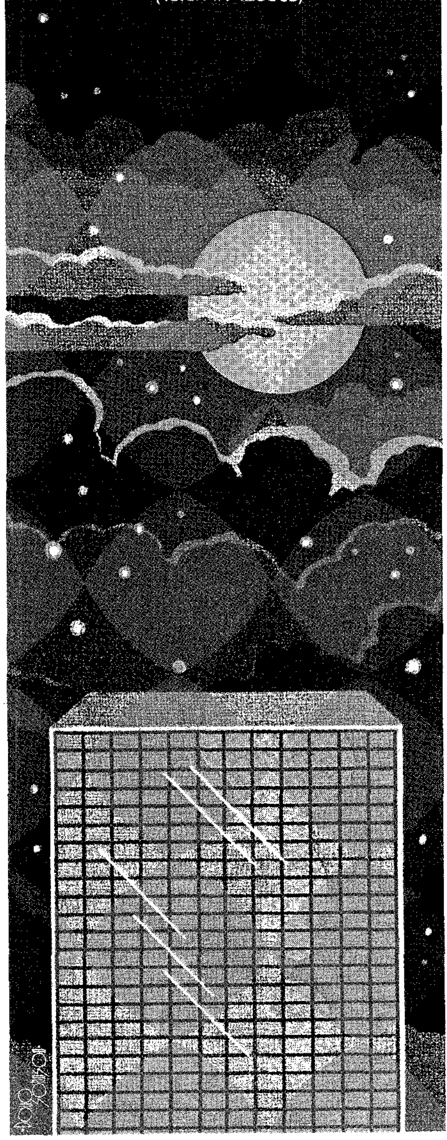

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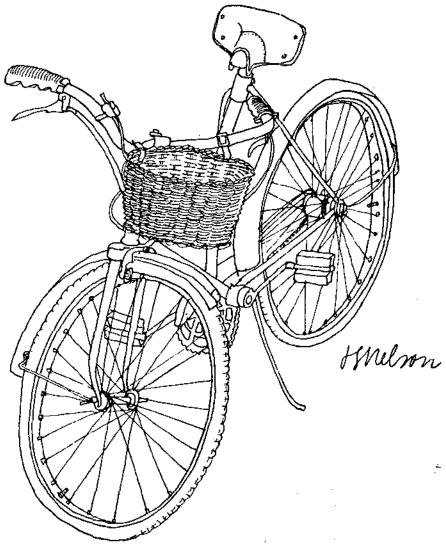
aristocrats' playground that it had been in Scott Fitzgerald's day, it was certainly not the place to go if you were thinking about becoming an artist. The Department of Art and Archeology had a reputation for turning out art historians, not painters, and there was not even a studio art course when Stella arrived. By another stroke of luck, though, Stella's four years there happened to coincide with the presence (quite temporary, as it turned out) of several teachers who had a lively interest in contemporary art. William Seitz, who taught art history (and who subsequently became a curator at the Museum of Modern Art), was a painter himself. Seitz was just finishing his doctoral thesis, which was on "Abstract Expressionist Painting in America" and was probably the first graduate thesis on living artists ever accepted by an American university. He knew de Kooning and most of the other artists of the New York School, and he encouraged students to see their shows. James Holderbaum, who taught art history (and who now teaches at Smith), actually bought works by artists of the post-Abstract Expressionist generation; he acquired a small flag painting by Jasper Johns while Stella was in college, and he also bought one of Stella's student paintings. Robert Rosenblum lectured on nineteenth- and twentieth-century art; he knew a lot of the younger artists in New York, and he followed current exhibitions keenly. (Fifteen years later, Rosenblum published an important monograph on Stella.) In Stella's sophomore year, Seitz managed to establish a non-credit studio art course at Princeton, and he got Stephen Greene, a very well-regarded abstract painter, to come down from New York to teach it.

Stella had not done very well as a freshman. He was taking liberal-arts courses, and a lot of the material in them was familiar to him from Andover. He was bored and restless. The studio art course changed everything for him. He started painting several hours a day. His work at the time was loose, messy, and Abstract Expressionist in feeling—"sort of a cross between Franz Kline and Helen Frankenthaler," he says—and his attitude was somewhat belligerent. Occasionally, Greene brought in a model to pose for life drawings; Stella would scribble "I Can't Draw" in large letters across his canvas, and leave it at that. Both Greene and Seitz were understanding—"which couldn't have been easy," Stella recalls, "because I was pretty obnoxious, sort of blustery and awkward." Although he was painfully shy, he gave the impression of being a tough street kid. He had lost three front teeth at Andover, roughhousing in the dorm, and because a temporary dental plate fit him so poorly, he refused for several years to go back to the dentist for permanent repairs. He went out for wrestling at Princeton but quit after losing an elimination bout; after that, he played lacrosse. He was a tenacious, aggressive, fiercely competitive player—a natural athlete, who seemed to love going all out. As his sophomore year advanced, though, he spent more and more of his free time in the painting studio. Stephen Greene decided early that Stella was the most gifted student he had ever seen. Rosenblum says that they all thought Stella was some kind of genius in their midst, although none of his teachers ever got to know him well.

The encouragement Stella received from Seitz and the others still did not make him think he could be an artist. He majored in history in his last two years, and thought vaguely about going to law school—his father kept leaning on him to decide what he was going to do for a living. In the summer before his senior year, when he was at their house in Ipswich, his father got him out of bed at five-thirty one morning to work on a stone wall they were building together in back of the house. Stella got dressed, walked out to the stone wall, and kept on walking. With twenty dollars in his pocket and not even a change of socks, he decided to hitchhike across the country and enroll in the University of California at Los Angeles, where he had heard there was a good art depart-



ment. He got as far as Colorado Springs. A college classmate, Sidney Guberman, lived there, so he called him, and stayed with the Gubermans until he got a job as a dishwasher at a nearby resort hotel. After about two weeks, Stella's conscience asserted itself. He telephoned home, told his mother where he was, and started back, returning by way of New Orleans, where he went to hear some live jazz. He had decided to go back to Princeton for his senior year—in part, he says, to "punish" his father, who would have to pay for it.

The major event of his last year at Princeton was his going to see Jasper Johns' first one-man show, at the Leo Castelli Gallery, in New York. He had heard a great deal about Johns, from Rosenblum and others, and the paintings made a strong impression on him. They were not abstractions. Johns painted simple, iconic images—flags, targets, numerals—in a brushy, bravura style that was derived from Abstract Expressionism. What struck Stella was Johns' method of organizing them in repetitive patterns, such as the alternating red and white horizontal stripes in the flag pictures. The stripes went all the way to the edge of the canvas, so that there was no sense of a background. These works were not really paintings *of* flags—they *were* flags. This identification of image and surface, which had such an immense influence on later artists, was soon reflected in Stella's work at Princeton. That spring, he stopped painting like Frankenthaler and Kline, and started doing canvases divided by wide bands of color, with a block of solid color placed not in the upper-left corner, as in Johns' flags, but somewhere near the center.

Stella graduated from Princeton in June, 1958, and came straight to New York. His father had given him three hundred dollars as a graduation present. The draft was in effect then, and Stella had been notified that he was due to take his Army physical examination in early September, in Boston. He was sure he would be drafted, which was all right with him, because it meant he didn't have to worry about what he was going to do for a living. With his graduation present, he rented, for fifty dollars a month, a small, narrow, first-floor room that had formerly been a jeweller's shop on Eldridge Street, on the lower East Side, and spent the summer there, painting.

He went to Boston in September

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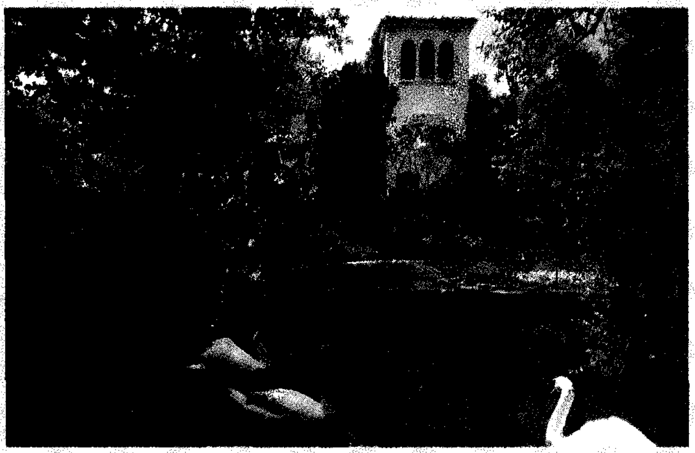

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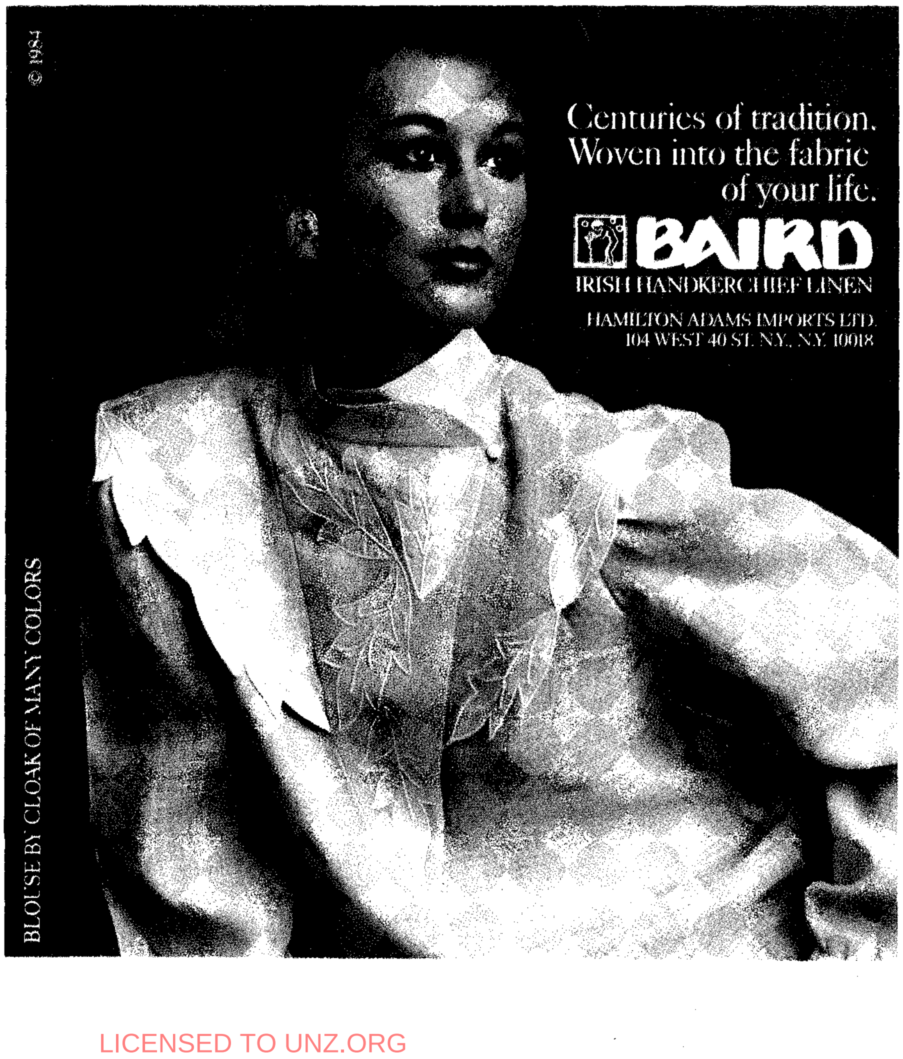

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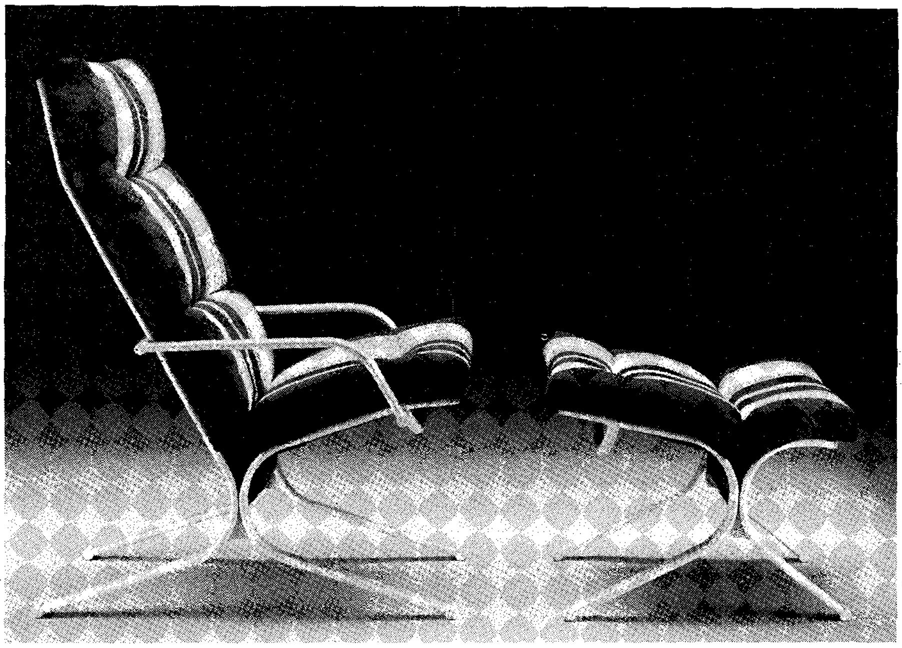
• •

and, to his great surprise, was rejected for military service. He had a physical problem that stemmed from a childhood accident: a large ornamental urn had fallen over on his left hand while he was playing with some friends, and he had lost half of the forefinger and part of the thumb. The Army physical showed that as a result he had faulty opposition between thumb and fingers. Somewhat stunned, Stella went back to Eldridge Street, bypassing Malden. What he really wanted to do was to go on painting, even though there seemed no possibility of making a living that way. He didn't see how he could get a decent job ("I didn't have any skills. I couldn't do commercial art"), and his father was certainly not going to support him. His father dismissed the idea of his becoming an artist—it was not only improvident but, somehow, unseemly. Stella still had no sense of his own talent. Being the most gifted art student at Princeton didn't seem to him to prove anything at all. Nevertheless, he decided to keep on doing what he liked. He also registered with several employment agencies as a housepainter (the one skill he *had* picked up, thanks to his father), and found that he could get plenty of jobs that way—jobs that lasted two or three days and gave him enough to live on for the rest of the week. The work took him mainly to outlying neighborhoods: Bedford-Stuyvesant, in Brooklyn; Astoria, in Queens. "I was excited, being on my own, and I felt very much at the edge," he remembers. "I guess I was scared, too, because I knew I wasn't going back."

IN the narrow room on Eldridge Street, each painting led to the next. He was still doing striped pictures, experimenting with colors and designs on raw, unsized canvas, sometimes painting one version on top of another, so that the painted-over color showed through in places. He bought ordinary housepaint from supply stores on Essex Street, paying little more than a dollar a gallon for colors nobody else wanted (such as purple or chartreuse); he also used a lot of housepainter's black enamel. The idea for the black paintings came more or less by accident. Stella had been working and reworking a picture that had alternating red and black vertical stripes at the top and the bottom and V-shaped stripes, also red and black, in between. He couldn't seem to make it do what he wanted. As he later explained in an interview, what he was after was a kind of painting that would have a strong and immediate visual "imprint," a kind of painting whose effect would be "direct—right to your eye . . . something that you didn't have to look around—you got the whole thing right away." Frustrated with the black-and-red picture, he painted it all black. "I looked at it, and sort of liked it," he remembers. "The red was showing through a little. It had a kind of presence, an identity. It was something I'd made that didn't look like anybody else's work. Suddenly I was there."

Although Stella considers this his first black painting (its title is "Delta"), it was really a transitional one. The next one he painted, "Morro Castle," also started out black and red and became all black. "Reichstag," which followed, was all black from the start. Stella drew pencil lines on the canvas to mark off two-and-three-quarter-inch stripes, which he painted freehand, using a housepainter's brush, and leaving a thin sliver of raw canvas between the stripes. "After that, it became really clear how to organize them," he says, "so I made a bunch of drawings with the various possibilities. I was afraid it might go away—I wanted to hold it down and establish control." The drawings were for different configurations of vertical, horizontal, or diagonal black bands. During the next sixteen months, he finished twenty-one more black-stripe pictures, all quite large—the smallest seven feet by five feet, the largest seven and a half by eleven.

A great deal has been written about the black paintings. They have been seen as a rebuke to the "painterly" excesses of Abstract Expressionism and to the high-flown rhetoric used by some of the Abstract Expressionists in discussing their work; they have also been seen as logical extensions of Pollock's "allover" style of composition. (Stella himself has endorsed the latter view, although he says he was halfway through the series before he began to "see the importance of Pollock.") The



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paintings look desolate and empty to some viewers, incredibly elegant to others. When they were first shown, some of the critics described them as "white pin-stripe pictures," not having noticed that the white lines between the black bands were simply strips of unpainted canvas. The journalist critics tended to ridicule them as some kind of joke—one that Emily Genauer, in the *Herald Tribune*, found "unspeakably boring." But the black paintings had already left an indelible imprint on several people whose opinions were far more influential. Dorothy Miller, who was the principal assistant to Alfred H. Barr, Jr., the guiding spirit of the Museum of Modern Art, had chosen four of them for a group show of new talent, called "Sixteen Americans," scheduled to open at the museum in December, 1959. Barr himself, writing about the black paintings a year later, said he had been "baffled" by them at first but "deeply impressed by their conviction," and had finally been "spellbound, held by a mystery." Leo Castelli had responded to them in the same way he had responded to the work of Jasper Johns. It was Castelli who had taken Dorothy Miller to see them, in Stella's new studio, on the corner of West Broadway and Broome Street, in the early fall of 1959. Afterward, a minor dispute had developed over who would show them first: if Miller took four for her "Sixteen Americans" exhibition, Castelli would not have enough for the Stella show he was planning at his gallery in the fall. Stella said he would rather show them at Castelli's, which led a lot of art-world initiates to conclude that he was overly mercenary. Actually, according to Stella, he had not understood what sort of show Miller was planning; he had thought that the museum was just going to hang them temporarily in the members' dining room, on the sixth floor. In the end, Stella and Castelli graciously conceded to Miller, and she got the four paintings. (Stella had his first one-man show at Castelli's a year later.) Castelli also made it possible for Barr to buy a black painting for the museum's permanent collection. The asking price for "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor," Barr's choice, was twelve hundred dollars, but when Barr explained that he could not go over a thousand Castelli agreed to sell it to the museum for less than nine hundred.

The intensity of feeling that the black paintings aroused came as a surprise to Stella. He was by no means the

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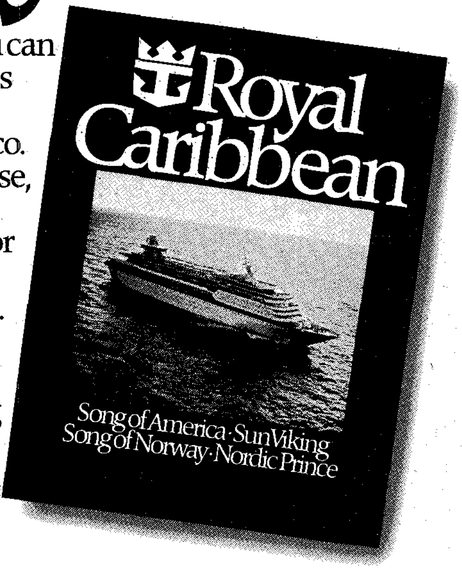

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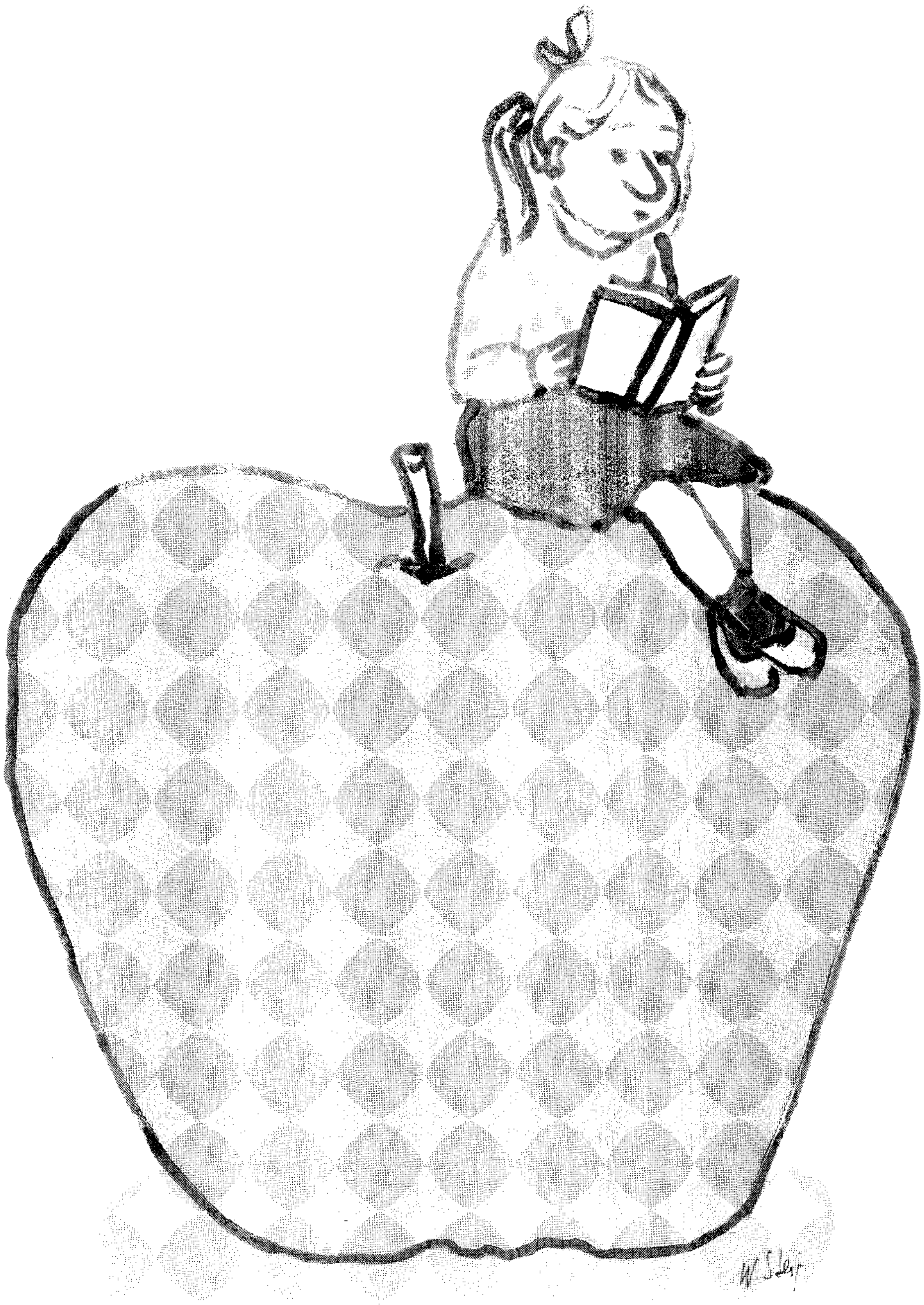
first contemporary artist to make predominantly black pictures. Robert Rauschenberg had done a series of them in 1952—black paint on a collage base of crumpled newspapers. Stella knew about these, but had not seen them, when he did his. Pollock, de Kooning, and Kline had all worked in black and white. (Ad Reinhardt, whose work and ideas Stella admired, began in 1960 the series of all-black paintings which he continued until his death, seven years later.) Stella had not been trying for some form of extreme statement. He wanted to make paintings that declared themselves completely and immediately to the eye —paintings he called "non-relational," meaning that their elements did not relate to one another (either in balance or in opposition) or to anything outside the painting. In addition, he wanted to get rid of the illusion of spatial depth. Abstract Expressionist painting, with its agitated, "painterly" brushwork, tended to give the illusion of depth, simply because of the tendency of some colors to appear to come forward and others to recede. By using a symmetrical pattern of stripes which covered the entire canvas, Stella was working to force "illusionistic space out of the painting at a constant rate," as he put it. All this sounds somewhat cold and negative, and very much in the spirit of Jasper Johns. (Johns once described his own work as "a constant negation of impulses.") Although the black paintings had a handmade look, they were far more impersonal than anything Johns was doing then—there was no visible brushwork, no painterly "signature." And yet, to people who did not dismiss them as boring jokes, there was something compelling about them, a remote and majestic austerity. It seemed incredible that they had been painted by someone who was only twenty-three years old.

There were very few sales at first. Stella traded one or two and virtually gave away several others to friends, and immediately started work on a new series of paintings. Having heard that Castelli was giving Johns and Rauschenberg each a monthly retainer, Stella asked for and received three hundred dollars a month against future sales. Thanks to this arrangement, he could now afford to devote all his time to painting. Stella knew Johns and Rauschenberg—Robert Rosenblum had brought them together for dinner one night in 1959—but they did not become close



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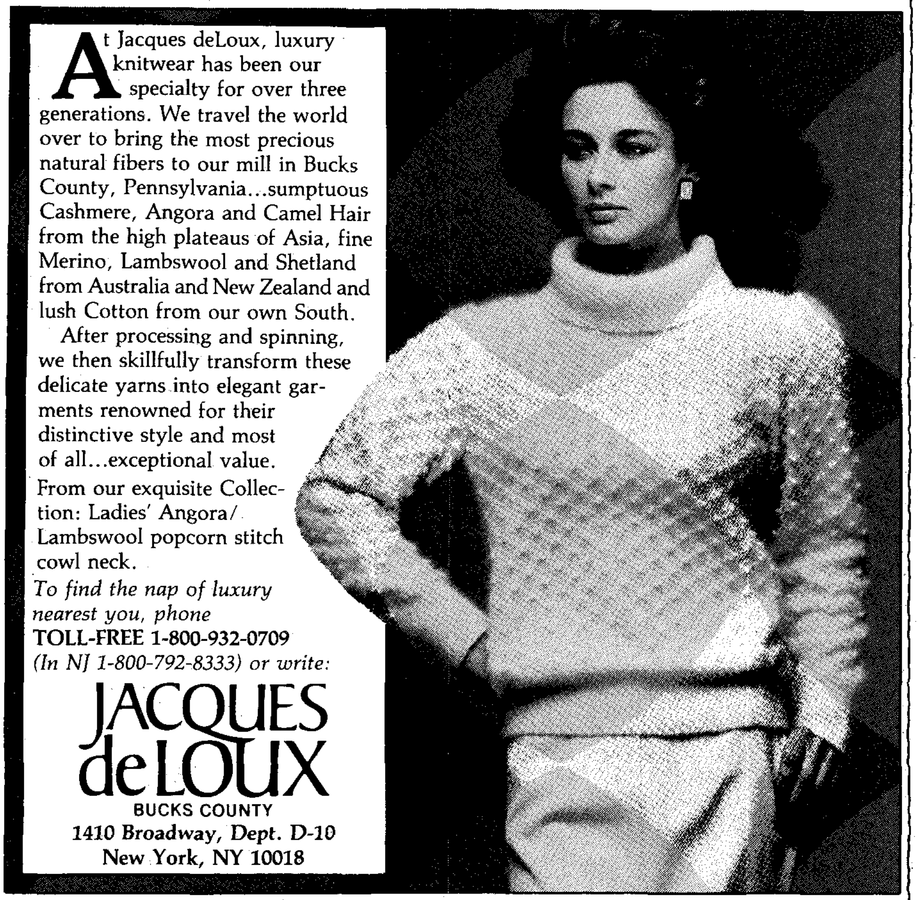

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friends of his. He had his own circle of friends: Carl Andre; Michael Fried and Walter Darby Bannard, both of whom he had known at Princeton (Fried was becoming an art historian, Bannard an abstract painter); and Hollis Frampton, a filmmaker who had roomed with Andre at Andover when Stella was there. Stella had known Frampton at Andover, but Stella and Andre, although they had both haunted the school's painting studio, somehow had never met until they got together in New York. "He made a tremendous impression on me then," Andre recalls. "By the time of the black paintings, Frank was a thoroughly mature artist—the only one I knew like that. He had the intensity and the rigor. He was very quiet, very self-contained, and very smart. There's a big misconception about Frank, by the way. The black paintings were definitely not a reaction against Abstract Expressionism. Frank was a great admirer of Pollock and de Kooning, but he hated the generation that came after them and tried to imitate their work. His black paintings were an attempt to continue the vitality of the first generation, to be as original and profound as they were." Andre and Frampton shared a cold-water flat on Mulberry Street. There wasn't much room to make sculptures in it, so Stella used to invite Andre (and, later on, other friends) to work in his West Broadway loft. Andre was carving big wooden beams at the time, under the influence of Brancusi. One day, Stella came in and saw one of the beams standing on end. He looked at the carved side and then ran his hand down the back of the beam, which was untouched, and said, "You know, Carl, that's sculpture, too." It turned out to be a moment of revelation for Andre, who from that day to this has been using his materials (wooden beams, bricks, metal plates) in an untouched state—using them as "cuts" in the space that surrounds them, shaping the space itself.

Andre helped Stella choose the titles for several of his black pictures. "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor" was a title that Andre had used for a series of pastel drawings he had made and then destroyed—he had been reading William Blake's "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and may also, he thinks, have had in mind the J. D. Salinger story "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor." Several of the black paintings have titles relating to the

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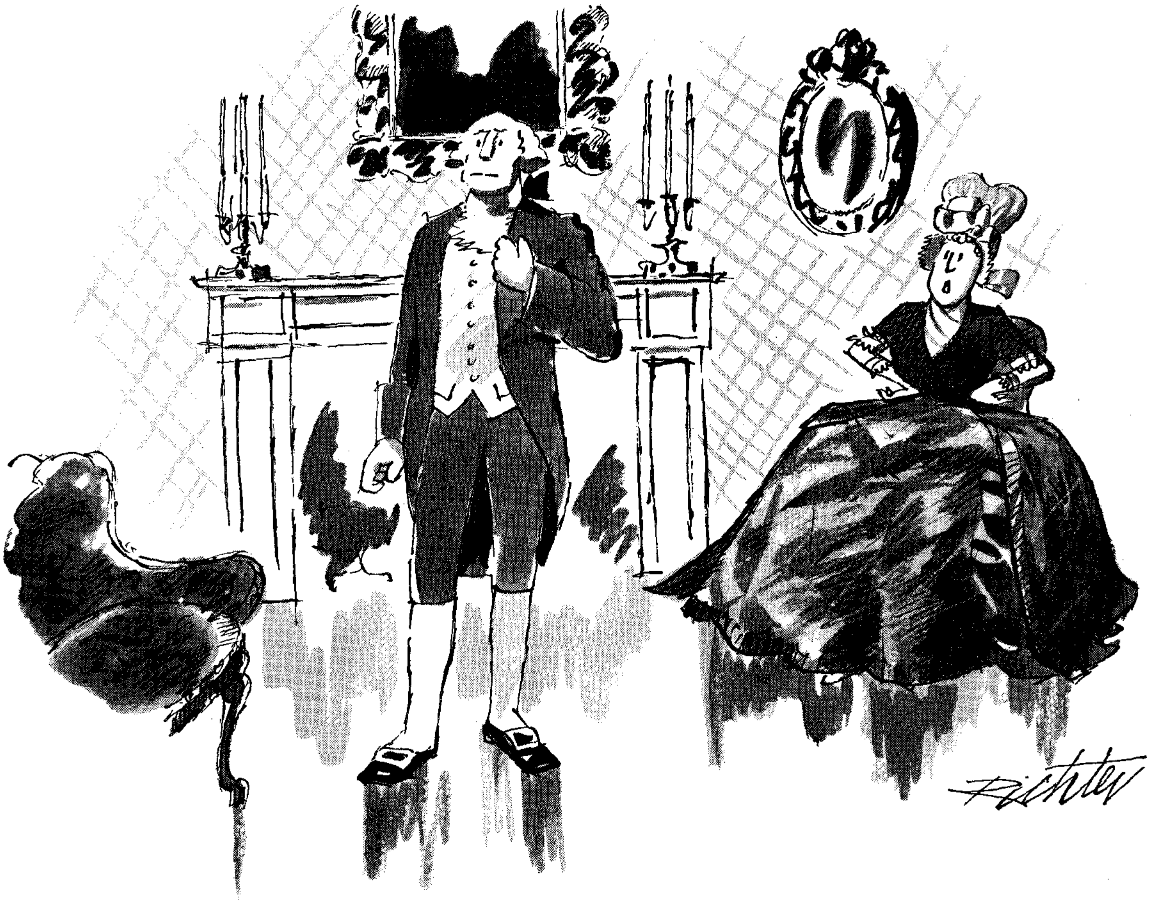
depressed neighborhoods where Stella worked as a housepainter: "Tomlinson Square Park" refers to a park in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and "Arundel Castle" is the name of an apartment building there. Three of the titles have Nazi connotations ("Reichstag," "Die Fahne Hoch," and "Arbeit Macht Frei"), while others refer to famous disasters ("Morro Castle") and to small jazz clubs, which Stella loved to go to in that period. The titles have no direct connection to the paintings, except to suggest Stella's state of mind when he was painting them—the state of living "at the edge." It is significant, though, that he did not follow the example of those abstract artists who simply numbered their paintings instead of naming them. Throughout his career, his titles have added an element of drama or a sense of place to the visual impact of the paintings. (The same can be said of Rauschenberg and, to a lesser extent, of Johns.) His intention, it would appear, has never been quite as blunt and matter-of-fact as he has sometimes suggested.

LIVING at the edge seemed to require, in Stella's case, a degree of personal reserve which struck Carl Andre as "Sicilian." Stella's silences made people uneasy. It was partly that his shyness made him incapable of small talk. He could be quite funny at times, with his caustic wit, and once he got going he would talk a blue streak, throwing out ideas with such articulate brilliance that people just listened in awe. He dressed in torn T-shirts and paint-splashed chinos, and he had a habit of sucking his thumb; it was suggested that maybe the reason he so rarely wore the permanent dental plate he had finally been fitted for was that the gap left by the missing front teeth made such a convenient resting place for the thumb. He smoked expensive cigars when he could afford to, but he drank very little. Most of the New York artists drank a lot in those days, and Stella's abstemiousness was considered weird. Another oddity was his habit of giving himself an annual birthday party, with a cake and candles, to which he would invite all sorts of art-world notables. (Some of them actually came.) The parties were held in a loft on East Broadway that Andre and Frampton had moved into; Stella had planned to live there, too, but he never did.

In the fall of 1959, Carl Andre



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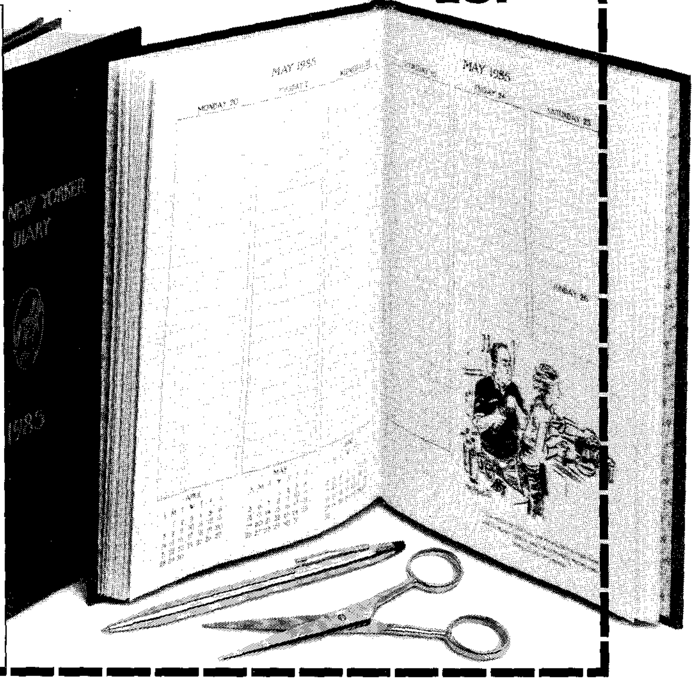

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introduced him to Barbara Rose, a Smith graduate who was working for her Ph.D. in art history at Columbia. Andre and Rose used to have lunch together fairly often at the cafeteria in the Central Park Zoo, and one day Andre brought Stella along. "A short boy in a T-shirt with holes in it, a ten-day growth of beard, no front teeth, and a mop of fuzzy black hair" is how Rose recalls him. "He didn't talk at all at first, but he had that extreme intensity. Later, Frank used to say that what he'd always wanted was a blond Smith girl in a camel's-hair coat. Well, that was me."

At the time, though, they did not hit it off. Stella fell in love with Barbara Rose's roommate, a young poet named Terry Brook, with whom Andre had earlier been in love. The two young women shared an apartment below the Hansa Gallery, on Central Park South—a coöperative avant-garde gallery that Stella had thought about joining until he went with Castelli. (Stella had also thought about joining the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, but neither John B. Myers, who ran Tibor de Nagy, nor Richard Bellamy, the Hansa's director, had come to his studio to see the work.) Stella took Terry Brook out a number of times, until it became clear that his feelings were not reciprocated. (Later, she told Emile de Antonio, the man she did marry, that Stella had proposed to her, and that she had said she could never marry a man who sucked his thumb.) In the meantime, Barbara Rose had married someone else. Her marriage lasted only a short while, and it interfered hardly at all with her lunches with Carl Andre or her developing friendship with Stella. Although her field of study at Columbia was Spanish Old Master painting, she was becoming interested in contemporary art; after seeing the black paintings, she decided that Stella was the most important artist of her generation.

The day after Stella's twenty-fifth birthday party, in the spring of 1961, Barbara Rose (who was no longer married) was sitting in a bar with a male friend. They had both been to the birthday party the night before, and the friend had left his raincoat behind. Stella came into the bar at this point. When he heard about the raincoat, he told them he would go back and get it, "in exchange for Barbara." He returned about fifteen minutes later with the coat, handed it to the friend, and said to Barbara. "Now you're mine." She was very impressed to find he meant

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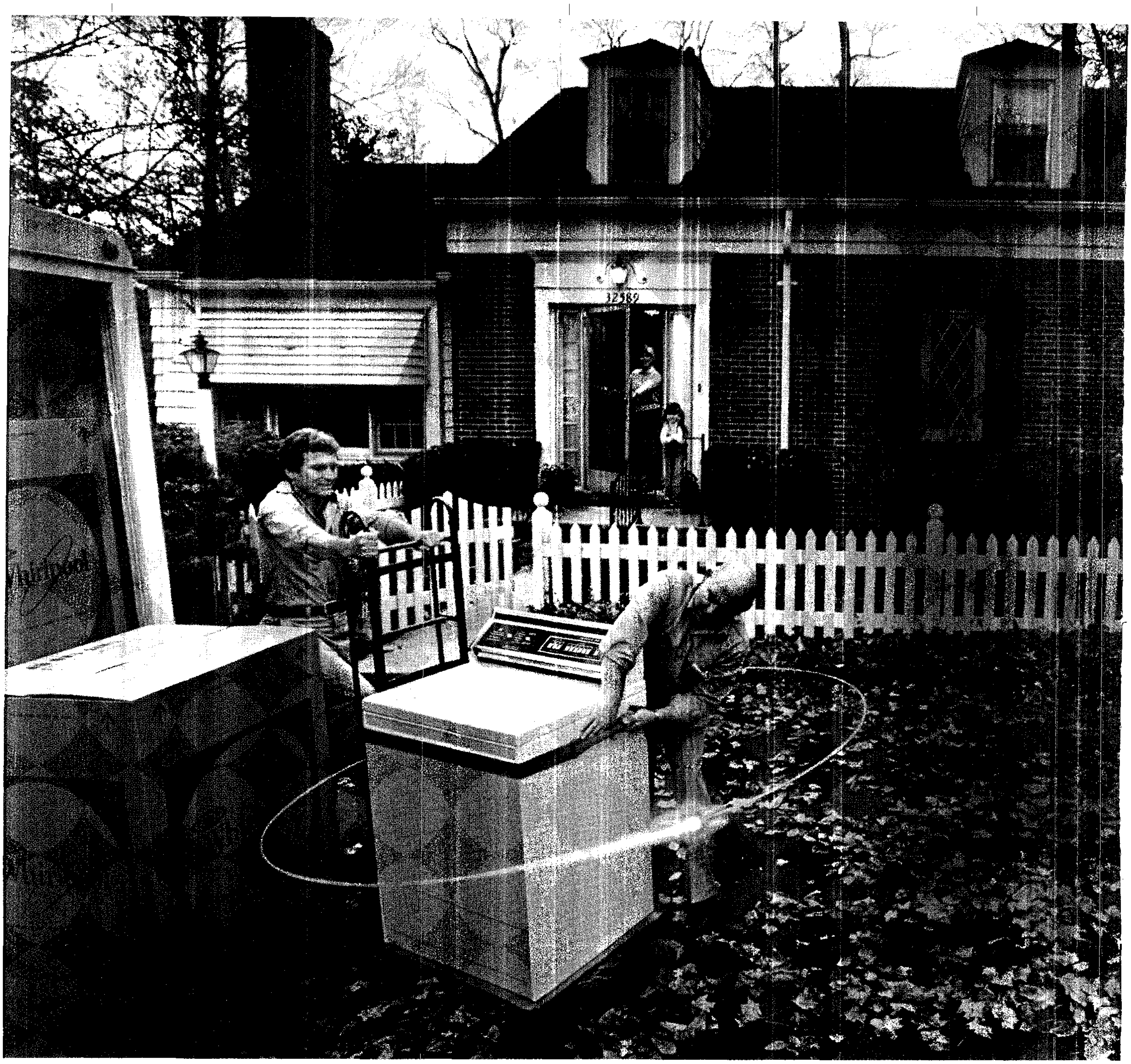

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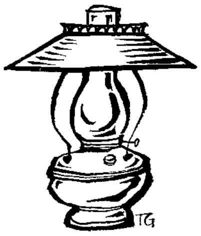
it. He moved in with her soon after.

Some of Stella's admirers wondered what could possibly follow the black paintings. There was such an aura of finality about them. His next paintings turned out to be just as uncompromising as the black ones, and a good deal harder to like. This time, he covered a series of large canvases with precisely ruled, symmetrical stripes painted a hard metallic silver—the medium was commercial aluminum-based paint. The aluminum paintings, although painted freehand, looked less handmade than the black ones, and the designs were more complex. The repetitive unit was a straight line that made a right-angle jog, then turned again to resume its original direction. This created a problem of left-over spaces at the edge of the canvas where the design ran out. Stella's Princeton friend Darby Bannard suggested a solution: cut these sections out. Stella did so, notching the canvas and its wooden stretcher so that the over-all pattern of the stripes was carried out in the shape of the canvas. Stella's "shaped" canvases had an immediate effect on any number of artists. Even more than Johns' targets and flags, they made the point that a painting was also an object—a two-dimensional object that did not make any pretense of being three-dimensional. It was this implacably literal approach that helped to prepare the way for Minimal Art.



The canvas underwent much more radical shaping in Stella's next pictures, whose internal stripe patterns made them take the form of giant crosses, zigzags, and T-squares, among other configurations. This was the Copper Series, named for its thoroughly uningratiating color. On a weekend visit to his parents' house in Ipswich in the summer of 1960, Stella had helped his father paint the bottom of a boat with copper paint. He took a liking to the paint, he said, "because it was so anti-art. It was made to resist barnacles underwater. I didn't really like going into an art-supply store and buying paint that thousands of other painters used. And I was attracted to the physical properties of copper paint, to the way the particles ride to the surface and sit there. It's very abstract, in the sense that it doesn't blend in with the real world. Metallic pigment had all the qualities of paint and then some."

The aluminum paintings were shown in Stella's first one-man exhibition at Castelli's, in the fall of 1960. Only two or three were sold, which did not discourage him from going ahead with the Copper Series. He and Barbara Rose had both applied for Fulbright grants; they decided that if either grant came through they would both go abroad on it. Stella's application, for study in Japan, was turned down. Barbara had applied for a year's study in Spain—she was writing her thesis on sixteenth-century Navarrese painting—and her proposal was accepted. She left in the fall of 1961, and he followed a month or so later. Before leaving, he moved from his West Broadway loft to a larger place, on Walker Street, a few blocks south. He carried everything himself, downstairs and up, making many trips. On one trip, he decided his load was too heavy, and deposited a large, rolled-up canvas in a trash can at the corner of West Broadway and Canal Street. It was "Gavotte," one of the black paintings. "I don't know why I did that," he remarked to me recently. "The design hadn't come out just right, and I might have been planning to repaint it." Stella never did repaint it, and he now thinks it might have been one of the best in the series.

Stella and Barbara Rose lived for much of the next year in Pamplona (the old capital of Navarre), where he sat in their hotel room and made drawings while she worked in the Cathedral archives. Until a few years ago, all Stella's paintings have come from ideas first worked out in drawings, and he did a lot of drawing in Spain. Although the Fulbright money did not allow them much leeway, they did manage a trip to Morocco. Later, they went to London to get married (it was too difficult to do so in Spain), and from London they went to Paris for the opening of a Stella show at the Galerie Lawrence. Lawrence Rubin, the gallery's American owner, had learned about Stella's work from his brother William, an art historian and teacher, who subsequently became director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art. Stella painted six new pictures for his Paris show—large, square pictures with relatively simple patterns of right-angle stripes and no cutouts. Instead of continuing his investigations of shape, he had decided to investigate

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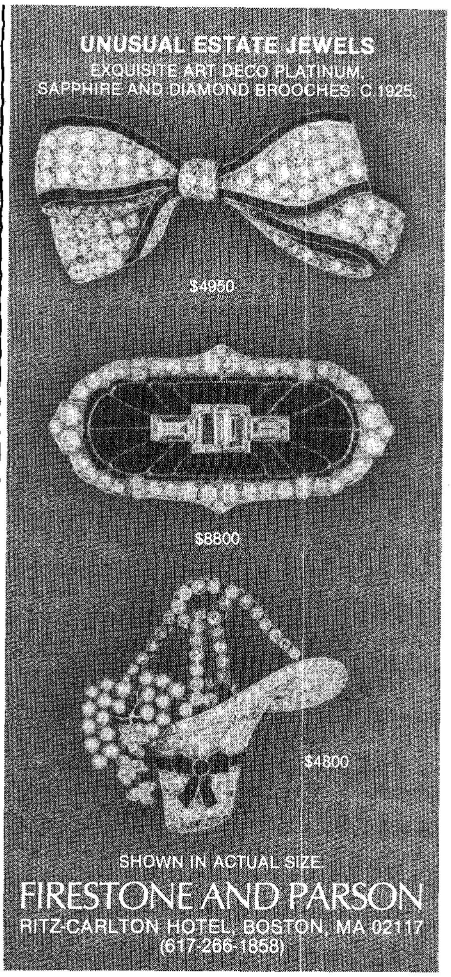
color; each canvas was painted one of the primary or secondary colors, in Benjamin Moore flat wall paint straight from the can. (The group is known as the Benjamin Moore Series, although the individual paintings are named after Civil War battles.) The show got little attention in Paris. Joseph Hirshhorn, the collector, came to it and bought nothing (later, he bought a great many Stellas, at much higher prices), but when he learned that the artist had just been married he took out his wallet and peeled off a hundred-dollar bill as a wedding present. Barbara used it to buy herself a winter coat.

Stella and Larry Rubin liked each other from the start. They were nearly the same age, and they had a lot of interests in common. Although Rubin couldn't sell any of the Benjamin Moore paintings, his enthusiasm for Stella and his work was unreserved. In addition to giving him a stipend of two hundred and fifty dollars a month, Rubin also began buying new Stella paintings outright from time to time, which at that stage of his career was a big boost financially and psychologically. From 1960 to 1965, Rubin was able to sell only one Stella painting.

Stella came back from Europe ahead of Barbara, in February, 1962, to look for an apartment. She had given hers up, and his new loft on Walker Street was not big enough for them to live in—they were expecting a baby in the summer. He had found nothing by the time she returned, and after spending one night on Walker Street she went to stay temporarily with friends uptown. The Stellas moved twice during the next year—first to Madison Avenue and then to Sixteenth Street just east of Union Square. "Frank painted the apartment while I was in the hospital having Rachel," Barbara recalls. "He built a couch, and a desk for me—I wrote my dissertation on it—and a crib. We had a mattress on the floor for a bed. The first person who came to visit us was Andy Warhol, bringing a huge stuffed panda for Rachel. Jasper Johns came a lot, and Henry Geldzahler"—the Metropolitan Museum's ebullient young emissary to the avant-garde—"was there all the time. Henry worshipped Frank, and got a lot of ideas from him—and sometimes he'd come over and just watch Frank watch TV. Don Judd"—the Minimalist sculptor—"lived around the corner. We had no money for babysitters, so our apartment became a sort of meeting place. We ate a lot of burned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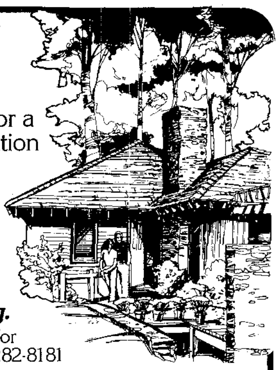

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pork chops in those days." Jean Tinguely, the Swiss artist, whose great, mechanized assemblage of junk metal had destroyed itself in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art in 1960, was living and working in the loft above Stella's, on Walker Street, and they became good friends. When Tinguely, Rauschenberg, and Niki de Saint-Phalle put on their collaborative theatrical "event," entitled "The Construction of Boston," in the spring of 1962, Stella was enlisted to play the part of Rauschenberg's alter ego. He and Rauschenberg came onstage at the Maidman Playhouse in oversized rain capes, with photoflood reflectors where their heads should have been. Stella was supposed to speak Rauschenberg's lines. Instead, he had the words reproduced on slides, which he projected against the back wall of the stage with a portable slide projector. The event was enormous fun for the participants, although the capacity audience had mixed reactions.

Stella was in the curious position of being an acclaimed genius whose work did not sell. The copper paintings, which he had spent months repainting—the originals, exposed to direct sunlight at Walker Street while Stella was in Europe, had faded badly—found no buyers when Castelli showed them, in the spring of 1962. This show was the occasion of a minor dispute between the artist and his dealer. Stella had done some small versions of the copper paintings, thinking they might be easier to sell. Castelli also thought the small pictures would be easier to sell, but by this time Stella was not happy with them; he told Castelli that if they were in the show they had to be in the hall or the back room. There was an argument, which Stella won by threatening to remove the small pictures entirely. Stella does not believe that he can work successfully on a small scale. "I don't think I've made a passable picture in the sort of three-foot range and rarely attempted it," he told William Rubin. "Those few times I have, it's been a kind of disaster." When I asked him about this last winter, he reiterated that he felt more comfortable working on a large scale. "I guess because I'm a little man, a little bigger than life size seems about the right size for me. When you're hoping for things to sort of open up, you need room for them to do it in."

Stella and Castelli have never been really at ease with one another, in spite of the admiration on both sides. Stella's daunting silences, his habit of

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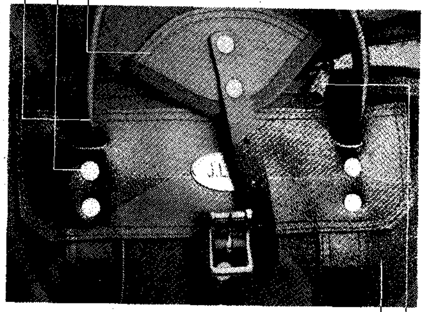

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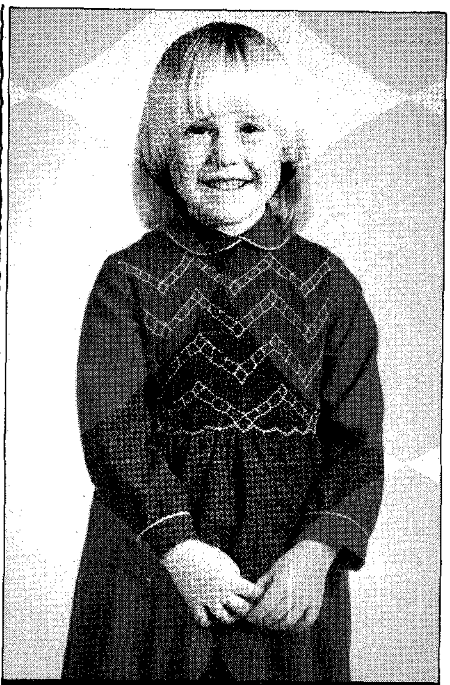
dressing like a bum, and his well-known indifference to collectors are all somewhat jarring to someone of Castelli's elegant and courtly demeanor. Stella has been known to sit through an entire dinner without saying more than six words to an important collector who had asked to meet him. His surly or ungracious side is offset by a thoughtfulness that takes people by surprise, but this is more likely to come out with people his own age or younger. Ironically, it was Castelli who labored to reassure Stella's parents about their son's career. They came down for all his openings, and what they saw of the art world did little to allay their continuing anxieties.

The Stellas moved uptown in 1963, to an apartment on Seventy-third Street near Madison Avenue, which the dealer John Myers had helped them find. The rent was three hundred dollars a month, much more than they had been paying on Sixteenth Street but a bargain for that part of town. Barbara was writing articles for *Art in America*, and Castelli had increased Stella's monthly stipend, so their financial situation was a bit better. Every Saturday afternoon, they had a sort of open house for artists, dealers, writers, and friends who had been making the rounds of the art galleries. Although Barbara was mainly responsible for these gatherings, Stella seemed to enjoy them. He also enjoyed being a family man. The main reason they had moved uptown was to be near Central Park, for their daughter's sake, and they both spent a lot of time in the Park with her. People gaped at them because of the way they dressed. Barbara bought her clothes in thrift shops, inventively, and Frank usually had on paint-spotted work clothes, and this tended to identify them as hippies. The police looked with little favor on hippies. One afternoon, a patrolman told Barbara to take her feet off the park bench she was sitting on, and her spirited reply caused him to put her under arrest. Stella, seeing him push her and Rachel toward a squad car, went berserk. In the ensuing melee, Stella bit the cop on the hand as he was being pummelled into submission, and matters would probably have deteriorated even further if a police sergeant had not arrived on the scene and calmed everyone down. Barbara and Rachel were taken to the nearest police station, and from there she telephoned their friend Emile de Antonio to come and get Rachel. De Antonio then called



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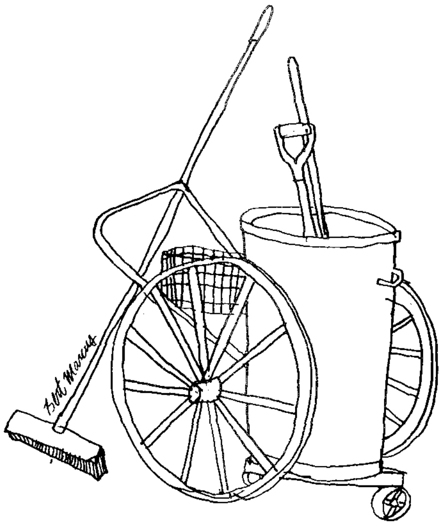
Castelli's associate Ivan Karp, who sent a lawyer down to get Barbara released. Springing Stella was more difficult. He was booked on a charge of felonious assault, and spent that night in the Tombs. He was released on bail the next day and eventually got off with a suspended sentence.

CASTELLI was on more relaxed terms with Barbara Rose than he was with Stella. She knew a lot of artists, she kept up with the latest developments, and she had a sort of proprietary interest in his gallery, which was becoming a major force in the expanding New York art world. In addition to Johns and Rauschenberg, Castelli showed Cy Twombly, John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, and the Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein. (He soon took on Andy Warhol, James Rosenquist, and, eventually, Claes Oldenburg.) Pop Art had burst on the scene in 1962 with a brash and blatant élan that threatened to put some older artists out of business. There were bitter feelings among the second generation of Abstract Expressionists, several of whom saw the market for their work dry up as collectors switched to Pop. Stella, an artist committed to abstraction, had mixed feelings about the new movement, whose clearly recognizable images came from commercial art, the comics, and other low sources. He thought that Lichtenstein, Warhol, and some of their colleagues were good artists, serious artists (the Abstract Expressionists denied their seriousness), but he also thought that they were on the wrong track. Even Johns, for whom Stella retained an immense respect, sometimes struck him as an obstacle in the path. Johns' work was poised midway between realism and abstraction, and to a great many young artists this seemed the most interesting



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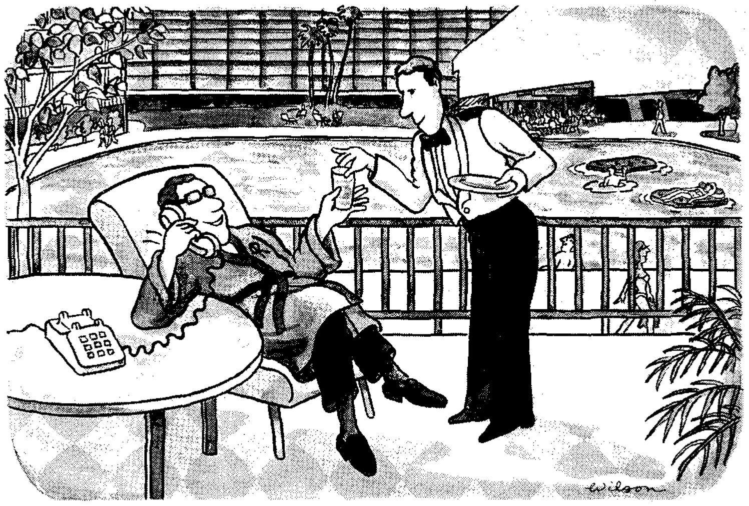

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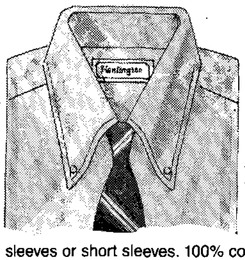

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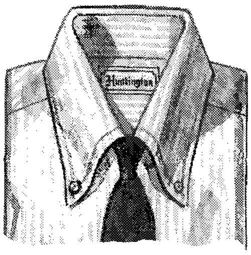

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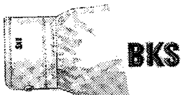

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place to be. It was not that Stella felt isolated. Kenneth Noland, Ellsworth Kelly, Jack Youngerman, Larry Poons, Helen Frankenthaler, and others were doing abstract work of great merit in the nineteen-sixties, but it sometimes appeared that the energy and momentum of events were going in a different direction.

Stella had enough self-confidence not to worry about it. He was working at a terrific clip, attacking a different (though related) pictorial problem with each new series of his stripe paintings. He completed six series from 1962 to 1965—nearly a hundred pictures in all, some of them enormous. (One of the Running V Series is seven feet tall and more than twenty-three feet long.) Although Stella's work was priced significantly lower than Rauschenberg's or Johns'—never more than three thousand dollars for a painting—Castelli continued to have a relatively hard time selling it. Buyers were put off by the size, or by the industrial look of the metallic paint in some paintings, or by the clash of "impossible" colors in others. There was no hint of spontaneity in a Stella painting. Each design had been precisely plotted in advance, and the evenly painted surfaces had a machine-like, impervious quality.

In a 1964 radio interview that was later printed in *Art News*, Stella set forth his "non-relational" credo in characteristically blunt terms:

> I always get into arguments with people who want to retain the old values in painting—the humanistic values that they always find on the canvas. If you pin them down, they always end up asserting that there is something there besides the paint on the canvas. My painting is based on the fact that only what can be seen there *is* there. . . . All I want anyone to get out of my paintings, and all I ever get out of them, is the fact that you can see the whole idea without any confusion. . . . What you see is what you see.

The statement has been quoted again and again in writings on contemporary art, and it is one of the cornerstones of Minimalist doctrine. The irony is that in 1964, when Minimalism was just emerging, Stella had started to move toward a more widely inclusive aesthetic. He did not share the Minimalists' interest, inspired to some degree by the critic Clement Greenberg's writings, in reducing art to its essential elements of shape and color. Stella had met Greenberg a couple of times, but the two of them never had a real conversation. Although Greenberg included several

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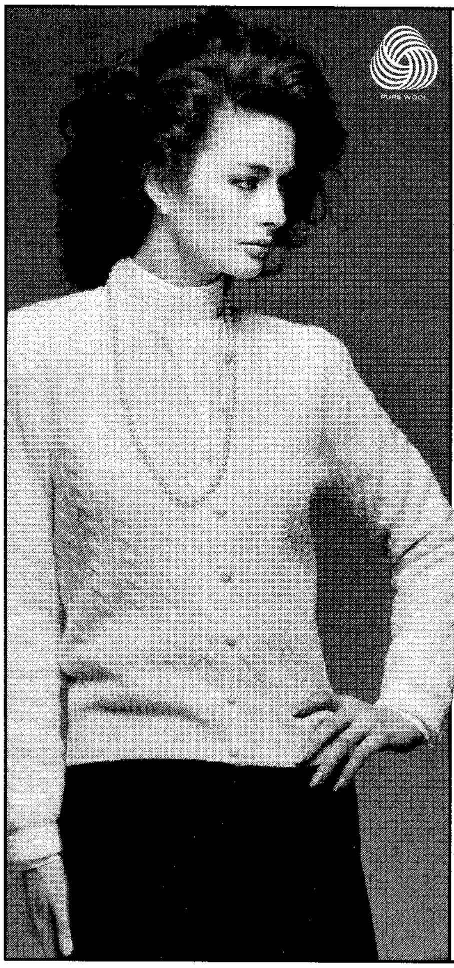
Stella paintings in the "Post-Painterly Abstraction" show that he organized in 1964 for the Los Angeles County Museum, he did not entirely approve of Stella's work—not in the same way, at any rate, that he approved of the paintings of Kenneth Noland or Jules Olitski. Greenberg argued that the true course in modern painting was the course of "self-definition," through which every element that was not essential to the art of painting must be ruthlessly eliminated. Since the art of painting was essentially the art of putting pigment on a flat surface, Greenberg believed that any illusion of spatial depth must be avoided at all costs, so as not to violate "the integrity of the picture plane." Stella had tried hard to get rid of illusory space in his black paintings and his early metallic paintings, without entirely succeeding, but in his more recent work, such as the Running V Series, the color bands appeared to move forward and backward very dramatically, and all sorts of spatial tricks went on in the subsequent Moroccan Series, which had contrasting diagonal bands of brilliant Day-Glo colors. By 1965, at any rate, he was eager to break out of what now seemed to him the restrictive space of the stripe paintings.

The following year, he began a group of paintings that differed radically from any he had done before. The Irregular Polygons, as the new series came to be called, had been gestating in his mind since 1962, when he made the drawings on which they were based. Instead of stripes, the new paintings had large areas of unbroken color—geometrically shaped areas that often bore no relation at all to the irregular over-all dimensions of the canvas. Triangular wedges of one color invaded areas of another color, creating dynamic contrasts and rather unsettling visual tensions. For the first time, Stella used two different kinds of paint on the same canvas—matte enamels and glossy Day-Glo acrylics. There were eleven different designs for the Irregular Polygons, each of which he executed in four versions, with a different combination of colors for each version. Their titles ("Chocorua," "Tuftonboro," "Conway," etc.) were taken from the New Hampshire hill towns that he and his father used to pass through on their fishing trips.

According to William Rubin, whose 1970 monograph on Stella is still the major treatment of his work,



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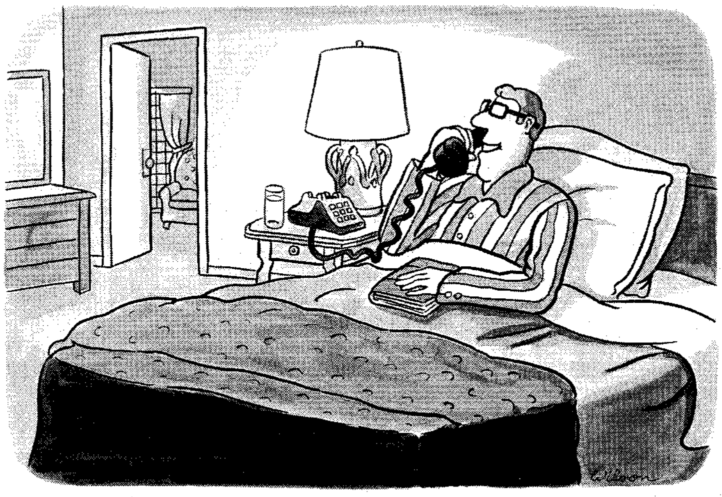

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"the Irregular Polygons carried Stella into an area of openness, variety, and freedom of choice that resulted in a less steady level of success than was true of his earlier series," and they "range from some of his most daringly beautiful to his most unsatisfyingly overcomplicated pictures." They also pointed directly to the spatial dynamics of Stella's future work, but he did not pursue their lead right away. Instead, he spent the next two and a half years, from 1967 to the end of 1969, painting a final, dazzling series of gigantic color-band paintings, the Protractor Series, which earned him a lot more money than he had ever before made, and which brought him dangerously close to a kind of decorative art that is one of the chief perils of abstraction.

It might be argued that Stella had always shown a leaning toward decorative art, and that the austerity of his early work was a conscious or subconscious effort to resist that leaning. He had done his senior thesis at Princeton on the somewhat arcane decorative tradition of Hiberno-Saxon manuscript illumination. (One reason he chose this subject, he told me, was that not much had been written about it in English, so there wasn't much to read.) He was also drawn to Islamic art, which he had experienced in an intense way during a 1963 trip to Iran. Stanley Woodward, a wealthy retired diplomat and art collector, had invited Henry Geldzahler to go to Iran that year with him and his wife, and had suggested that he bring along a friend. Geldzahler had brought Stella. "The trip was a very big experience for me," Stella remembers. "It was an alien world, but not that alien, and the architecture is so terrific. I'd been so involved with my life in New York, and just seeing something so different and yet so familiar was fascinating. There's all that interlacing, or interweaving, in barbarian decoration—I'd touched on it in my thesis at Princeton. Things doubling back on themselves, like snakes swallowing their tails. This came out in the Protractor pictures."

By far the largest he had ever done—their minimum dimension is a height of ten feet, and some of them are as much as fifty feet long—the pictures in the gorgeously colorful Protractor Series are architectural in scale. Stella mixed many of the fluorescent colors himself—something he had not done before. This was also the first time he had used curvilinear forms. Within half circles formed by a giant protrac-

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tor, wide bands of evenly applied color interweave in extremely complicated patterns. Stella has said that he was interested in the idea of color "travelling" over wide areas. He plotted thirty-one different designs, each of which he executed in three versions, for a total of ninety-three paintings. Many of them are named after ancient circular-plan cities in the Near East, examples of which he had seen in Iran. The series was immensely successful in terms of sales. Priced originally at about four thousand dollars apiece, the paintings were soon bringing twelve thousand. Several collectors who had resisted Stella up to that point succumbed to the sheer beauty of the Protractors. Some of his earlier admirers found the huge pictures a little too pretty, though, and Stella himself now feels that in some of them the over-all structure is not strong enough. No modern artist wants to be called decorative, of course. Stella told William Rubin that he wanted to be decorative "in the good sense, in the sense that it is applied to Matisse," but he knew how difficult that was. Late in 1969, in any event, he was ready to go back to the ideas that he had explored in the Irregular Polygons.

By then, a lot of things in his life had changed. He and his family, which now included a son, Michael, had moved into a three-floor house in Greenwich Village. The architect Richard Meier, an old friend of his, had redesigned the interior free of charge, but the renovations had been expensive. Stella asked Castelli to lend him twenty thousand dollars. When Castelli said he didn't have it, Stella went to Larry Rubin, who didn't have it, either, but who went out and got it. Stella gave Rubin a large number of his unsold paintings in exchange, and

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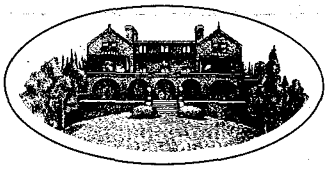

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Rubin, who had moved from Paris to New York, and who eventually established himself as the contemporary-art branch of Knoedler & Company, began selling these at higher and higher prices. In 1967, Stella decided to give Rubin half his future production, and Castelli accepted the decision with the grace of necessity: Stella would have a show at Castelli's one year and at Rubin's the next. With a less productive artist, this might not have worked out, but as a result of Stella's enormous energy and rising prices the two-gallery arrangement put him in a much stronger economic position. The fact that Rubin was selling early Stellas—the pictures he had received in exchange for the twenty thousand dollars—for ten times what he had paid for them did not bother Stella in the least. Rubin says, "When I'd tell Frank I'd sold one for fifteen thousand, he'd say, 'Terrific! Fantastic! Just don't jack the prices up so high nobody buys them.' "

Stella had also started making prints, which were to become an important source of income to him. He had been invited to be artist-in-residence at the University of California at Irvine in 1967, but when he got out there he found he was required to sign the state's loyalty oath. He refused, and was relieved of academic duties. This gave him some free time, which he used to work with Ken Tyler, a master printer and the co-founder of the Gemini G.E.L. lithography studio, in Los Angeles. Stella was not overly enthusiastic about making prints, and for several years he limited himself to small-scale lithographic versions of his own paintings, from the black series to the Protractors. Eventually, he got hooked by the medium, and in recent years his graphic work has been as innovative, as ambitious, and as complex as his painting.

By the late nineteen-sixties, the Stellas were leading fairly separate lives. Barbara Rose had become an influential art historian whose teaching schedule at Sarah Lawrence College kept her away from New York a good bit. Nevertheless, their formal separation and divorce, in 1969, hit both of them very hard. Stella went into therapy—psychoanalysis was suggested, but he balked at that—and for a year or so he had considerably less energy for painting. In the early nineteen-seventies, together with Larry Rubin, whose wife had died, he bought a seventeenth-century house in Sagaponack, on the South Shore of

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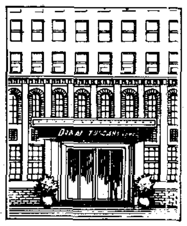

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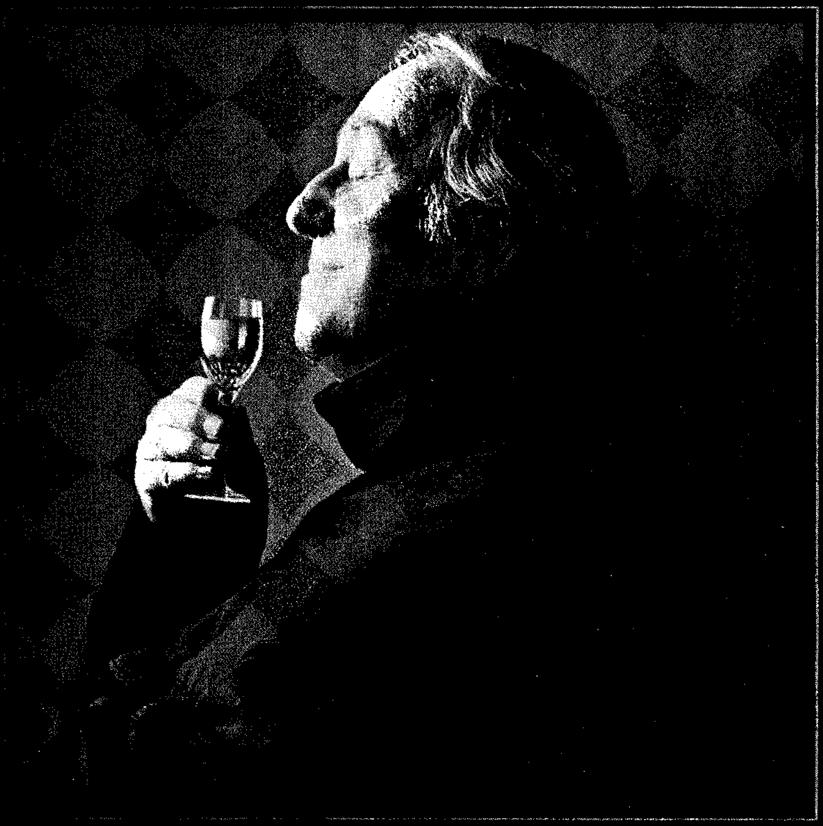

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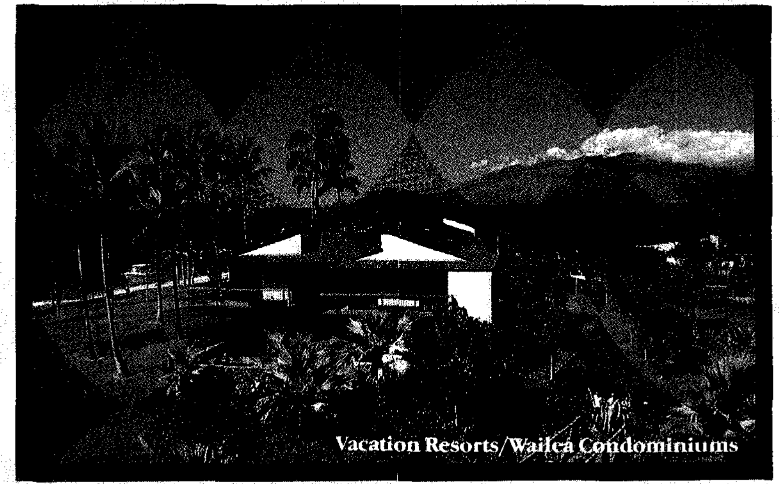
Long Island, mainly as a summer place for their children. Stella hated the social life in this ultra-fashionable area (Sagaponack is only five miles or so from East Hampton), but he loved the house they had bought, and he thought seriously of restoring it to exactly what it had been when it was built. He sold the house in 1975, though, so that he could buy a commercial building in downtown New York—a former auction house that he made over into his current studio. Unlike many successful New York artists, Stella has never felt any need to live anywhere but New York City. "I've got too much invested here," he told me once. "To me, a jackhammer sounds more natural than crickets. Somehow, painting is a very legitimate enterprise in this city. People who come here really want to paint. And I guess what you have to say about a young artist like Julian Schnabel is that he's more a painter than an artist, which is something you can't say about the Europeans—they're more artists than painters."

Although his life in New York centered on painting, he found time for other interests. He had several love affairs. One of the women he saw a lot of in the early nineteen-seventies was amazed by his "romantic" gentleness and sweetness, which seemed wholly at odds with the brusque personality that others knew. "I don't remember ever meeting a man who had such a tender touch with regard to feminine things," she said. "He loved to pick out clothes for me and tell me how to stay 'pretty.' He was bluntly poetic, if one can put it that way." He stayed in close touch with his children and with his parents, and when his much younger sister moved to New York Stella let her rent space in the building where he had his studio. He kept himself in top physical shape by playing tennis, which he had taken up with fanatical zeal some years before. After many lessons and much practice, he became so good that some of his former opponents lost interest in playing with him. He threw himself into tennis with the same all-out passion that had gone into lacrosse and wrestling—a passion made more effective because it was under such firm control.

IN March of 1970, a major retrospective exhibition of Stella's work, organized by William Rubin, opened at the Museum of Modern Art. "I don't know whether that show changed my perspective and made me



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feel I had to start all over again or whether I would have done it anyway," he said recently. The turning point came in the fall, at any rate, when he went into Mt. Sinai Hospital for a minor operation. Years of strenuous athletics had weakened the cartilage in his left knee, and corrective surgery was needed. After the operation, an infection set in and kept him in the hospital for more than a month. (Whenever Larry Rubin went to see him, he found Stella's father sitting by the bed. Although they still argued a lot, they continued to see each other often, right up to the father's death, in 1979.) In the hospital on the night before his operation, Stella, unable to sleep, had made more than fifteen drawings related to the Irregular Polygon paintings of 1966 and 1967. When he finally got home again, he made about twenty more. The angular forms he had sketched led him to think of the art of the Russian Constructivists after the First World War. They also became connected in his mind with a book he had seen, put out by the Polish government, that had photographs of many old wooden synagogues in Poland and Russia that had been destroyed by the Nazis. This was the origin of the Polish Village Series of collage paintings, on which Stella worked for the next three years.

The Polish Village paintings are among the most "difficult" of Stella's career. Each of the abstract designs was fabricated in three versions: a flat collage painting, incorporating surface materials such as felt and canvas; a low relief, made of heavier materials, such as pressboard and Masonite; and a high relief, made of laminated-cardboard elements, whose tilted planes came out several inches from the wooden support. "I wanted something physical," Stella told me. "I was really tired of painting on canvas." He was also tired of "the integrity of the picture plane," and of the rigid geometries of his stripe pictures. The Polish Village Series shows him moving away from the problem-solving, cerebral aspects of his earlier work toward a much freer and riskier kind of art. It was a startling change, and it took his audience a while to catch up with him. Larry Rubin and Castelli had a lot of trouble persuading clients that this new work was important. The Polish Village pictures, in fact, are still not much in demand, as their relatively low prices indicate. Part of the problem in this case is that the collage elements tend to become unstuck, mak-

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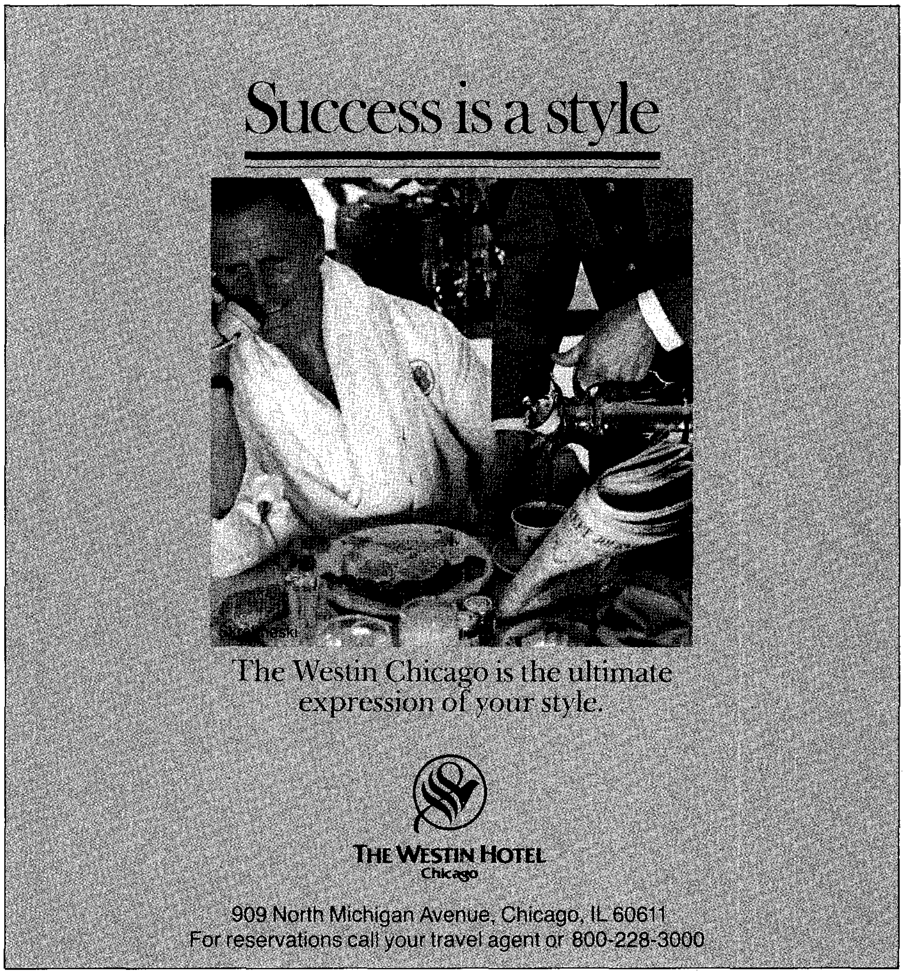
ing restoration a frequent necessity. In a more important sense, though, the paintings may be too transitional to be fully satisfying as works of art.

His next paintings were on metal—aluminum forms superimposed in low relief, their surfaces scribbled over with lithographic crayons, roughened by a caustic solution, and colored with silk-screen inks. Victor Ganz, an astute collector who had bought two Polish Village pictures, saw this new Brazilian Series (they are named after towns in Brazil) at Castelli's in 1975 and decided that Stella had lost his mind. "He's putting jukeboxes on the wall," Ganz said to his wife. He changed his opinion soon afterward—the Ganzes bought a Brazilian painting, and they have gone on to acquire key works from most of Stella's subsequent series. Trying to keep up with Stella now was just about impossible; you had to take him on faith. A year after the Brazilian pictures, he began work on his Exotic Bird Series (named after extinct or endangered species), which came right out and invaded the viewer's space. Elaborately curved forms suggested by architects' drafting tools stood out in deep relief against the gaudily painted backgrounds of these baroque works; Stella had even added ground glass and "glitter" (reflective particles used in commercial displays) to activate the surface in places, and his neon colors shrieked for attention. Larry Rubin said they were the craziest pictures he had ever seen, and Stella agreed that they probably wouldn't be able to sell a single one. They were wrong—the show sold out. (Victor Ganz later bought one of the largest pictures in this series, "Dove of Tanna," which he recently donated to the Whitney Museum; it was much too big to hang anywhere in his apartment, and in buying it he knew he had gone off the deep end as a collector.) The Indian Bird Series (1977-78) was even crazier. Here undulating, violently colorful aluminum forms were cantilevered three or four deep, so that the whole construction seemed to have a seething inner movement. Instead of being attached to a square or rectangular support, they projected at various angles from a curved, cylindrical metal grid, coming out several feet into the room and obliterating any sense of a confining frame. It seemed incredible that the artist who had made the black paintings should also have made these. He had gone from something under absolute control to something that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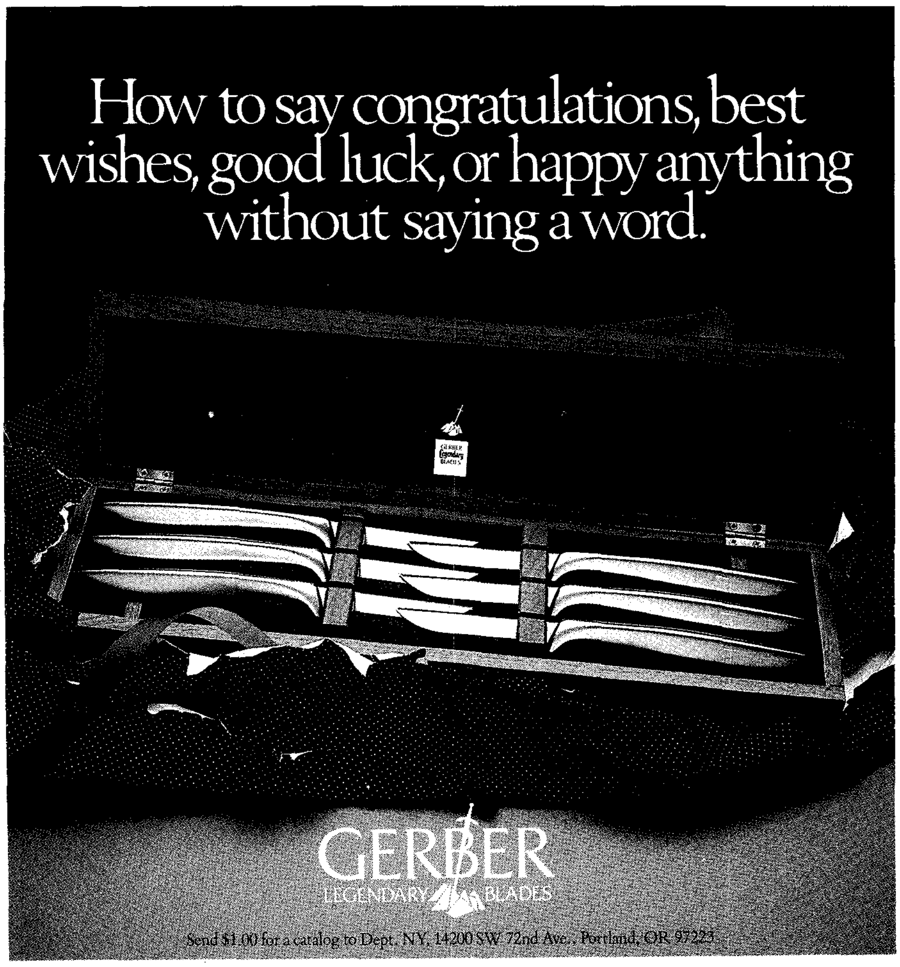
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looked totally out of control—it was not, of course, but it looked that way.

Stella's new work was in direct opposition to most of the advanced trends of the period. American art in the nineteen-seventies was predominantly cool and undemonstrative. Color-field abstraction, Minimal art (which was mainly sculpture), and Conceptual art, some of whose extreme practitioners went in for purely verbal expression, were the preferred styles, along with the much maligned Photo-Realism. In this restrained climate, Stella's commandeering of real pictorial space and real pictorial drama seemed all the more astounding. And not only was he getting away with it, he was sweeping others along in his wake. The Pattern and Decoration movement that surfaced about 1980 clearly found encouragement (and a good deal else) in Stella's great, glittering Indian Birds. To the nascent Neo-Expressionists here and in Europe, and to the graffiti painters, who have surfaced only in the last two years, Stella's baroque structures and clashing colors offered a sort of open-ended invitation, a proof that nothing succeeds like excess. The art world watched his performance with awe. No other major artist was working at Stella's level of intensity and high risk. The abstract painters whose work Stella had admired in the sixties were doing more or less the same things they had been doing then, with greater refinement; the quality of their work remained high, but none of them were taking the chances Stella took. He was trying to raise the energy level of the whole abstract enterprise. Each new Stella show convinced any number of people that this time he had *really* gone too far.

For a while in the nineteen-seventies, Stella's personal life also seemed a little out of control. In 1976, the B.M.W. automobile company, in Germany, commissioned Stella to design a paint job for one of its racing cars. Stella's work on the commission brought him into fascinated contact with auto racing and with race drivers, several of whom he got to know. Peter Gregg, one of two drivers of the Stella B.M.W. in the twenty-four-hour Le Mans race in 1976, became a close friend of his. Stella began going to Europe to see the major races there. The competitive excitement, the high degree of risk involved, and the precise mechanics of cars and engines appealed to the same aspects of his personality that made him an artist. Stella himself has never raced; the closest he

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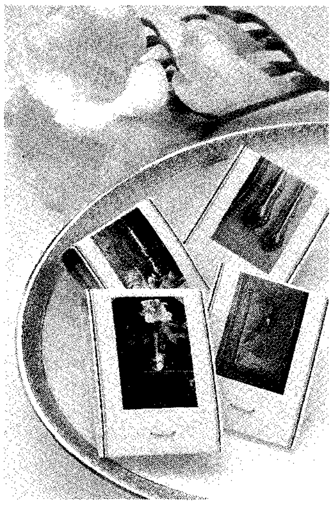

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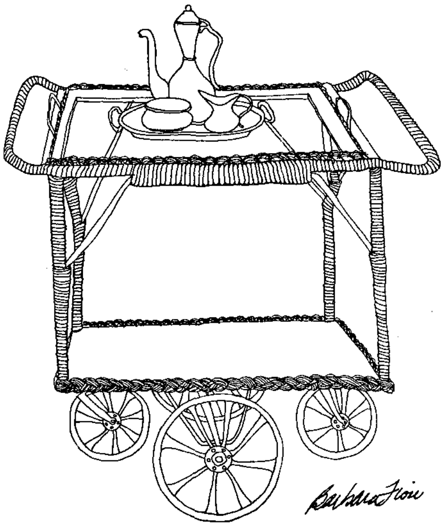
came to it was going on practice runs with Peter Gregg. He had never even owned a car until 1976, but now he began buying expensive models and driving them very fast. He had several close calls. Stella estimates the attrition rate among race drivers at about thirty per cent. When he was driving to Le Mans with Gregg one time, Gregg swerved to avoid an oncoming car and overturned their Porsche; Stella was unhurt, but Gregg suffered injuries from which he never entirely recovered. Ronnie Peterson, another top driver whom Stella got to know, died as a result of injuries in a 1978 Grand Prix event. (Stella dedicated an edition of prints, the Polar Co-ordinates, to him afterward.) Gregg committed suicide in 1980.

Stella's income rose spectacularly in the late nineteen-seventies, and not all of it went back into his work. One of his tennis partners got him interested in horse breeding, an occupation whose risks are mainly financial. He became part owner of a farm in upstate New York that breeds race horses for sale, and he also invested modestly in an occasional race horse of his own, which ran under the colors of his Magenta Stable. Stella studies the racing forms daily, and he knows a lot about equine bloodlines. Although Magenta Stable has had no stakes winner to date, the breeding farm does quite well, as such things are judged: his share costs him no more than twenty thousand dollars a year, half of which is tax-deductible. Stella himself has no interest in riding. His sport these days is squash, which he took up a few years ago because he was having trouble with his back and tennis seemed to be making it worse.

Stella's life has been a good deal happier since 1978, when he married Harriet McGurk, a pediatrician, who teaches pediatrics at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. They had known one another for a number of years before their marriage (she used to live in the house next to his in the Village), and Stella's friends feel that the marriage has helped him become more relaxed and more cheerful. The change has been even more apparent since the birth, in 1982, of Peter Alexander Stella, a bright and appealing child, one of whose first complete sentences was "Daddy, drive slow." His father actually does drive at a reasonable speed when Harriet and Peter are along, although such restraint comes hard for him. He was arrested in 1982 for driving his Ferrari at a hundred and five miles an hour on the Taconic State Parkway. (He was alone at the time.) The local town justice put him in jail. Stella's lawyer got him out on appeal the next day, and the court subsequently accepted a plan proposed by the lawyer under which, instead of serving a thirty-day sentence, Stella agreed to give a series of lectures on art for the benefit of the community. The lectures, which took place last spring in the high-school auditorium in Hudson, New York, were essentially the same as the Charles Eliot Norton lectures he had recently completed at Harvard. His audience in Hudson was attentive but sparse.

When Harvard University invited him to give the Norton lectures, Stella's first thought was that he couldn't afford the honor. It would mean taking a lot of time off from his painting, and the lecture fee would not begin to cover the lost income. On the other hand, he had been working "flat out," as he put it, for three years—longer and harder than at any other time in his life—on a big series of metal reliefs, the so-called Circuits (their serpentine shapes were based on automobile race courses), and on another series of unpainted reliefs, named after South African mining stocks. He was very tired of painting. By coincidence, moreover, he had just received an invitation to be artist-in-residence at the American Academy in Rome. "It sort of seemed as if the two things went together," he told me. "I wanted to take some time off and really look at paintings, although I didn't know then what paintings. I knew a little about nineteenth-century French painting, and a little about Spanish painting, from the time I'd spent in the Prado when Barbara and I were in Spain. But I didn't know much

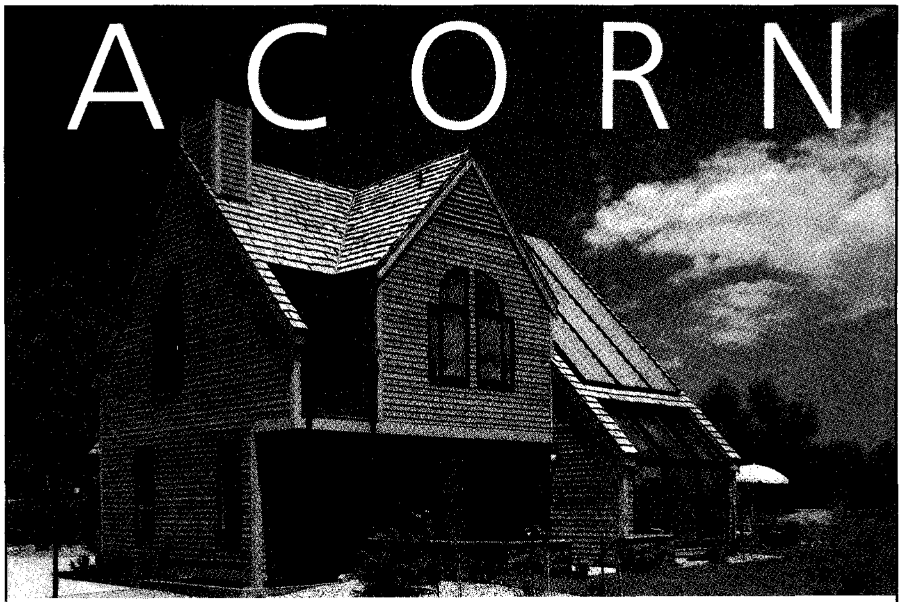


about Italian art. So I guess what I decided was that I'd try to teach myself about Italian painting, and the lecture audience would have to suffer through it. But I also knew that the lectures would really turn out to be about me."

The Stellas and their new baby made two extended trips to Rome, in 1982 and 1983. Stella travelled a good deal, visiting museums in London, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, and Vienna, but it was in the Capitoline Museum, in Rome, that he found the inspiration for his lectures. His private epiphany came while he was looking at Caravaggio's painting "St. John the Baptist," a very strange picture that shows a nude boy caressing a ram. (Some scholars have found it difficult to reconcile the highly erotic pose with anyone's conception of St. John.) To Stella, the amazing thing about this painting was how far it went beyond illusion, beyond any sort of trompe-l'oeil realism, in establishing a living presence. "The boy was really alive, really *there*, in a very powerful and yet casual way," he remembers thinking. "His flesh registered as flesh but also as painting, so much so that you wanted to touch it. It was the first time I'd had the sense that something could be real and also pictorial at the same time. Seeing it wasn't particularly a visual experience for me, and it was different from my usual reactions to paintings. More tactile. I wasn't impressed by it—I just loved it. And I realized that abstract painting could be equally real, could have that same sense of presence for me. I saw that in a very important sense painting begins for us with Caravaggio."

Stella went to see most of the extant Caravaggio paintings, including the huge "Beheading of St. John," on the island of Malta. (Malta's harbor and fortifications later became the impetus for a new Stella series of gigantic metal reliefs.) Caravaggio led him to Rubens, whose work seemed to Stella to build on the foundation of "real" space which Caravaggio had established—a tactile space that reached out to include the viewer. And it struck him with great force that the qualities he responded to so strongly in Caravaggio and in Rubens were qualities that painting has always needed but that were lacking in most abstract art: a sense of volume (the space between and around the figures), and a sense of pictorial drama, without which no painting ever comes fully alive.

The question Stella asked himself



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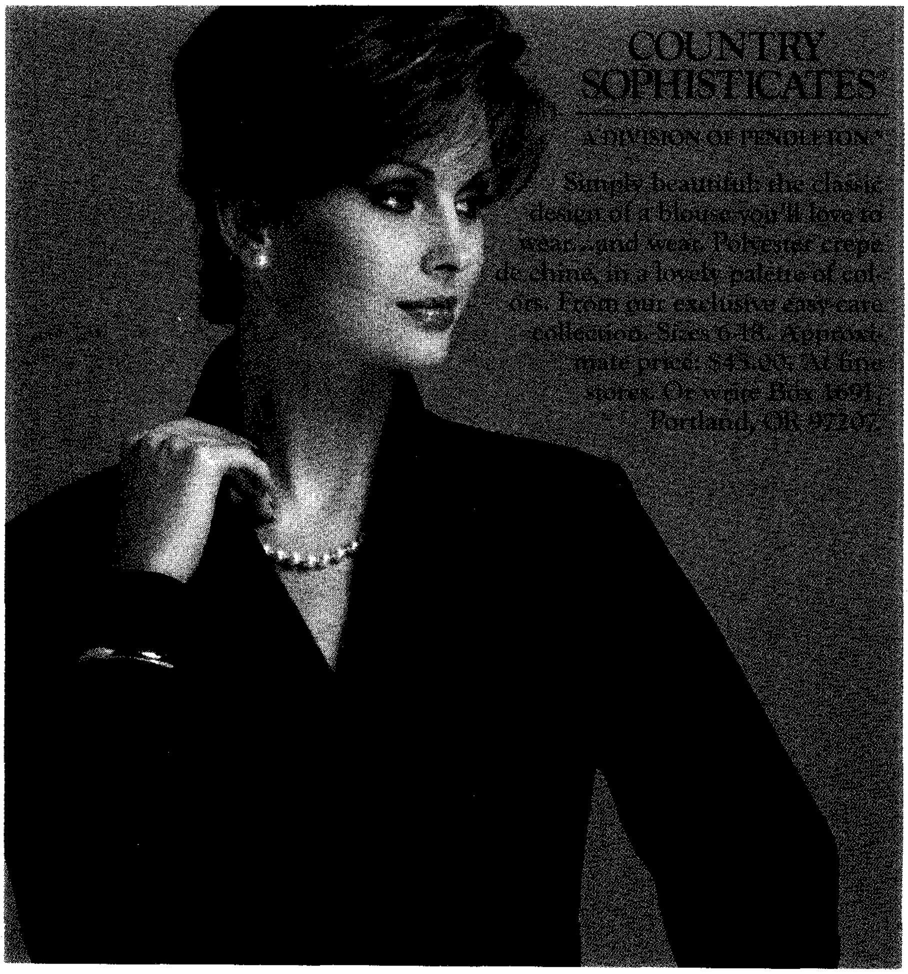

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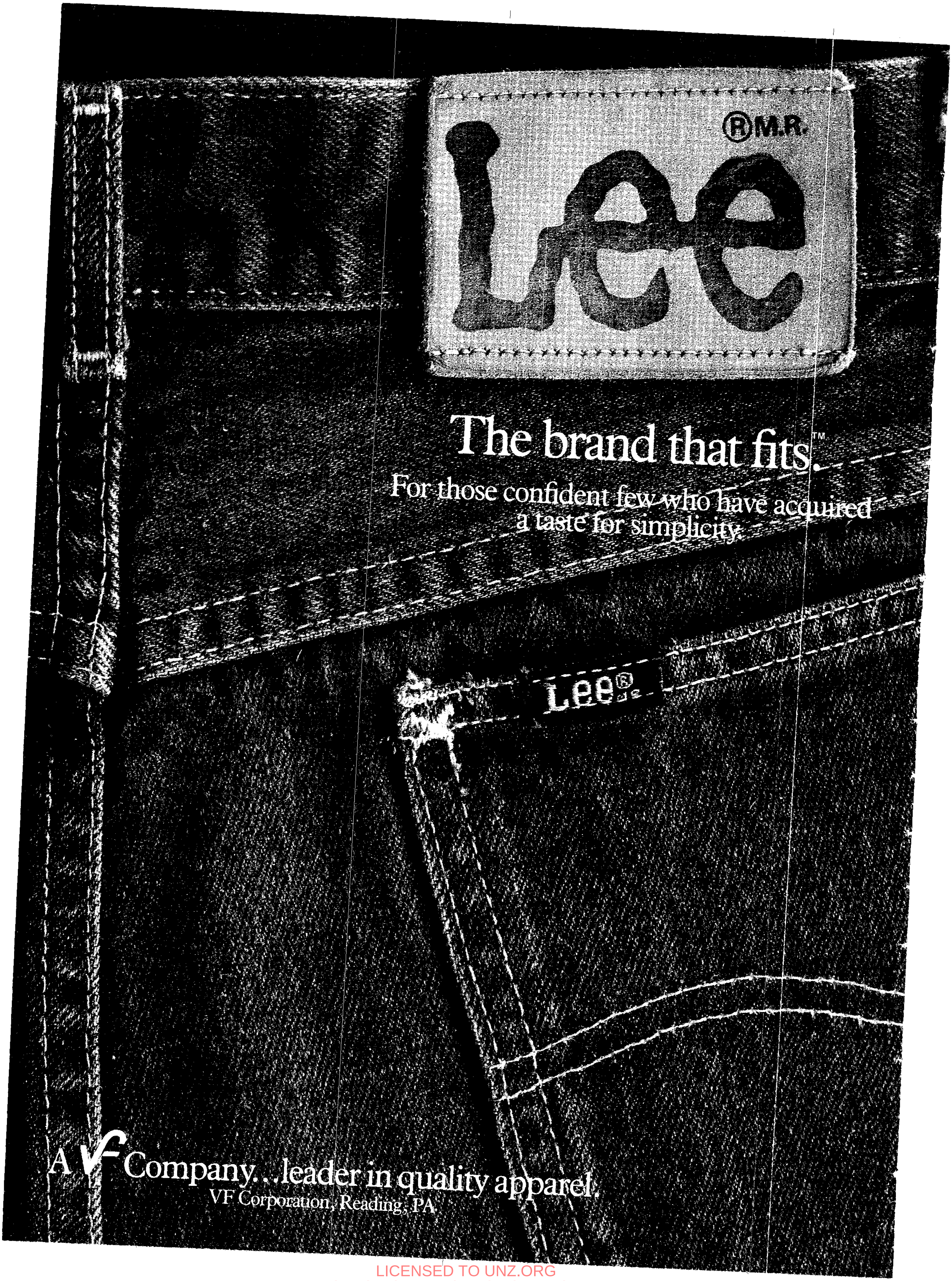
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was whether modern abstract art could ever have the drama and resonance of Caravaggio and Rubens. "Why did abstract painting come into being?" he said to me last spring. We were on our way up to Ken Tyler's lithographic studio in Bedford (Tyler left Gemini and California some years back), driving in Stella's Audi, and I was trying not to look at the speedometer. "What is expressed in society's desire to have abstract art exist? I mean, we have a pretty good idea why painting is the way it was for four or five centuries. Man was infatuated with himself, was happy to see pictures of himself. And it's hard to look around now and say people don't want to see themselves anymore. What's the real, compelling reason for abstraction to exist? You can see it on a spiritual level, for somebody who wants to get slightly above and beyond mere material representation. But how many people care about that? A triangle is an abstract form, but to care about it enough to go out and paint one—it's not like caring enough about a naked girl. Picasso turned away from abstraction because he thought it lacked drama—he said it was 'merely painting.' " Stella broke off to negotiate a pair of hairpin turns. He has said that he doesn't consider himself an especially good driver.

"I didn't know what I was looking for when I went over there," he continued. "But after seeing 'St. John the Baptist' I suddenly felt for the first time that what was there, in Old Master painting, was accessible to abstraction. In other words, what really made that old painting so great could also be done in abstract painting. Not in the same way, not going back, but in the sense that those basic qualities could still be used—in the sense that all that activity, of both the painting and the figuration, exists in a live space. There is space all around the figures, and it's that space around and behind things—that feeling of things not being pasted on top of each other but really having room behind them—that I think it's possible to get in abstraction. We don't have to stay laid down on the Cubist grid. And abstraction has this one great advantage, which we really haven't exploited enough—the freedom from illustration."

What about freedom from illusion, I asked. Weren't the qualities he was talking about dependent on the kind of illusion that he himself had tried to banish from his early work?

"I guess I'm more forgiving about

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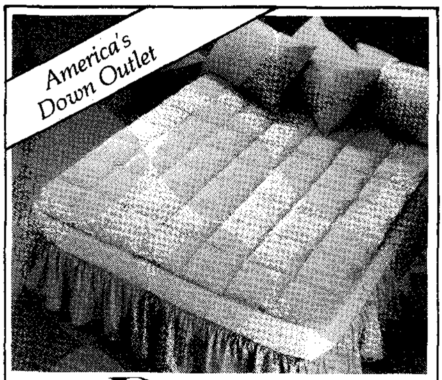

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illusionism now," he said, smiling. "There is an element of illusion to every kind of application of paint to a surface. But I could argue that in my attempts to be anti-illusionistic I still wanted to be real. Those stripes were real stripes."

A FEW days after that conversation, I went to visit Stella in his New York studio, where he was working on some big metal pieces that had recently come down from the factory in Bridgeport. The studio has two floors, each one a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. Completed reliefs from the Malta Series hung on the wall at our end of the room, and a number of somewhat smaller, unfinished pieces from his latest series, whose origin is a group of drawings by the Russian Constructivist artist El Lissitsky, ran the length of the room on both sides. At the far end and on the wall behind us hung two tremendous reliefs—the biggest I had seen. They were the culmination of another recent series, called Shards, which had been composed largely out of scraps left over at the factory from previous works. The pieces measured fifteen by seventeen feet, and some of their elements came out several feet from the wall. Stella is often asked whether in these recent works he hasn't finally made the transition to sculpture. He resolutely denies it. They live or die by their pictorial ability, he insists, not by any sort of sculptural presence. They hang on the wall, and they are meant to be seen from the front. The two huge Shards actually have a sort of buoyance, a lift, as though the entire construction were trying to be lighter than air. There is nothing flat about their sense of volume, though, or about the dramatic contrast of their angled planes and serpentine curves. It is possible, of course, that Stella is driving himself into a corner with works like this. He may have to make a decision about sculpture one of these days, and it is quite possible that his work will change drastically as a result, for the third time in his career. (The last big chance took place soon after his 1970 retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. The museum is planning another big Stella show, probably in 1987, that will deal with his work since 1970.)

I asked him whether he had thought about his work and his career in relation to Caravaggio's.

"Well, you know, I'd like to think I'm not that far away," he said. He

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had an unlit cigar clamped between his damaged finger and thumb, and he was drinking from a can of orange diet soda. "When I came back from Italy the first time, last year, after looking at Caravaggio, I finished that picture." He pointed to one of the big Shards reliefs. "I went back to Europe and looked at Rubens, and then I painted that one"—the other Shards. "It seems to me that in those two pictures I put it together the best that I had in my life. Maybe it's not any good, I don't know, but it comes close to looking like it. I mean, my career has had a lot of ups and downs, but the ideas have always been about painting. And after being in Rome I did get a feeling of confidence, a feeling that it was worthwhile to be a painter. Just trying to do what they did seemed worthwhile. And I didn't feel that I was any different. I didn't feel separated by anything except three or four hundred years, which when you're standing in front of a painting can be relatively meaningless."

We talked for a while about abstraction, and whether or not it was likely to die out. Stella said he wasn't sure. "I don't find in looking at Kandinsky and Mondrian, great as they were, that there is anything—ineradicable. And that makes me wonder. I guess it all boils down to the most important question facing each person who wants to paint: What do you want painting to be? That's what you ask yourself, and then you just have to act on it."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

◆

> Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, the acknowledged father of the U.S. nuclear submarine fleet, climbs down the hatchway of the Submarine Hyman G. Rickover SSN-709 during the commissioning ceremony Saturday at the U.S. Sub Base in Groton. Rickover is the first person to have a submarine after him.—*Photo caption in the New London (Conn.) Day.*

And just when he thought it was safe to go back in the water.

◆

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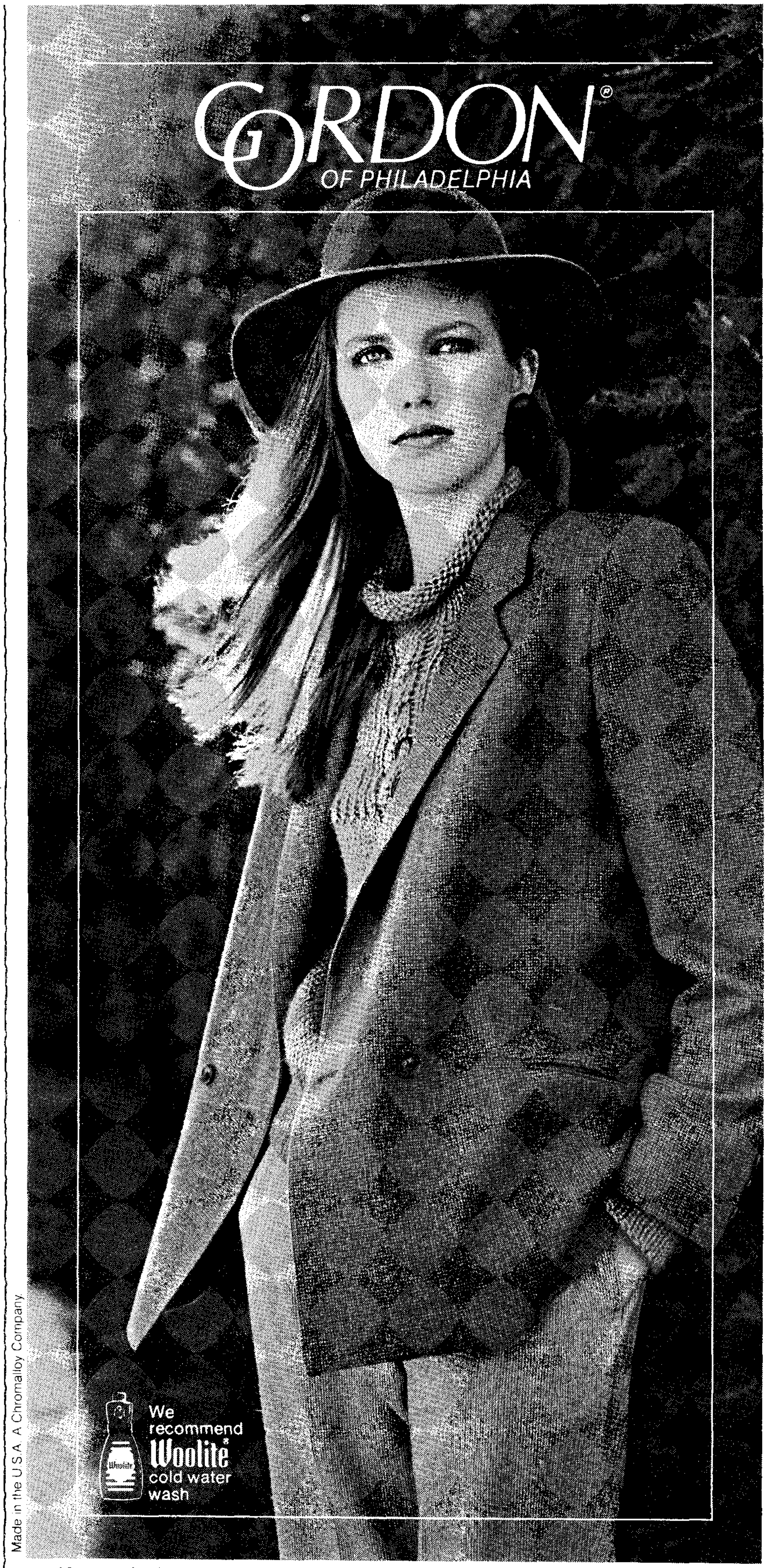

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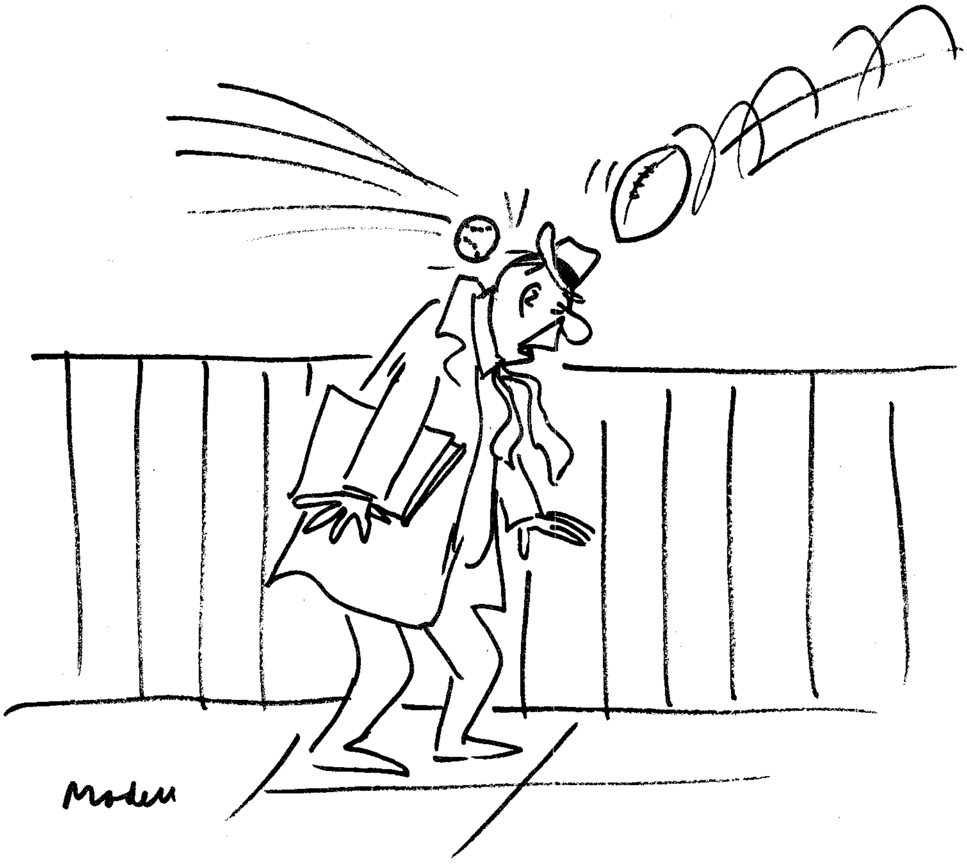
MUSICAL EVENTS

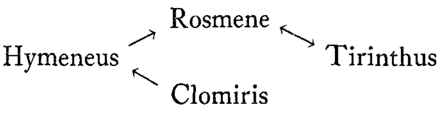
The Path of Duty

IN some forty Italian operas and twenty English music dramas, Handel gave expression to just about the full range of human experience. Myth, history, and romance—the Bible, Sophocles and Euripides, Herodotus and Xenophon, Tasso and Ariosto, Corneille and Racine, Milton, Dryden, and Pope—supplied his subject matter, and he composed so abundantly that there are likely to be new adventures in store all life long for even the most assiduous Handelian. There are ten Handel operas I've never seen on the stage; one of them, "Teseo"—a heroic, spectacular drama, with a tremendous role for Medea—is due in Boston next May. Handel's three-hundredth birthday falls in February, and many commemorative performances are planned. Carnegie next season does "Orlando," "Ariodante," "Semele," and "Alessandro," with starry casts. A full performance of "Israel in Egypt"—the triptych, not just its customary second and third panels—is announced by the Sine Nomine Singers. As a tercentenary prelude, Handel's penultimate opera, "Imeneo," was given its New York première last month, performed by the LaGuardia Music Theatre, a troupe of young professionals, at LaGuardia Community College, in Long Island City.

"Imeneo" has been a rediscovery of our day. Handel left the autograph in a mess. Burney's "History" provides a number-by-number account of most Handel operas, but when the author reaches "Imeneo" he says, "It is not in my power to give the reader a regular review of this little opera, for Handel's original foul score is very incomplete." (Nevertheless, Burney's comments on "the principal airs that I have been able to decipher in the hasty sketch" are apt.) Friedrich Chrysander's 1885 score, in his great Handel edition, is still confused. "Imeneo" was brought into focus only in 1961, when Anthony Lewis—drawing on materials unavailable to Chrysander—prepared a performing edition and conducted it at the Barber Institute of Birmingham University. He conducted it again, in London, in 1972 (at the Royal Academy of Music) and in 1980 (for the BBC), and at each performance his edition was refined. It was published in 1980, by the Oxford University Press. (The score represents a careful choice between alternatives, not a complete or definitive text, as Sir Anthony made clear in his preface.) "Imeneo," neglected and slighted for over two centuries, is now one of the few Handel operas for which respectable performing material is readily available. It was done in Princeton in 1965 and in Boston in 1975. Winton Dean, in his book on Handel's operas (1970), said of it that "its individual flavor almost entitles it to rank as a minor masterpiece." That "almost" seems needlessly cautious.



One's heart sank when one saw that LaGuardia had billed it as a "comic opera." It's true that "Imeneo" was announced by the London *Post* in 1740 as "a New *Operetta*," but that meant only that it was brief, unheroic, modestly scored (a pair of oboes, strings, and continuo), unspectacular (a single set), and dramatically straightforward, with a small cast. The plot can be represented as:



The arrows indicate affection. The action turns on Rosmene's perfectly serious plight: her heart and her hand have been promised to Tirinthus but are sought by Hymeneus as reward for his having rescued her—and, with her, many other Athenian maidens—from pirates. Both men urge their claims, and Rosmene is torn between love and civic obligation. Duty wins, and the opera ends sadly: Handel sets the final *coro*—"If a noble spirit or a noble heart considers duty, it never yields to its desires but follows reason"—in a cold, bleak E minor. There is nothing comic here. It would have been easy with a twist of the plot to pair off Clomiris and Hymeneus, and Rosmene and Tirinthus. Instead, we are left with only one satisfied lover, Hymeneus. As Mr. Dean puts it, "instead of a conventional happy end we have a profoundly moving statement about human nature." Handel emphasized the unhappiness when he performed "Imeneo" in Dublin, by adding—for Rosmene and Tirinthus, the true, loving pair who must part—the wonderful "Sosarme" duet "Through the gates of torment."

"Imeneo," composed at the same time as "Saul," has some musical parallels with that Aeschylean drama and some preëchoes of "Messiah." Handel

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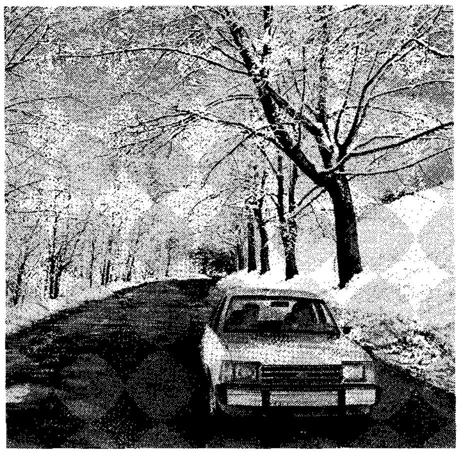

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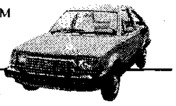

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worked on a small scale but on his highest level. The music is rich and varied. The work is also excellent theatre. When I first saw "Imeneo" (the 1972 production), I had gone without having read the libretto, or even a synopsis, and until the end was kept wondering how Rosmene would decide. Act II reaches its climax in a marvellous trio—an unresolved conflict dramatized, as Mr. Dean remarks, much as Mozart or Verdi would have dramatized it. The rivals implore Rosmene to choose between them, and she is rent between inclination and duty. In Act III, her decision has been taken, but she cannot bring herself to accept it fully or declare it openly. Hamlet-like, she feigns madness; the others—and the audience—are still kept in suspense while, to extraordinary music, she conjures a vision of Rhadamanthus, judge of the underworld, come with sword and balance to direct her. At last, swooning, she summons the resolution to force herself into Hymeneus' arms. It's a psychologically complex episode: Rosmene's madness (like Hamlet's in some productions of Shakespeare's play), though initially assumed, threatens to become real—the welcomed escape from responsibility of an overcharged mind. The audience asks itself, "Is she still pretending or has she really gone mad?" And that's what the dramatist seems to intend. It's also a musically complex episode: the traditional devices of an operatic mad scene are donned as a mask beneath which to make statements too painful for conventional utterance.

I'd love to see "Imeneo" staged by Peter Sellars. Even in this LaGuardia presentation, which had just about nothing but Handel's music to commend it, the force of the opera was apparent. "Contractual problems," we were informed, had led to the disappearance of the string sextet billed in the program; the opera was accompanied by harpsichord and a woodwind quartet of two oboes, flute, and bassoon. The players were deft, but the effect was as of watching a colorful television program on a black-and-white set. (A good deal still comes through.) The singers couldn't act for toffee. Absurdly, the drama was presented in Italian—in largely lame, bad Italian. (I wonder how many members of the audience realized that one air tells the story of Androcles and the lion.) There's a perfectly good English translation in the Lewis edition. Recitatives were slowly de-

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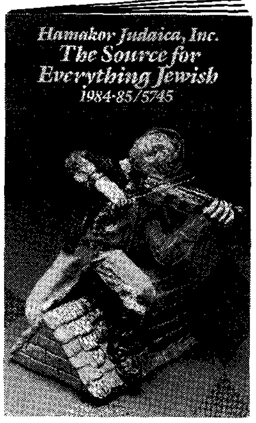

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claimed, not at speech pace or with speech inflections. Some of the aria tempi, set by David Pasquale at the harpsichord, were plodding. The singers—even though the hall held only a little over two hundred, and addressing the audience was easy—often pushed their voices. The Rosmene, with a tone of inherently beautiful quality, was sometimes out of tune and unsteady. The Argenius (Clomiris' father, spokesman of the Athenian senate, a bass) wobbled. Lynnan Yakes, the Tirinthus (a castrato role, sung four years ago by Janet Baker, in English), gave the most pleasure, with a brave, ringing, but unforced account of "Sorge nell'alma mia" (a clarion air that Burney characterized as being "of great spirit, in a style that was then new") and an inspired, moving delivery of "Pieno il core" (which Burney rightly called "grand and original"). Talmage Fauntleroy's production included two anxious-looking, toga-clad secretaries, who made mirror images of Argenius' gestures or else, wielding a long, waggly quill on a parchment scroll, pretended to take down lines as they were sung; and four soldiers armed from head to ankle, from helmet to greaves, who pranced about, rattling wooden swords against cardboard shields, on bare feet.

LaGuardia Community College is a good modern building, designed by Stephen Lepp & Associates. (It is just across the Queensboro Bridge, and is easily reached by subway.) A long, tall corridor, with bright-red central columns, leads to the auditorium. The sight lines are good. A thrust stage places actors and audience in one room. There's no pit, and so the instrumentalists can be in direct touch with the stage. But it's not quite an ideal home for intimate opera; for speech it would be fine, but it doesn't have the warm resonance that singing voices need. —ANDREW PORTER

◆

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Santa Fe New Mexican*]

The Santa Fe Economic Development Corp. on Wednesday proposed a multipoint program to restore troubled relations with Mayor Louis Montano and the Santa Fe City Council.

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—*Hazardous Waste Report, newsletter of the Aspen Systems Corporation.*

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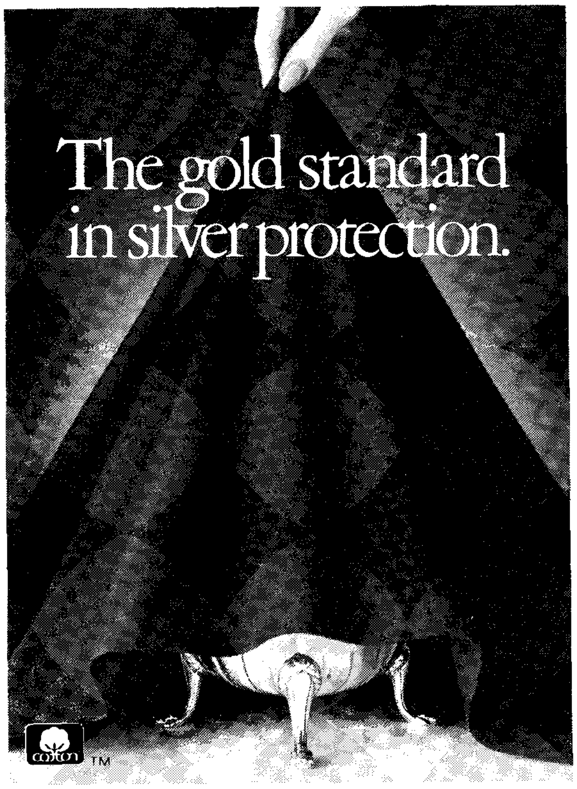

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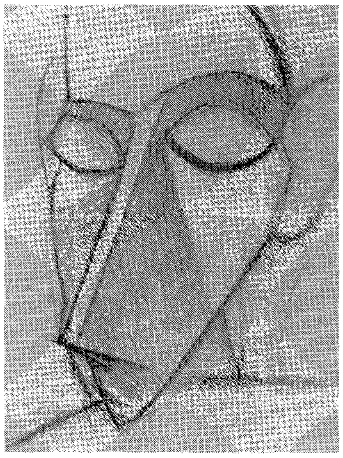

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

AUGUST 19

DALLAS. Sunday. The Republicans gathering here in this wealthy, sweltering city (108° today) to renominate President Reagan and Vice-President Bush are confident of victory in November. The polls—ones taken by their own campaign organization and also the public polls—would seem to justify this confidence. Walter Mondale did get a big boost out of his Convention—a Gallup poll published just after the Convention put him two points ahead of Reagan, and while the Reagan-Bush campaign committee's polls following the Democratic Convention did not put the election that close, they did show that Mondale had gained more than the Reagan-Bush officials had expected, and showed the Reagan ticket leading by six points. Moreover, at first the Reagan campaign was clearly at a loss as to how to deal with Geraldine Ferraro as the first woman Vice-Presidential candidate, and got all tangled up with itself over how to respond to Mondale's taunt, in his acceptance speech, that whoever was the next President would have to raise taxes, and that Mondale was willing to admit it but Reagan wasn't. There was also a bit of a flurry over the fact that during the Reagans' recent vacation at the ranch Mrs. Reagan was heard muttering, in response to a question to Reagan about arms control, "Doing everything we can"—which the President then repeated. Mrs. Reagan later explained that she was talking to herself and the President must have overheard her. (However, I saw a similar thing take place during the 1980 primaries.) The Reagan campaign had in fact had a ragged few weeks: aside from these things, Reagan, on August 11th, joked into an open microphone as he was preparing for his Saturday radio address, "My fellow-Americans, I'm pleased to tell you today that I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes." His advisers, who worry about Reagan's being seen by the public as insufficiently careful and thoughtful in his dealings with the Soviet Union, were dismayed. Then Michael Deaver, the deputy chief of staff and the most loyal of Reagan aides, told Chris Wallace, of NBC News, in an interview broadcast on August 13th, that the President dozes off in meetings. White House aides tried to mitigate this with explanations that anyone would fall asleep in some of those meetings, or that they had never seen the President fall asleep in a meeting, because the remark went to a larger set of questions about Reagan: how engaged and informed a President he is. Polling done for the campaign has begun to pick up the fact that this is a question on the public's mind. Most of these events took place while the President was on his extended vacation at his ranch—a time when things often seem to go wrong. A close adviser said to me today, with a sigh, "We should learn our lesson; every August when the President goes on vacation, and the staff goes on vacation, we don't prepare ourselves for what might happen."

Nevertheless, despite everything, less than a week after the Democratic Convention the polling done for the Reagan-Bush committee indicated that the Reagan ticket had bounced back and was leading the Mondale ticket by ten points. (A recent poll taken for the campaign in Texas, a key state, showed the Reagan-Bush ticket leading the Mondale-Ferraro ticket by almost two to one.) Then publicly published polls began to show large leads by Reagan: by mid-August, a New York *Times*-CBS poll had Reagan leading by fifteen points; a Louis Harris poll had him ahead by twelve points. And the Reagan campaign's own tracking polls had Reagan ahead by a range of eleven to fourteen points. The electoral-college arithmetic has always been difficult for Mondale, because Reagan starts with a seemingly unshakable base of support in the South and the West (though not necessarily in all states in those regions), and, as things stand now, there are the makings of an electoral-college landslide for Reagan. The counts by both sides early in the year which showed that it was possible for Mondale to win were made before the primaries began, and before anything went wrong for Mondale. Though Reagan's advisers worry about overconfidence and complacency, and raise the usual caveats about what could still go wrong, and assert that the race is bound to narrow, even the most cautious of them find it hard now to see how Reagan could lose.

One theory of what has been happening is that though the public reacted positively to the Democratic Convention—a reaction enlarged in part because the Convention exceeded expectations—it does not react positively to Mondale. Jim Lake, the communications director of the Reagan-Bush campaign, said to me here, "There is no support for Mondale out there; the support he has is anti-Reagan." In fact, something new might have happened this year: it is an axiom of politics that the people do not focus on the Presidential election until after Labor Day, and do not make up their minds until late; but some analysts think that the public has such a strong impression of both Reagan and Mondale by now—Reagan through his forceful and positive presentation of himself as President, Mondale through his scarring, bitter campaign for the nomination (embellished by some fumbles and some bad luck)—that the election may already be settled. One Republican analyst says that at this point four years ago there was a much higher percentage of undecided voters than there is now: twenty per cent as compared with seven per cent. It is clear here not only that there are fractures within the Republican Party but that the Republicans who will begin their Convention tomorrow do not represent a cross-section of the Party—the conservatives and right-wingers far outnumber the moderates. It is also possible that the political picture will change—perhaps several times—before the election. But there is no question that Reagan is a political phenomenon—a man who by force of personality and marvellous stage management superimposes himself over his party, and over his own mistakes and controversial policies. The Democrats find it both a source of frustration and an opportunity that the polls consistently show that Reagan is more popular than his policies are. His over-all job-approval rating (generally in the fifty-five-per-cent range) has been higher than the approval of his handling of the economy, and that has

been higher than the approval of his handling of foreign policy. (The foreign-policy rating has been negative for some time.) But it is also a fact that in an apparently strong economy—how healthy it really is is in much dispute—Reagan has still another advantage, for the buoyancy of the economy at the moment (the stock market has recently rallied, presumably in the belief that the Federal Reserve Board will not cause a rise in interest rates before the election) fits right into the politics of optimism and positiveness which is at the heart of the Reagan appeal.

"How would you like to have dinner on Columbus Avenue?"

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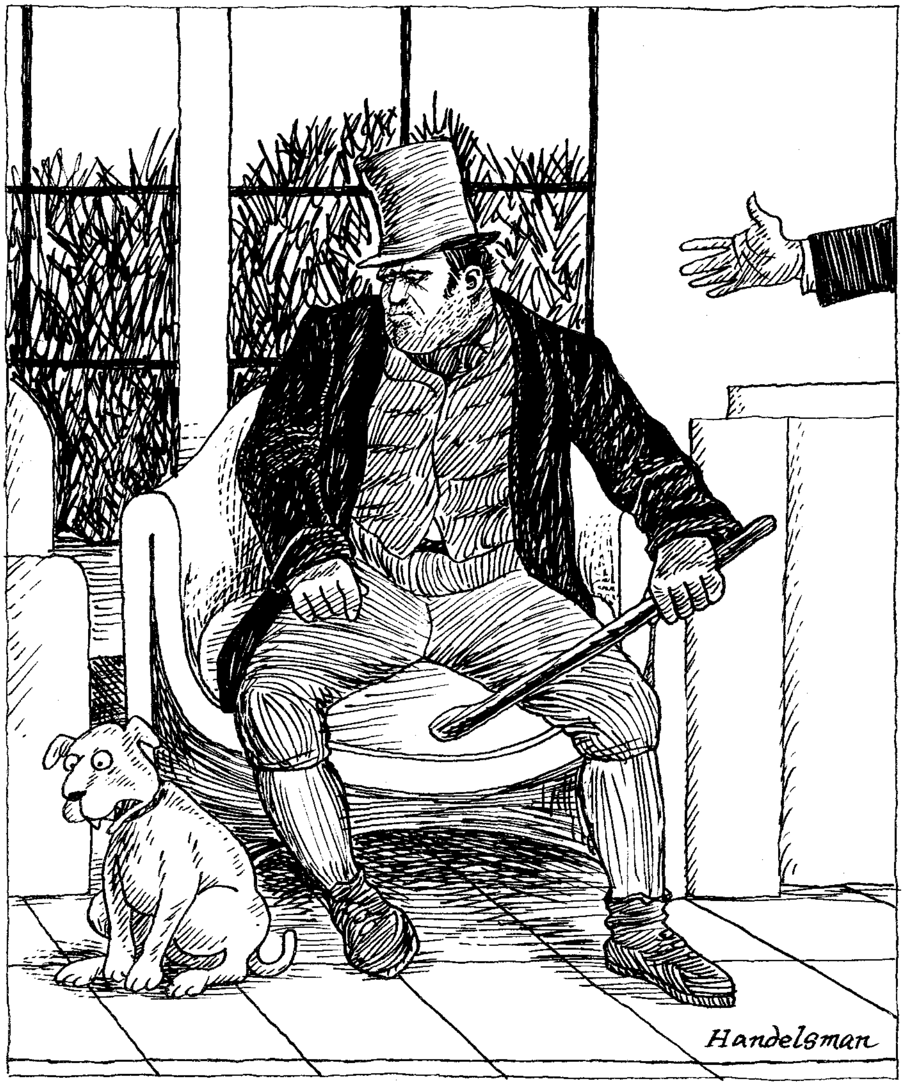
EARLIER this summer, the President's political advisers made a point of saying they assumed that the race would tighten in September, perhaps narrowing Reagan's lead to five points. They said this in part because they believed it and in part to prepare the public for such an eventuality. (They said the tendency would be for many Democrats to return to their natural base; a recent poll by Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, indicated that fifty-two per cent of the people identify themselves as Democrats and thirty-eight per cent as Republicans.) But while the apparent success of the Democratic Convention and the first polls following it jolted the Reagan people, and while they still say that the margin between Mondale and Reagan will narrow, they are having a harder time looking as if they are seriously worried. In fact, they are now expecting a lead of ten to fifteen points after Labor Day. As of now, they say that they have a lead of about fourteen points—that Reagan leads fifty-three per cent to thirty-nine per cent. Reagan's advisers think that his campaigning right after the Democratic Convention (and sooner than originally planned)—he went to New Jersey, Georgia, and Texas—brought the focus back to the President. Reagan's charge during this trip that the Mondale-Ferraro ticket was "so far left they've left America" was the subject of some dispute among the President's advisers, several of whom thought it was too partisan and "unpresidential." One of Reagan's advisers says, "If the focus is on the President personally, we'll win. If it's on the Party, we'll lose." Even this worry is somewhat ameliorated by the fact that Reagan is now getting a far higher percentage of the Republican vote than Mondale is of the Democratic vote, and Reagan is also getting a majority of independents, plus a fair share of Democrats. Moreover, when Republican pollsters ask people whether they think the country is on the right track or the wrong track fifty-five per cent say that it is on the right track and forty per cent say that it is on the wrong track. Reagan gets the support of seventy-two per cent of those who think the country is on the right track, while Mondale gets only sixty-four per cent of the vote of those who think the country is on the wrong track. As for the "gender gap," Reagan has a lead of twenty per cent among males and six per cent among females, and the only subgroup of women he is not leading among is unmarried females. He has a strong lead among seventeen-to-twenty-four-year-olds, and leads in all age groups except those from fifty-five to sixty-four. (He leads among those over sixty-five.) He has slightly higher support among Jews than he did in 1980, and about a ten-per-cent lead among Catholics, and as of now is attracting about half the blue-collar vote. He is getting about forty per cent of the Hispanic vote now, a number that his advisers expect to diminish somewhat but not enough to cause serious trouble.

Therefore, the Reagan people find it hard to see how Mondale can put together the two hundred and seventy electoral-college votes necessary for victory. Texas, they believe, is beyond Mondale's reach (they believe that the factors that led to the Democrats' victory in Texas in 1982 are irrelevant this year—that the main point was that the incumbent Republican governor was very unpopular), as is California, and, given the states that they believe are certain to go for Reagan, Mondale must carry either California or Texas to have a chance. Florida, another state with a large number of electoral votes, seems well beyond Mondale's reach. The Reagan people believe that the South crystallized for Reagan in March. (Ironically, and perhaps uncoincidentally, the Democrats were fighting in several Southern states in March.) Georgia and Alabama are now considered by the Reagan people beyond Mondale's reach, and he is given only a slight chance in Louisiana, Mississippi, and some border states. (For all the talk about the Democrats registering blacks in the Southern states, the Republicans, and their evangelical allies, have been busy registering whites, and believe that Jesse Jackson has been a net plus for them.) Even in Arkansas, which was supposed to be Reagan's most vulnerable Southern state, he now has a lead of thirteen points. Reagan is seen to be so far ahead in California that his advisers assume that the Mondale camp's talk about waging a fight there is just feinting. Reagan's advisers say that Oregon and Washington could present some difficulties for Reagan. The main point is that Reagan's presumed strength in the Sun Belt states—whose growing population gives them more electoral votes than in 1980—gives him a major electoral-vote advantage. Mondale, to win, would have to sweep the industrial states and carry some New England states, pick up some Southern and border states, and carry Texas or California—obviously a daunting challenge. As Reagan's advisers see it, Reagan could do well enough in the South and the West (losing one or two small states in each region) to have, when other states certain to go for him are added, nearly two hundred and seventy electoral votes—without winning any of the industrial states. And, according to the Reagan polls, he is ahead in all the industrial states, by varying margins. Stuart Spencer, one of Reagan's most important political advisers, said to me recently, "This election will be fought from Illinois to New Jersey. In the end, we'll be crossing at airports in those states." As it happens, people in both the Mondale and Reagan campaigns agree that Mondale's task is to virtually redefine the election: to forget the geographics and concentrate on the demographics—to try to move large groups of people all across the country.

The simple fact is, Reagan's advisers believe, that it is difficult to overcome a strong incumbent even when things are going well for the opponent—and, of course, Mondale has had his problems of late. Lee Atwater, the deputy director of the Reagan-Bush campaign, who is a student of political cycles as well as a political practitioner, says that unemployment is the biggest single economic indicator for Republicans, and that unemployment was at an all-time high—since the Great Depression—in 1982. Atwater has a theory that when unemployment goes down by one and a half per cent in the two-year cycle before an election it diffuses itself as an issue, and he points out that unemployment has gone down by three percentage points in the past two years. In other words, the Republicans will benefit more from the recovery from the deep recession than they will be punished for its having happened.

Polls done for the Republicans consistently show that while people are concerned about the deficits, they believe that the Democrats, and not Reagan, are to blame for them. Robert Teeter, who also does polling for the Reagan-Bush campaign, says, "I'm not sure that there is enough time or money in the world for the Democrats to change the perception that Ronald Reagan is for lower taxes, lower spending, and a balanced budget and that Walter Mondale is for higher taxes and more spending." (Polling done for the Republicans has also picked up that people accept the charge that Mondale has made "too many promises.") The Republican pollsters, as well as some independent ones, believe that Reagan even got a political boost out of the Olympics, just ended in Los Angeles. Not only did the Americans win an unprecedented number of gold medals but the whole coverage of the event, and the feel of it, was heavily pro-American, and nationalistic—a feeling encouraged by and associated with Reagan. On the day after the Olympics, Reagan turned up in Los Angeles, donned a red Olympics jacket, and addressed a breakfast honoring the U.S. winners. ("You're living heroes, every one of you—living proof of what happens when America sets its sights high and says, 'Let's create a little excellence.' ")

THE Reagan personality is intrinsic to his political appeal. He has a serenity that not only is appealing to the public but gets him by his own problems. Several people who work closely with him describe him as having a fatalistic view that there is a reason for everything. This feeling is said to have intensified after his remarkable recovery from being shot, on March 30, 1981. The serenity reaches into a lot of corners of his Presidency. One longtime aide says, "He doesn't drive himself, and he doesn't worry about little things." Reagan's view of the Presidency, according to several who have been around him, is not of an instrument for his own power but of an opportunity for turning the country in certain directions he has been talking about for years. And this gets to the point of his being "disengaged": he is not an implementer or a forcer of action. He has some directions in mind, and he tends to react to what is put in front of him. Even his much discussed luck, one observer believes, has to do with the fact that Reagan is such a secure person—the serenity, of course, comes from the security—who simply does not get buffeted by things. When something goes wrong, it doesn't ruin his day or, except in extreme circumstances, change his view. All this, plus his ability to forcefully make his case, comes across to the public as "strong leadership"—for which Reagan is very much admired. One of his political advisers says, "Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter all schemed and tried to figure the political angles—and were failed Presidents. Reagan is authentic, and the public recognizes and likes that." Reagan projects the image of a strong leader with a clear plan; his taking a strong stand and appearing to stick to it gives him credit with the public as a strong leader—no matter, it appears, what the stand is. And being for lower taxes and less government spending and a strong America are not unpopular positions. Reagan is superb at making his case in his television speeches; he is a master at asking a rhetorical question that makes it seem that only a fool could disagree with him. People react positively to confidence and serenity and optimism—all marks of the Reagan political personality. We don't particularly enjoy seeing Presidents fret. Though Reagan is often in the end a pragmatist, it does take, by all accounts, a great deal to move him away from his starting position. He is resistant to the little plots hatched by his advisers to get him to change his mind about something—plots that involve getting various people to call him, or going to Mrs. Reagan, who is very influential on certain questions, especially ones having to do with personnel. He is not without his angry moments, and can become quite irritated when the staff starts pulling and hauling in his presence. Sometimes the anger is publicly staged. But Reagan is, by every account, a genuinely courteous and gracious man—also factors in his public appeal. His confident, optimistic nature is both a private and a public asset to him. And though the Democrats try to paint him as a "rich man's President," and the polls indicate people believe this to be the case, Reagan, at least thus far, has managed to get around this—once more, through his personality. Roger Stone, who handles the Northeast for the Reagan-Bush campaign and focusses on the blue-collar vote, says, "Reagan is a cultural Democrat." He continues, "He speaks the language of the common people, forthrightly and instinctively; he talks about growth, jobs, hope, optimism, thrift, neighborhood, patriotism." Reagan is said by a close aide to be conscious of the effect he creates by his confident stride, and to still consciously throw his shoulders back before he makes an entrance.



BILL SIKES GOES ON JOHNNY CARSON.

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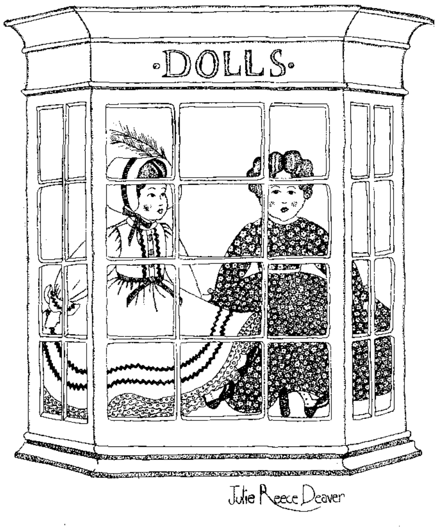
But despite his vigorous appearance some close observers say that Reagan, now seventy-three, is slowing down. (He has always followed a carefully controlled schedule, fiercely guarded by his wife and, through her, Deaver.) Some who have seen him recently believe that his reaction time has slowed. When he meets with outsiders, he still talks from cue cards and then often wanders off into anecdotes of questionable relevance. (He still enjoys telling Hollywood stories.) Someone who has observed Reagan at close hand says that the one sign of Reagan's advancing age he has noticed is that Reagan is more stubborn. Others say he has his good days and bad days. His press-conference performances are uneven—sometimes he seems up and on, and other times he doesn't seem to be connecting very well. Sometimes his one-liners, which have been part of his political arsenal for a long time, seem spontaneous, sometimes rehearsed. He is described by those who have been around him as shrewd but also intellectually lazy. One does not get much of a picture of Reagan demanding that his staff get to the bottom of something and lay it out before him. It is said that Reagan denies that his policies have benefitted the rich at the expense of the poor—despite numerous studies indicating that this is the case—because he simply does not believe it. Or he will latch onto one statistic that seems to make his case. For example, in a press conference in mid-June he said that people in upper-income brackets are paying a greater percentage of over-all income taxes, and the poor are paying a smaller share, than before his tax-cut program went into effect. However, these statistics are subject to a number of interpretations; one reason for the decline in the tax burden of low-income people was the unemployment caused by the recession.

REAGAN is said by his advisers to be at his best when he is acting on his instincts and is on the offensive. It is for this reason, they say, that he muffed his first response to Mondale's tax gambit, in a July 24th press conference. He went through a rather long response that said, in effect, that he wouldn't raise taxes unless revenues fell too short, and it was three weeks before, after more meetings with his top aides, he got the answer to where most of his people were satisfied with it: that he would only raise taxes as "a last resort"—and that even then he would not "consider raising the personal income taxes of working Americans." (There are a number of ways of raising individuals' taxes indirectly, of course—through, for example, a sales tax or a value-added tax.) The President's new position was released in an unusual printed question-and-answer exchange between the President and his press secretary. A week before, Reagan, at his ranch, had said that he had no plans for a tax increase, and Bush, after a lunch with him, said that tax increases were still an "option;" their aides later explained that this occurred because there were no high-level aides around to advise the President and the Vice-President on what to say after they had had lunch together. Reagan's campaign aides blame the whole business of the fumbled responses to Mondale's tax challenge on Reagan's White House staff, whom they see as too "pragmatic," too policy-oriented. The campaign aides are less interested in the fine points of policy. (One told me, "The fight is between those who want the President to 'keep his options open' and those of us who want to win the election. The purpose of all this crap is not to educate the public, it's to win the election.") Eventually, the Reagan campaign not only got a tax response it was content with but believed that it was beginning to turn Mondale's gambit back on him: that it could successfully argue that Mondale would raise taxes as a first resort, while Reagan would raise them only as a last resort, and that Mondale was likely to use the tax revenues for more government spending while Reagan would continue to try to reduce the deficit. An aggressive campaign against Mondale as a taxer and spender is planned.

The to-and-fro within the Reagan campaign on the tax question was symptomatic of the larger points about Reagan as a candidate for reëlection. Since it is an article of faith among Reagan's advisers that he is far better on the offensive than on the defensive, they insist that he must be kept in that position. (It can be said that any candidate is better on the offensive than on the defensive, but the difference in Reagan's performances is believed to be considerable.) Though Reagan did win reëlection as governor of California, he did it against a not terribly effective opponent, and his reelection margin was much narrower than his first election margin had been. For most of his political career, Reagan has run an insurgency campaign. Running as an incumbent, his aides pointed out to me earlier this summer, has its liabilities: there are controversial policies to defend; there are groups upset by Reagan policies to a greater extent than was the case with more mainstream Republicans (Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford). One of Reagan's longtime advisers says, "Nobody hated Eisenhower. Some people hate Reagan." James Baker, the White House chief of staff, told me earlier this summer, "We have a lightning-rod candidate; he's done things; he stands for things. He generates strong emotions—pro and con." Another disadvantage of incumbency is that it is not as exciting as insurgency. Earlier this summer, Deaver said to me, "The greatest asset the Democrats have is potential complacency on our side. The prairie-fire effect has elected Reagan. It almost got him nominated in '76. He has been able to mobilize the greatest grass-roots organization this country has ever seen. But, because of the nature of the Presidency, you turn Reagan into an establishment Republican, and that turns a lot of people off. Add to that the fact that he has made decisions those people don't like, and the fact that people assume he's going to win. This is the first election he does not go into as an underdog. The fact that Reagan has always been underrated was an asset. He'd say 'There you go again,' and people were impressed. Now, after four years as a world leader, as a heroic survivor of the assassination attempt, people see there's something spectacular there. So he's not underestimated anymore." Deaver also said that the issue of what Reagan would do if reëlected would be an easier one for the Democrats than for Reagan. "Every time we say what we'll do, there'll be a major debate," he said. Reagan raised taxes in his second term as governor of California, after swearing he wouldn't. It is clear that whoever is President in the next four years is going to have to do some politically unpopular things in order to get the deficit down. There has been an argument within the Administration over whether to wait to talk about anything specific about taxes until after the election. As one Reagan adviser told me earlier this summer, "Popular things cost revenue; unpopular things alienate people."



While it is commonly assumed that there are enormous advantages to running as the incumbent, and there are, it is also more complicated. Running as an insurgent, Reagan was a much freer man: now what he might propose has to be cleared by aides and bureaucracies. More than one Administration official has complained to me that it is especially difficult to get decisions made within the Reagan Administration in any event, because Reagan is such a delegator, and because there are so many checkoff points within the White House staff; this can keep some unwise things from happening, of course, but it can also paralyze action. Nonetheless, the appointment of Anne Gorsuch Burford to an advisory committee having to do with the environment got through; aides describe this as a matter of "bad timing," since the President was to meet with some environmentalists for lunch the next day, but Mrs. Burford was so controversial that no timing would have been propitious, and some of the President's campaign aides were appalled. In late July, both the House and the Senate passed non-binding resolutions calling on the President to withdraw the appointment; the President said that he would stand by her; and on August 1st Mrs. Burford withdrew. Meanwhile, she had contributed to the national vocabulary by describing the advisory committee she was to head as a "nothing-burger."

The tension between insurgency and incumbency is reflected in tensions between the campaign organization at the Reagan-Bush headquarters and the White House staff. There are frequent meetings between the top campaign aides and top White House aides, and everyone is said to agree when it is said that Reagan is better on the offensive and when it is said that Reagan mustn't "sit on his lead." But when it comes to what it means that he should campaign "boldly," that he should propose new initiatives, things begin to break down. A campaign official says, "As an incumbent, you have the Cabinet, the bureaucracy, the White

House staff giving you a million reasons why you can't do something." (I am told there have been, deliberately, no serious discussions, and no proposals committed to paper, within the Administration about how to cut the deficit, out of fear that any such plans would find their way into the press before the election. Similarly, I'm told, the President wasn't shown proposals for his fiscal 1983 budget until Election Day of 1982, so that it could be said of any proposal floating about that the President hadn't seen it.)

THE President has, of course, agreed to tax increases, despite his rhetoric. He did so in 1982 and again in 1983, and he recently, quietly, signed into law a fifty-billion-dollar increase in taxes which was part of the "down payment" on the deficit negotiated between him and Congress. Budget cuts of about thirteen billion dollars have been made in entitlement programs, some of them through creative accounting. The argument between the Administration and Congress, in this case including Republicans, over the size of the increase in the defense budget is still under way, but the President long ago agreed with congressional Republicans to cut it, from about thirteen per cent to about eight per cent. (Reagan's original proposal had been padded, in the expectation that Congress would cut it.) The long-run implications of this ostensible paring down may not be so great, however, since most of the new weapons systems the President wants are now on line, and will have to be paid for eventually; stretching out the costs doesn't save money. Several Republicans believe the President pushed the defense increase so far that he broke the consensus within the Party over it. The MX missile is in increasing trouble on Capitol Hill. The House has again voted to end funding for the "covert" war in Nicaragua, with the support of many Republicans. And the Senate, led by Republicans, has put the question of funding off into the indefinite future. The election of José Napoleón Duarte as President of El Salvador and his successful visits to Washington in May and July helped Reagan recently win seventy million of the hundred and seventeen million in additional military aid he requested for El Salvador. (The legislators are much taken with Duarte.) For some time, the Administration has been hinting that things might go badly militarily in El Salvador this fall—just in case they do. And if they do the Democratic Congress will be blamed.

Other matters that might have been troublesome for the Administration have more or less gone off the screen. The set of questions surrounding the obtaining of briefing material for Carter for his debate in 1980, and other apparent campaign espionage, evanesced. The House subcommittee looking into the matter could not function on a bipartisan basis, and did not have the support of the House leadership, which was not enthusiastic about dredging up the subject of Carter. So no public hearings were held, and in late May a lengthy report was issued that was inconclusive, for lack of hard evidence. It did say that there was a pattern of "organized efforts" to obtain materials about the Carter campaign, and that it believed that "some crime has occurred" and that any Carter staff member who handed over the Carter material to the Reagan campaign "may have committed embezzlement." But the subcommittee failed to establish how the papers were obtained. In February, the Justice Department closed its investigation into the case, saying it had uncovered "no credible evidence that the transfer violated any criminal law." The department resisted efforts to get it to appoint an independent prosecutor, and in June a Court of Appeals, overruling an order by a lower court that an independent prosecutor be appointed, held that the statute covering the appointment of such a prosecutor did not provide for a court challenge to an Attorney General's refusal to appoint one. As for the agreement to permit the sale of nuclear reactors to China, the high point of Reagan's visit there in April, it has been tucked away as a result of questions about the ambiguous guarantees of nonproliferation the Chinese offered (in a banquet toast).

For all their confidence, the Reagan advisers still offer a list of possible reasons Reagan could lose: interest rates could suddenly shoot up (this would hurt some groups Reagan is most trying to appeal to—young home buyers, farmers, small businessmen); there could be an untoward foreign-policy development. However, it is also the case, as the Reagan people say, that even such a development could play into Reagan's hands, especially if it occurred close to the election. Reagan has not failed yet to make an effective case on television for what-

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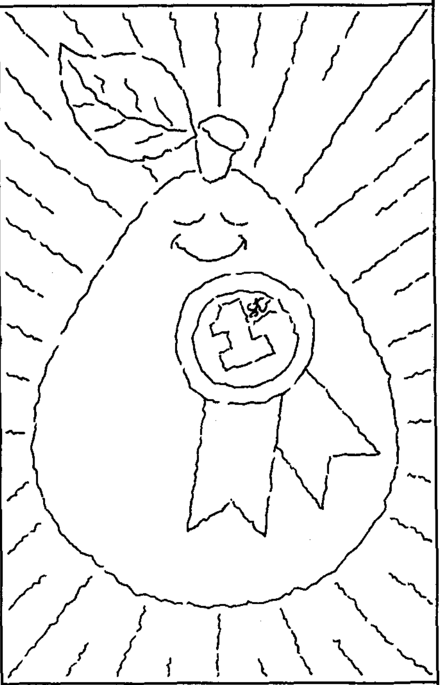

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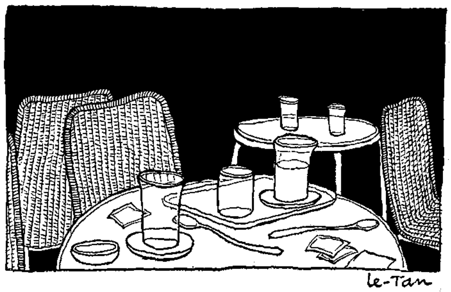
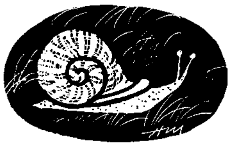
ever foreign-policy setback has occurred. There is still some worry that the Democrats could make the "fairness" issue hurt Reagan—could stir up fears that if reëlected he will, among other things, make cuts in Medicare and Social Security. (As a precaution, Reagan recently announced that he supported a cost-of-living increase for Social Security recipients next year even if the rate of inflation is so low that the increase is not required by law. This will cost an estimated five billion dollars; but the amount was probably worth the preëmption of the Democrats.) However, it is widely believed among the President's advisers that the argument that the Reagan Administration has been unfair to the poor will not hurt, because, as one put it, "those people won't vote for us anyway." What some Reagan people are concerned about is that Mondale will say that, given Reagan's commitment to continue increasing defense spending by substantial amounts and his reluctance to raise taxes, he inevitably will cut Social Security and Medicare. And there is at least a little worry among the people around Reagan that the picture of the Reagan Administration as unfair to the poor is of concern to some independent voters—the same voters who might also be concerned about arms control and the environment. Still, one Reagan adviser pointed out, for Mondale to make such a case "he has to become competitive with us, and right now he's simply not."

When Reagan made his joke about nuclear war, a blip appeared on the Republicans' polling screen, which monitors everything very carefully, showing a drop of five to six points, from a lead of fourteen points, for a few days. Reagan's vulnerability on the subject of nuclear war is something that makes his advisers very nervous. The question has never been, as it is sometimes simplistically put, whether Reagan is a "warmonger": the unease about him has to do with his own seemingly simplistic approach to the Soviet Union, and his own faith that only the most aggressive of arms buildups will lead to arms control. Reagan's speech in January in which he sounded a conciliatory note toward the Soviet Union was an attempt on the part of his advisers to change the image of him, and when, in June, Reagan was quoted as telling Republican congressional leaders in a White House meeting, "If they want to keep their Mickey Mouse system, that's O.K.," his aides told reporters that this was quite an improvement over Reagan's talk, last year, of the Soviet Union as an "evil empire." Recently, it appeared that there might be talks between the United States and the Soviet Union on anti-satellite weapons—a development that could have been most helpful to Reagan politically. (The Soviet Union has developed and tested a primitive anti-satellite space system, and the United States has developed a more advanced system but has not yet tested it and is planning to do so soon.) In late June, the Soviet Union proposed talks on banning space weapons. In late May and early June, both houses of Congress approved amendments barring the testing of anti-satellite weapons unless the President certified that he was making a good-faith effort to negotiate an agreement on them with the Soviet Union. The necessity and feasibility of such weapons is the subject of some controversy within the Administration—including within the military. However, the civilians in the Pentagon who are in charge of arms-control policy and are opposed to arms control, and who usually win the day, argued that a ban on anti-satellite weapons could not be verified. (This is subject to dispute.) The United States replied to the Soviet suggestion by saying that it "accepted" it but wanted the agenda to include all offensive nuclear weapons—a proposal some Administration officials say they knew the Soviets would refuse. After some extensive, and public, back-and-forth, the exchanges broke down, with each side blaming the other. Some American government officials say they believe that the Soviet government is divided on whether to negotiate with the United States on anything now, and backed off. Some outside experts say they believe that the Soviet Union was serious about trying to stop an arms race in outer space, even if this redounded to the political credit of Reagan. In any event, a number of experts point out that the United States and the Soviet Union are now on the verge of a new qualitative arms race that, like the one that led to both sides having multiple independently targeted reëntry vehicles, or MIRVs, could be impossible to undo. Moreover, in June the Navy quietly deployed the first submarines carrying nuclear-equipped long-range cruise missiles; the deployment had been scheduled, but it came while Congress was considering a moratorium on the weapons. It is now impossible to detect whether a cruise missile is equipped with a nuclear warhead—so yet another qualitative arms race has begun.



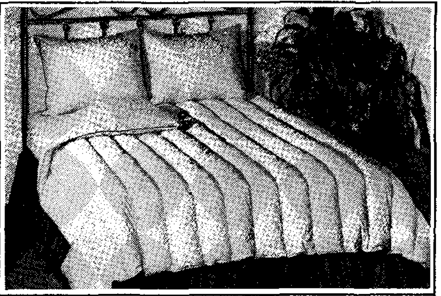
THE Republicans also realize that they have had an extraordinary piece of good luck in the troubles that are now surrounding Ferraro. The first questions arose, shortly after the Convention, about whether she had validly claimed an exemption from the requirement on a congressional form that a spouse's finances be revealed. The regulations leave very little room for claiming such an exemption. (The members are to have no knowledge of, nor derive any benefit from, such assets, nor expect to derive any.) Ferraro's husband, John Zaccaro, is a real-estate executive. On July 24th, Ferraro defended her action and said in a press release that she would not only disclose her and her husband's holdings in a financial statement that candidates for national office are required by law to file within thirty days of being nominated but would also release his and her tax returns for the past several years. Then, last Sunday, Ferraro brought a heap of trouble on herself by announcing to the press, as she was about to leave for a campaign on the West Coast, that her husband had refused to allow his tax returns to be released. (The law does not require that the candidates, much less their spouses, release their tax returns, but since 1976 some—though not all—candidates have released their returns. Last week, Senator Robert Dole, who ran for Vice-President in 1976, said here that Zaccaro's tax returns should be released, but then it emerged that Dole and his wife, Elizabeth, had not released their returns in 1976.) In early August, the Washington Legal Foundation, a conservative organization, brought a complaint against Ferraro, charging that she had violated the ethics law. A press conference about the complaint was held in a Capitol Hill room that had been arranged for by an organization of conservative Republican congressmen.

Another controversy arose over the fact that Zaccaro and the couple's children had lent Ferraro a hundred and thirty thousand dollars for her first race for Congress, in 1978, in violation of the federal election laws. The Federal Election Commission accepted Ferraro's explanation that she had accepted the loans, which she had reported to the F.E.C., because she had been advised by a former F.E.C. attorney that such an action would be legal. Then the lawyer, David Stein, surfaced, and said that this was not the advice he had given Ferraro and her advisers. (Stein, it turns out, had been fired from the commission staff, and William Oldaker, the general counsel of the F.E.C. at the time, said recently that the F.E.C. believed that it was "not improbable" that this was the advice Stein had given the Zaccaros. Oldaker says that using a family member's funds for a campaign is not an unusual mistake, and that if a candidate reported that he or she had done so the agency tended to assume that it was an honest mistake.) It recently emerged that in order to repay the loans Zaccaro sold Ferraro's interest in a building to her partner in the property, who also has other business with Zaccaro, and that Zaccaro himself later bought back his wife's interest from the partner.



Ferraro's statement that her husband's tax returns would not be released inevitably set off a journalistic competition to find out whether she and her husband were hiding something—the assumption was that they must be—and all manner of stories have been printed and allegations and innuendos have been floating about in the past week. (Among the stories that were published was that one of Zaccaro's buildings housed a company that dealt in pornographic materials and allegedly had ties to the Mafia. Zaccaro said that he hadn't been aware of the company's business and would not renew the lease when it expired in January.) At the time that Ferraro made her statement—without any warning to the Mondale people—her husband was resisting the release of his tax returns, but apparently the matter was not closed. But the damage was done, and the Mondale campaign lost time and momentum—Mondale was out campaigning, but little attention was paid to what he said, just as little was paid to what Ferraro said on the West Coast, other than in response to questions about her troubles. (Ferraro's financial statement is to be issued tomorrow, and she is to hold a press conference on Tuesday.) Meanwhile, some Mondale advisers have been helping her deal with these problems, and the Arthur Young accounting firm has been retained by the Zaccaros to go over their affairs.

Time is one of the most precious commodities in politics. And now the Mondale campaign, which had been admired by Reagan's advisers not long ago as one that made few mistakes, was acquiring the dangerous aspect of appearing incompetent. (The Reagan people say this has been turning up in their polls.) Early this month, Bert Lance, as had been inevitable from the time of the Democratic Convention, resigned as general chairman of the Mondale campaign—a job the Mondale people had cobbled together to get past the furor over their attempt, just before the Convention, to replace Charles Manatt, the Democratic National Committee chairman, with Lance. The job was not one that would work, and the controversy over Lance wasn't going to end. And the Mondale people had made no apparent effort to involve Lance in the campaign, and made no effort to deny newspaper reports that he was being elbowed aside. A key Mondale aide had told me toward the end of the Convention that Lance would be gone before long. So Lance left, apparently with hard feelings. (Mondale recently suffered the public embarrassment of having to cancel a scheduled trip to Macon, Georgia, because various Georgia officials, and Lance, said that they couldn't make it that day. Recently, Andrew Young, ostensibly a Mondale ally, told an audience of black journalists that the Mondale campaign was run by a group of "smart-assed white boys who think they know it all.") And now the Ferraro case raised the question of how carefully the Mondale people had looked into the financial affairs of their prospective Vice-Presidential candidates. A form was put together that asked a lot of questions, and lawyers asked questions, and both Ferraro's and Zaccaro's tax returns for the last three years were gone over, but it appears that not a great deal of time was put into the exercise. It was known toward the end of the process that top Mondale aides were flying off to see the finalists and asking them for



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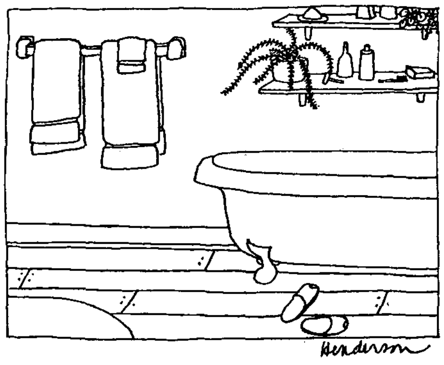
their financial information, but it seemed inconceivable that more investigative work had not gone on for some time. Now it seems clear that it did not. There was apparently no review of the Zaccaros' financial affairs until Tuesday, July 10th (a Mondale aide who had been seeing Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis on Monday was asked that night to go see the Zaccaros the next day); on Wednesday Mondale asked Ferraro to be his running mate, and on Thursday he announced his selection. (There was a certain hurriedness to the final selection, as options narrowed and the pressure on Mondale built to make some announcement. Moreover, Ferraro's chances did not seem high until very shortly before she was chosen.) The Zaccaros did tell the Mondale people about the F.E.C. matter, but they considered it a closed case. The Mondale people knew about Ferraro's having claimed the exemption on the congressional ethics form, and accepted her explanation that she was keeping her and her husband's financial affairs separate. To some extent, the Zaccaros may have downplayed some of their potentially controversial actions for the same reason they took them in the first place: they didn't understand the implications. They clearly underestimated the amount of scrutiny they would inevitably undergo. Also, Ferraro wanted the role very badly.

The effect of the Ferraro problem within the Mondale campaign has been deadly, especially coming, as it has, on top of a very long campaign year in which, it is now clear, a very few people were stretched too thin. John Reilly, Mondale's law partner, who spent much of the campaign on the plane and then headed the Vice-Presidential search, is described by friends as "burned out," and has been taking some time off. Michael Berman, an attorney and a longtime Mondale aide, who was also involved in the Vice-Presidential search and was supposed to be administering both the Mondale campaign and the Democratic National Committee, has been detailed for some time to deal with the Ferraro problem. This cost time in getting the campaign organized, staffed, and budgeted. Fund-raising has been hurt—and continues to be, as the polls show Mondale far behind. Big givers want access to a President. James Johnson, the campaign chairman, was described by a close friend as nearly consumed with the problem—and also shaken by it, and exhausted. This, on top of the Lance matter, was hard for Johnson to take. Another Mondale aide says, "You get a little gun-shy after events like these." One key Mondale adviser has said to me, "We had too rough a year and we're too tired. There are too few of us trying to do it all." A great deal of the strain on the Mondale people about the Ferraro case was that they didn't know where it was headed. Each day brought new wrinkles, new revelations, new allegations, new rumors. They had to sit tight while accountants and lawyers worked on the many threads of the case—and to pray that it didn't end too badly. The morale at North Oaks, Minnesota, where Mondale is based, is said to be not high. Meanwhile, the Republicans, who had been having trouble figuring out how to get at Ferraro before all this started, couldn't be more pleased. There is some division of opinion among them over how much pleasure to show, or how much to say about the matter publicly—privately, they are making their own contribution to the rumor mill—but there is no question that they consider this turn of events a gift.

AUGUST 20

THIS Convention has a decided right-wing stamp to it, as reflected in the platform that was drafted here last week—a process that even the White House couldn't control. In part, the White House loss of control stems from the fact that the President's "pragmatic" advisers are leery of taking on the right, which has been gunning for them from the outset. In part, the platform committee was dominated by a combination of right-wing activists who had long been Convention agitators and are now in the saddle—Senator Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, and Phyllis Schlafly, the anti-E.R.A. activist. Public hearings on the platform which were to be held around the country were cancelled, so that no dissent could be heard (there was one day of hearings here), and the few moderates around who tried to affect the platform were rolled over. The decline of the moderates as a force in national Republican politics has been long in the making. When Nelson Rockefeller was asked why he had failed to get the nomination in 1968, he replied, "Have you ever seen a Republican Convention?" In 1968, Nixon played to the right, which had no strong candidate—Reagan made an abortive run—sufficiently to win the nomination, and Ford came within an eyelash of losing the nomination to Reagan in 1976. The power of the right forced Ford to drop Rockefeller as his Vice-President, in favor of Robert Dole, who is now seen by what is now the right as too moderate.



The prevailing force here has little to do with the traditional conservatism of a Robert A. Taft, who probably would have been seen by this group as temperamentally and ideologically stodgy. What is in charge here is a combination of old-line conservatives (few of them), old right-wingers, and a new breed of radical populists (the New Right), and the evangelicals. In 1980, the Reverend Jerry Falwell and some other evangelical leaders turned up at the Republican Convention, having been cultivated, and they became an important part of Reagan's base in the 1980 election. This year, they are playing an even more prominent role, both at the Convention and in the election. They will register voters, raise money, and produce anti-Mondale advertising (having to do with, among other things, homosexual rights and abortion). Falwell will deliver the benediction at the Convention on the night Reagan is nominated, and the opening session this morning was blessed by the television evangelist James Robison; the closing benediction for the Convention will be given by Dr. W. A. Criswell, the conservative pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dallas. (The invocations and benedictions will be delivered, as at all conventions, by a smattering of rabbis and priests, but the role of the fundamentalists at this Convention is pronounced.) Such moderate Republicans as Senator Howard Baker, of Tennessee, Dole, and Gerald Ford will address this Convention, but it is doubtful that any one of them could be nominated by this group of people. Richard Nixon will not be at this Convention, for obvious reasons. (As it happens, the tenth anniversary of his leaving office occurred eleven days ago, but, Watergate aside, his domestic and foreign policies would be far too mainstream for the group gathered here.) Even Bush, who received the support of nearly forty-eight per cent of the delegates for the 1988 nomination in a poll conducted by the Dallas *Morning News*, would have a tough go of it. (Twenty-six per cent supported Congressman Jack Kemp, of New York, and sixteen per cent supported Baker.)

Bush was put on the ticket in 1980 despite the Reagans' own misgivings about him (among other things, the Reagan people were unimpressed with his debate performances) in order to unite the Party after negotiations with Gerald Ford over how to give a Vice-President Ford an extra-constitutional role mercifully fell through. (Ford is a nice man and probably would have been an excellent Vice-President, but what both sides were considering was unworkable and probably unconstitutional.) Bush has been a successful Vice-President: he has been loyal, and, if he had misgivings, silent about them; but the right only tolerates Bush, and will fight him in the 1988 primaries with its own candidate or candidates—Kemp, or others. For all his loyalty to Reagan, Bush still represents to the right the "Eastern establishment" that it has worked so hard, and with such success, to overtake. (And his preppy style, which still breaks through, will underscore the cultural difference.) It is a bit absurd to even contemplate the Republican politics of 1988—the number of candidates and how they divide the vote and accidents will have a great deal to do with what happens then—but much contemplation, and energy, is going into the 1988 race here because, for one thing, there is so little else going on, and, for another, the would-be candidates are taking advantage of this gathering to promote their causes. Nevertheless, as of now the base of the Republican Party—the people who go out and work in the primaries and get involved in the Party machinery—is very conservative.

Another factor in Republican Presidential politics is that the formula for allocating Convention delegates rewards the smaller, and reliably conservative, states in the South and the West. An attempt to change this was offered by some moderate Republicans here yesterday, and of course they were clobbered. The moderates to a large extent brought their demise on themselves, since they believed such activism beneath them, and assumed that they had a permanent hold on the Party. It is the conservatives/right-wingers who have the intensity, and theirs is both a cultural and ideological war against the mainstream—a war against the "Eastern establishment," a war against the moderates (Baker, Dole, and House Minority Leader Robert Michel), who believe in legislative compromise. Baker and Michel have been having an increasingly difficult time controlling their troops, and therefore a deeper implication of what has been going on in the Republican Party, and is being accelerated here, is that the whole idea of governing by compromise, by legislative accommodations and understandings, is coming unravelled—to what end can hardly be imagined. (Baker is retiring from the Senate this year to pursue his Presidential ambitions.)

Reagan presides over a coalition that has a number of internal contradictions. The old-line conservatives and the radical populists are at war; the social conservatism of the fundamentalists is anathema to the old-line conservatives and to younger libertarians and to the moderates who are hanging on, for lack of anywhere else to go. The social conservatism can also present a problem for the "baby boom" generation that both parties are courting. Roger Stone says, "Reagan has become a Chairman Mao-type figure in the Party, because he is so popular. The Party will break into open warfare when Reagan goes." Some think that the warfare will begin even sooner: early in Reagan's term if he is reëlected. In fact, it has been going on during his Presidency, but his popularity and force of personality have kept it within bounds.

SEVERAL of Reagan's aides and closest allies have been going about the Convention saying that the platform doesn't really matter, and the earnestness with which they press the point suggests that they think it does. And the platform suggests where the energy of the Party is. Activists and ideologues tend to head for platform committees (though it is interesting that the Mondale people were better able to keep their platform committee under control than the Reagan people were theirs). Despite the concern among some Reagan campaign officials about the "gender gap" and the need to win independents, the 1984 platform dropped the Equal Rights

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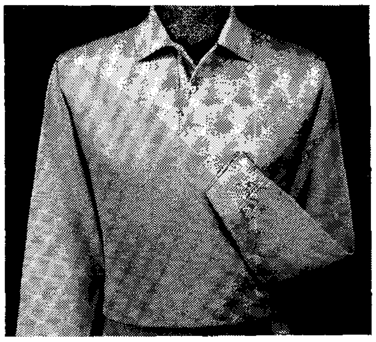

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Amendment altogether. (The 1980 platform, to the shock of a number of Republican moderates at the time, dropped the Party's endorsement of the E.R.A., but it did "acknowledge the legitimate efforts of those who support or oppose ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment.") This year, the platform committee would not even consider wording, suggested by the President's daughter Maureen (who supports the E.R.A.), that would have acknowledged the sincerity of those who support it. Like the 1980 platform, the 1984 platform called for a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion and for a denial of federal funds for abortions, and called for appointment to the judiciary of people "who respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life." (A prior requirement that a member of the judiciary will rule in a certain way is of dubious constitutionality as well as of dubious merit.) Like the 1980 platform, the 1984 platform calls for a constitutional amendment allowing voluntary prayer in schools.

On the subject of taxes, the supply-siders won out over the White House, and wrote a platform statement that simply opposed any tax increases, and in addition they proposed a new set of tax cuts. The platform proposes a doubling of the personal exemption from one thousand to two thousand dollars (this idea had been leaked by the Administration but hadn't been proposed; it would favor the middle class, particularly large families, and would cost over forty billion dollars); it proposes expanding Individual Retirement Accounts to cover homemakers—also a benefit to the middle class. (The White House did manage to keep the I.R.A. proposal from being even broader.) The platform came out for a "modified flat tax" (the Republican version of the Democratic Bradley-Gephardt "flat tax" bill) sponsored by Kemp and by Senator Robert Kasten, of Wisconsin. The platform and the Kemp-Kasten bill back away from the graduated-tax principle. The main difference between the Kemp-Kasten bill and the Bradley-Gephardt bill is that the Kemp-Kasten bill cuts taxes for people with incomes of over a hundred thousand dollars by about fifteen per cent. (Like the Democratic bill, the Republican one would allow for certain deductions, such as for mortgage interest.) The Republican platform also calls for reducing taxes on interest income, repeal of the windfall-profit tax (the oil lobby struck here), and a number of other tax breaks. Where the money for all this would come from is anyone's guess, but the supply-siders adhere to the theory that lower taxes leads to growth, which leads to more revenue.

The platform calls for cuts in "wasteful and unnecessary government spending" but is not specific, and it endorses Reagan's call for a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget. As a matter of fact, if all the budget cuts President Reagan proposed in his latest budget were made, the deficit would be reduced by only about twenty billion dollars. (In its recent midyear budget review, the Administration managed to lop a hundred billion dollars off the deficit, dropping it from two hundred and sixty billion, according to the Congressional Budget Office, to a hundred and sixty billion by fiscal 1989, by assuming that the rate of growth will continue over the next five years at four per cent, and that interest rates will go from their current eleven per cent to five per cent by 1989. Not a lot of people took these estimates seriously.) The platform criticizes the Federal Reserve Board for high interest rates, and suggests a return to the gold standard. This reflects the thinking of Kemp, among others. The Fed gets the blame for high interest rates but not credit for holding down inflation—which was accomplished mainly by the Fed's tightening of money in reaction to the fiscal effects of the Kemp-Roth, supply-side tax cuts put through by Reagan in 1981, to the point where there was a recession. The supply-siders take credit for the current recovery even though it is a demand-side recovery. The Republicans expect a buoyant economy at least through the election—which is the main thing that concerns them at the moment.

In the platform deliberations, the Administration managed to stave off a call for military "superiority" over the Soviet Union, but this was a somewhat limited victory, since the platform does call for "technological" and "qualitative" superiority. It also says, "Our forces must be second to none."

LAUNDRY
HARRY CHONG
LAUNDRY
STUART LEEDS

THE White House had known for some time that Representative Trent Lott, of Mississippi, the House Minority Whip and chairman of the platform committee, had stacked the committee to the right. Why this was allowed to happen is somewhat mystifying, the most plausible explanation being a President and a White House staff reluctant to take on the right. Lott, a forty-two-year-old conservative who hopes to succeed Michel, is part of a group of young House activists who don't buy the old ways of doing business, substantively or tactically. Among the other members of this group who served on the platform committee are Kemp, Newt Gingrich, of Georgia, and Vin Weber, of Minnesota. Gingrich recently founded something called the Conservative Opportunity Society, the name bespeaking the philosophy that virtually unbridled economic freedom will create opportunity for all. Gingrich is both a serious-minded man and a prankster, and the proportions are hard to sort out. Like other young politicians, he is interested in new ideas but also hooked on the glamour of seeming to be in the new-ideas game. But while this group espouses economic freedom, it is pronouncedly socially conservative: anti-abortion, anti-homosexuality, pro-school prayer, anti-E.R.A. Some Republicans think that this group's linking up with the fundamentalist agenda represents more a political tactic than a philosophical commitment—and some New Right conservatives think that this is a political mistake. Interestingly enough, though there are differences (the social issues being the obvious ones), this group is something of a counterpart to what Gary Hart represented on the Democratic side: a reaction to the "old ways" of doing business, an emphasis on economic growth, and an appeal to the younger generation of voters. Both parties' younger-generation politicians are going after the baby-boom voters (this is why some think the radical conservatives' social agenda is a mistake). The struggle for the future of the Republican Party is not unlike that in the Democratic Party. Both parties are involved in a struggle of generational politics. Essentially, Bush-Baker-Dole are to this group what

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G What U.S. city has been called Little Havana?
E What movie theater has sold the most tickets?
H What British peerage gave its name to an overcoat, a sofa and a cigarette?
AL What actor's autobiography is titled *All My Yesterdays*?
● What is xenophobia?
SL Who retired with 755 home runs to his credit?

G What country is home to Heineken beer?
E How many seconds usually elapsed before the tape self-destructed on *Mission: Impossible*?
H What date in 44 B.C. was Julius Caesar assassinated?
AL What heroic group did D'Artagnan lead?
● What's the term for opposition to an electrical current in a conductor?
SL What's the main vegetable in vichyssoise?

G What are the only two landlocked countries in South America?
E Who was the first host of the original *Tonight* show?
H What British prime minister's mother was born in Brooklyn, New York?
AL What philosopher-author lived on the shores of Walden Pond?
● What's the hardest bone in the human body?
SL Who's the youngest golfer to have won the Masters?

G What country is the resort city of St. Moritz in?
E What film featured the line: "Open the pod bay door, Hal"?
H What song is traditionally heard when the president of the U.S. arrives on the scene?
AL Who wrote *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*?
● What substance must mix with food to give it taste?
SL What team did Abraham M. Saperstein establish and send on the road in 1927?

G What city is served by Dulles International Airport?
E Who won the 1961 best actor Oscar for his role in *Judgment at Nuremberg*?
H What army was founded by William Booth and his wife Catherine?
AL Whose biography is titled *Hitch*?
● What's the largest satellite orbiting Earth?
SL What drink was invented by oilmen, who used their tools to stir it?

G What's the world's smallest independent state?
E Where did Betty meet the leader of the pack?
H What was described as: "Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions and a sesame seed bun"?
AL Who wrote the poem *The Road Not Taken*?
● What food got its name from the way it hung in bunches like grapes?
SL What playing card was once known as *the devil's bedposts*?

Turn page for answers.

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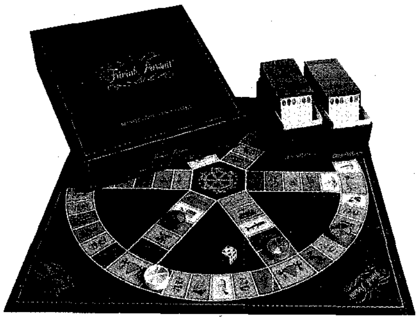

Genus

G	The Netherlands
E	Five
H	March 15, or the Ides of March
AL	The Three Musketeers
●	Resistance
SL	Potato

Genus

G	Miami
E	Radio City Music Hall
H	Chesterfield
AL	Edward G. Robinson's
●	Fear of strangers or foreigners
SL	Hank Aaron

Genus

G	Switzerland
E	*2001: A Space Odyssey*
H	*Hail to the Chief*
AL	James Thurber
●	Saliva
SL	The Harlem Globetrotters

Genus

G	Bolivia and Paraguay
E	Steve Allen
H	Winston Churchill's
AL	Henry David Thoreau
●	The jawbone
SL	Severiano Ballesteros

Genus

G	Vatican City
E	At the candy store
H	A Big Mac
AL	Robert Frost
●	Grapefruit
SL	The four of clubs

Genus

G	Washington, D.C.
E	Maximilian Schell
H	The Salvation Army
AL	Alfred Hitchcock's
●	The moon
SL	The screwdriver

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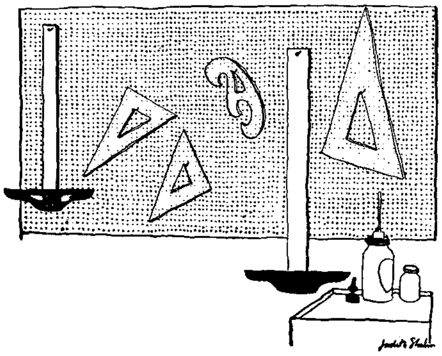
Mondale was to Hart. The Democrats are in the midst of defining a post-New Deal identity, and the Republicans are in the midst of defining a post-traditional-conservative identity. There is a theory around that the New Deal coalition and philosophy actually came apart during the Johnson Administration, and that only Watergate gave the Democrats a breather. In the Republican Party, the conservative radicals, or New Right, are involved in the struggle for the leadership of a Party that is becoming more democratic (that is, participatory), more Catholic, more lower-middle-class, and less representative of the middle middle and upper middle classes. One New Right activist says, "The country-club group is getting smaller and the doubleknit group is getting larger." The radicals are aggressive, on the theory that this is the way to make themselves heard, and to keep the establishment, as they see it, from smothering ideas. Like their Democratic counterparts, the conservative radicals are reacting to, or playing to, the baby boom and the high degree of cynicism about government among younger voters. They understand that the electorate is changing, becoming younger and better educated and more affluent: they are saying that if the government gets off your back (economically) you can do well. Like their Democratic counterparts, they are entranced with the possibilities of the "information age." (Gingrich is also enthusiastic about the commercial possibilities of the use of outer space.) The House Republican group relies on obstreperous tactics to get attention—and to build a base. It engages in tactical maneuvers to hold up House action and cleverly uses the cable-television coverage of Congress, on C-SPAN, to promote itself—especially through speeches in a special period set aside after regular House business for members to make statements. (This use of C-SPAN caused a tremendous row between this group and Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill earlier in the year—a row in which Michel was caught in the middle and ultimately defeated.)

This evening at the Convention, I had a brief talk with Gingrich, a forty-one-year-old prematurely gray former professor. He has been happily handing out stickers that say, "Honest Money and Honest Disclosures"—a not very subtle reference to Ferraro—and he said that his group would be handing out new stickers each night, as a way of stirring activity and getting attention on the Convention floor. (Some delegates were wearing buttons saying "Come Clean, Geraldine.") Gingrich told me, "Our strategy is very simple. We're trying to build the consensus that there's an alternative to the welfare state, which we call the Opportunity Society, and keep hammering the idea that the Republican Party is not just talking about budget balancing. Our attitude toward the Convention is that there are people here who want to be interactive, not just listen to speeches. These stickers are a gimmick and also something we thought was cute that people would want to put on. You can see it happening." As we talked, people were continually coming up to Gingrich and asking him for the stickers and putting them on. He continued, "We're also building something for people to do when they get home—a movement, a nationwide university of television politics. People all over the country know about us and watch us on C-SPAN. When I go to a university, kids come up and ask how they can help. What we're engaged in is sloppy, but it has a lot of energy behind it. This nation is much closer to Burt Reynolds or Indiana Jones than to the police. We're trying to give people ways of committing themselves. So while we write books and hold conferences and speak on the floor, our model is the Progressive movement. We're trying to build a more positive and optimistic Republican Party—we're talking about high tech, free enterprise, and traditional values that enable people to lead productive and fulfilling lives, with less centralized government and more take-home pay." Gingrich said that his group consists of about fifteen members of Congress who meet every week, and that another thirty to forty members are very interested, and that a third to a half of the members are for them. He said, "We want the delegates to leave here knowing there's a young, progressive, idea-oriented group in the House and that it's kind of neat." That, he said, would put his group in a stronger position to negotiate with the White House staff, and build for 1988.



THE mood on the Convention floor tonight is strangely desultory. This should be a happy lot—their man is in power and they are riding high. It can't be just the heat. (The Convention hall in fact is kept at what feels like a subfreezing temperature, and a number of people have already become ill from the sharp changes.) The mood seems to be one of contentment but not much excitement. Not everyone is content, of course; moderate and mainstream Republicans are disturbed by the indications of where their party may be going. Some of the elected officials among this group have had no easy time of it in recent years treading between their own mainstream constituents and the strong Reagan supporters, and some have been challenged from the right in primaries. Some, like Maryland Senator Charles McC. Mathias, believe the Party is headed in a direction from which it cannot govern. (Mathias almost didn't get on his state's delegation, and was accused by a Maryland right-wing activist of being "a liberal swine.") Representative James Leach, of Iowa, a forty-one-year-old moderate, who made an attempt to offer a different voice here, said to me on the floor tonight, "This isn't my brand of Republicanism. In fact, it isn't Republicanism. It's anti-international-organization; this is a Party of a new nationalism, when any sensible American knows we have to be thinking internationally. The platform, the gold standard and all that—it's nutty pandering to the most unsavory groups in American politics: the New Right and the fundamentalists. But there are many Republicans who believe in arms control and the environment and sane monetary and fiscal policies—and I believe that we're definitely going to have life after death." Representative Olympia Snowe, of Maine, who is thirty-seven, said, "We'll have to get the moderates involved in the Party—and there's no question in my mind that if we don't do that, this is the irretrievable path of the Republican Party. This Convention has been an awakening. The platform committee wasn't even willing to acknowledge the existence of E.R.A. They wouldn't even consider compromise language Maureen Reagan and I supported. I came away with the im-

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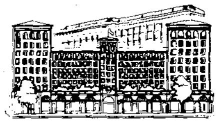

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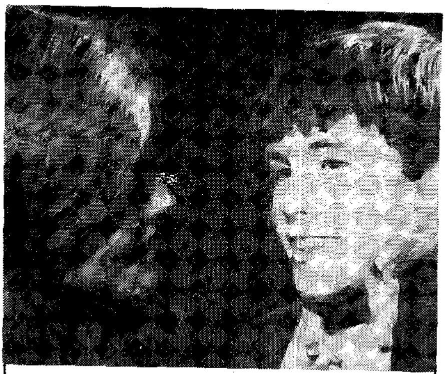
pression that this Convention is being staged for the future, and courting the conservative constituency. I also believe that the conservatives, after four years, have become emboldened. I don't see what's in the Party platform that will reach a majority of the American people, and that concerns me deeply. Ronald Reagan will sustain himself based on his popularity; I think that's unrelated to the success of the Republican Party."

There is no confusing a Republican and a Democratic Convention. This one is virtually all white (fewer than five per cent of the delegates and alternates are blacks) and more affluent, and on the one hand more conservatively dressed and on the other more disposed to wearing funny hats and globs of buttons. (A deliberate attempt was made to have more women delegates than would have otherwise been the case.) The managers of this Convention—and many people were in on the act—have been struggling, against great odds, for ways to make it interesting and at the same time blanket out any notes of disharmony. (They considered cutting the Convention back from four days to three, since there is so little to do, but didn't want to give up a night of free television time.) The coöpting of the Olympics continues tonight: several of the Olympic winners are here, and were introduced to the audience by Roosevelt Grier, the former professional-football star, who had been a great friend of Robert Kennedy and his family. Grier, who is now a preacher, has said that he switched allegiances because when he came to Washington earlier this year to lobby for the President's proposed constitutional amendment to allow prayer in the schools, friends did not support it. Tonight, Grier endorsed Reagan for "four more years." Political converts are in high favor here—Reagan needs Democratic votes in order to win—and so, for a number of reasons, Jeane Kirkpatrick, the United Nations Ambassador and a "neoconservative" Democrat, was given a featured place on the program. (Mrs. Kirkpatrick was even brought onstage to the tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again," which had been just about retired at the Democratic Convention.) Mrs. Kirkpatrick's place on the program tonight was of recent making, and the maneuverings that went into the decision signify some of the things going on in the Republican Party now. The congressional New Right members had wanted her to be



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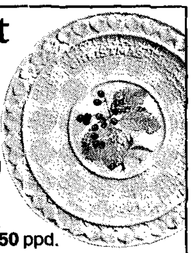

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the keynote speaker, but Reagan's more pragmatic managers considered her too controversial—her foreign-policy views too dogmatic and muscular for the picture of Reagan they wanted to present. (Besides, Mrs. Kirkpatrick had openly feuded with the White House staff in October, 1983, when she was blocked from becoming national-security adviser after William Clark was eased out and over to the Interior Department.) So the President's advisers finessed the situation by selecting as the keynote speaker Katherine Ortega, of whom few had heard except for the fact that, since she is Treasurer of the United States (an essentially honorific job), her signature is on our paper currency. The President's aides thought that picking Mrs. Ortega was quite a good move: a Hispanic woman from a large family, an American success story, would keynote the Convention. This maneuver also preëmpted Elizabeth Dole, whose ambitions (or her husband's) the Convention managers were not eager to promote, and who, they said privately, looked a little too—well, Republican. The Convention managers never made any pretense that Mrs. Ortega would write her own speech; they just hoped she would read one well. But, despite coaching lessons, the prospects didn't look good as the Convention approached.

Then, after the Democrats picked Ferraro, a scramble was made to put more women on the program, especially on opening night—among them Mrs. Kirkpatrick. She is a woman of high intelligence, with a debater's agility, and tonight she poured scorn on the Democrats to a degree that was somewhat startling. Clearly enjoying her new role as the heroine of the Republican right, she played to it, armed with simplifications and straw men. She praised her party's past leaders—Truman, Johnson, and John Kennedy (she didn't seem to know what to do about Hubert Humphrey, to whom she had been quite close, which also gave her a close association with Mondale)—but had nothing but contempt for what she termed "the San Francisco Democrats." And she moved in on the Carter Administration's record with a vengeance, calling it "indifferent to the subversion of others' independence or to the development of new weapons by our adversaries or of new vulnerabilities by our friends;" accusing it of exercising "unilateral restraint" while the Soviets built up their weapons systems (ac-

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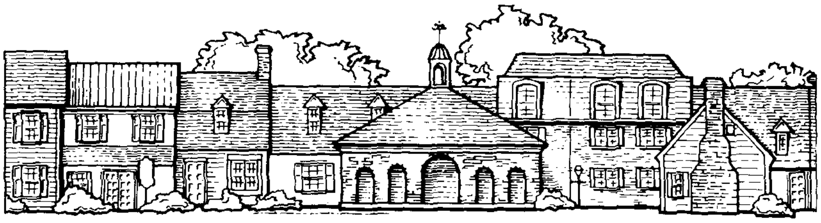

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tually, almost every weapons system being built by the Reagan Administration was developed during the Carter Administration or earlier); blaming it for the coming to power of Ayatollah Khomeini. She distorted what she said were Soviet exploitations of the "loopholes" of the SALT I agreement—which was negotiated by the Nixon Administration—and misdescribed the nature of the strategic balance. "And then," she said, "feeling strong, Soviet leaders moved with boldness and skill to exploit their new advantages." This theory of history rests on shaky premises and overlooks Soviet ventures in the nineteen-fifties and sixties—in Europe, Africa, Asia, and Cuba. She listed a large number of countries in which "Soviet influence expanded dramatically" between the time of the fall of Saigon, in 1975 (during the Ford Administration), and January, 1981. The list included countries where "Soviet influence" grew before Carter came into office (and included both South Yemen and Aden, which is the capital of South Yemen), and, like the Reagan foreign policy, attributes all insurgencies, nationalist movements, and tribal rivalries around the world (many of which the Soviets took advantage of), as well as genuine Soviet efforts at subversion, to Soviet adventurism. She blamed the Democrats for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and, of course, she cited the taking of the hostages in Iran. "We lost confidence in ourselves, and in our government," she said, and then, referring to a speech Carter would have been better off not having made, she said, "It was not malaise we suffered from, it was Jimmy Carter"—for which she was cheered strongly—and then she added, "and Walter Mondale," for which she was cheered even more strongly. Reagan, she said, had restored confidence—this is a major theme of the Reagan campaign—and she suggested that the release of the hostages on the day of his Inauguration had something to do with him. (The Republicans are far better at blaming Carter for the hostage crisis than at saying what they would have done about it; their proffered answer is that under them America would have been so respected that the crisis would not have happened.) She gave Reagan the credit for the installation of missiles in Europe, though this was a policy initiated by Carter to counter Soviet deployments—with the hope that it would lead to negotiated limits on the deployments. Then she set forth the proposition that

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"the same people who were responsible for America's decline have insisted that the President's policies would fail," and she said that whenever things go wrong "they always blame America first." She said, "They said that saving Grenada from totalitarianism and terror was the wrong thing to do. They didn't blame Cuba or the Communists for threatening American students and murdering Grenadians—they blamed the United States instead." (Actually, the Democrats were divided in their reaction to the Grenada invasion—in part on the merits of the case, in part because the invasion was so popular—and Mondale was criticized by some Democrats for not being critical enough. His criticism was tempered all along, and he actually ended up saying that he would have used force if he thought the students were in danger, and that he was impressed by the conclusion of Representative Michael Barnes, Democrat of Maryland and chairman of the Western Hemisphere Affairs Subcommittee, that the action was justified. Tip O'Neill at first said of the Grenada invasion, "It isn't the right thing to do," and then said it was "justified.") Then, going quite far, Kirkpatrick said that when the Marines in Lebanon "were murdered in their sleep the 'blame-America-first crowd' did not blame the terrorists who murdered the Marines, they blamed the United States"—adding, in what became a refrain, "But then they always blame America first." Similarly for the breakdown of arms-control talks, or "when Marxist dictators shoot their way to power in Central America." She listed a number of things the American people know that Reagan isn't responsible for—as if someone had accused him of them—including "the repression in Poland" and "the obscene treatment of Andrei Sakharov" and "the re-Stalinization of the Soviet Union." Kirkpatrick's speech, devoid of much serious thought or sense of history, was a big hit.

Howard Baker, who also spoke this evening, did his best to appeal to a crowd that he must know does not favor him, with a strong attack on the Carter Administration. Of Mondale, the usually genial Baker said, "Misery has become very important to Walter Mondale. When he's in office, he creates it. When he's out, he invents it—because Walter Mondale has nothing to offer a successful America." He mocked Mondale's saying, in his acceptance speech, that the Democrats

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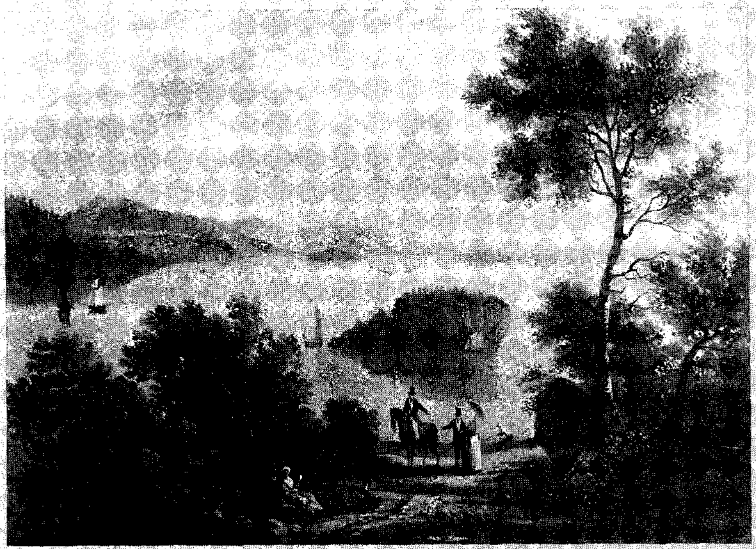

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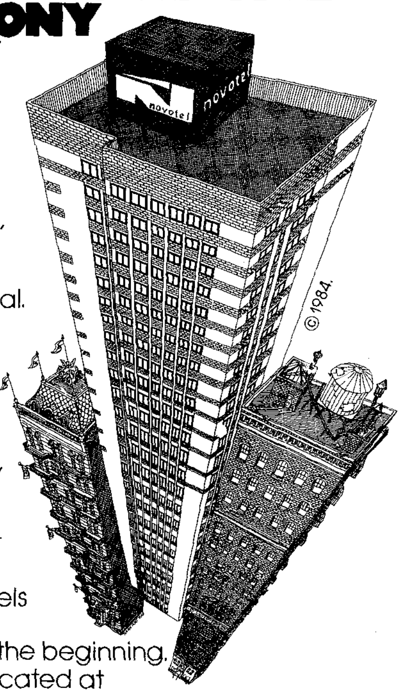

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had learned from the 1980 election, and would know when to say no. Mondale, Baker said, didn't know how to say no to organized labor or to "the limousine liberals" or to raising taxes. "We don't have to wave the flag to prove we love this country," Baker said, in a reference to the San Francisco Convention. "We were waving the flag when some people were burning it." And, as if this were the issue between the two parties, Baker said, "We want America to be successful, not miserable." Some of Baker's harsher lines got a response from the crowd, but he didn't seem to win it over.

Now Mrs. Ortega can hardly capture the attention of the audience at all. She is an attractive and pleasant-looking woman, and is obviously trying, but she simply can't project. The important thing about her speech is that it was written for her by Presidential advisers, and therefore reflects their strategy. She, too, talks of Reagan's having restored confidence, and tears into "the Carter-Mondale years." She says, "We have come a long way in four years—from the shame of Teheran to the brave rescue of American students in Grenada." She says, "We have come a long way, and we are not going back to the Carter-Mondale years, when a weak leadership left the door open for Communist aggression—from Afghanistan to our own hemisphere." Some of the President's advisers have been concerned that Reagan does not have foreign-policy successes to point to: policy in the Middle East is at a dead end; the Central American policy is highly controversial; and, despite an unprecedented arms buildup, there have been no arms-control agreements. But the Reagan people have taken the offensive and are saying, in speech after speech, that America is stronger, more respected, and, through its action in Grenada, has shown that it can beat the Communists. (In that instance, six thousand American ground troops, backed up by a ten-thousand-man Naval Force and eight hundred airmen, fought seven hundred Cubans, about a hundred of whom were military personnel—the rest were airport construction workers—plus a small local militia.) With the exception of Kirkpatrick, who put her own twist on the subject, the speakers don't talk about Lebanon. For good measure, they paint the Carter years as having produced nothing but reverses and humiliation. This is a simplistic and inaccurate picture, but, with repetition, may well be sinking in. Mrs. Ortega also attacks the economic record of the Carter Administration—another major refrain of the Reagan campaign. "Mr. Mondale's record, from the first day he entered public life," Mrs. Ortega says, "has been based on the idea of high taxes, big spending, more government regulation. And *promises, promises, promises.*" There's something surprising about all this. Some of the President's advisers had been telling me that this Convention was to be positive and offer a vision of the future. Attacking an opponent is fair game, but the relentlessness of it here, and the absence of much talk about anything else, and the repetition of the same points, gives off the impression of a sledgehammer approach, and a certain emptiness. And not all of Reagan's advisers are convinced that attacking Mondale through his association with Carter is particularly fruitful. Perhaps this will be turned around as the week goes on, and especially when the President gives his acceptance speech.

Mrs. Ortega says that the other Democratic candidates were "shut out of their traditional Party home by the narrow interest groups in charge of last month's Democratic Convention"—an interesting way to try to appeal to Democrats—and, inevitably, cites Gary Hart's criticism of Mondale. The Republicans have long planned to use the criticisms of Mondale's primary opponents against him, and today Reagan, campaigning in Cincinnati, cited criticism of Mondale by Glenn. Reagan has been campaigning in the Midwest—Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois—yesterday and today, and will not arrive here until Wednesday. For all their confidence, the Republicans are concerned about the agricultural areas, which have been particularly hard hit by high interest rates. (Mondale, at the Iowa State Fair yesterday, called Reagan's economic and agricultural policies "a dagger in the heart of every farmer in America.") Mrs. Ortega describes "the Party that met in San Francisco last month" (San Francisco itself, with its large homosexual community and exotic style, is being given an invidious connotation) as "the Party of special interests, the Party of doomsayers, the Party of demagogues who look to America's future with fear, not hope." She adds, "To those millions of Democrats abandoned by their national leadership in San Francisco—Democrats who were *shut out* of their traditional Party home—we Republicans here in Dallas say, '*Nuestra casa es su casa.* Our home is your home.' "

AUGUST 21

TUESDAY. The Doles, Kemp, and Ford spoke at the Convention tonight. Kemp, as he did four years ago, had a demonstration on his behalf. Boyish and enthusiastic, he is in great favor here, and if he decides to run for President in 1988 there is a network ready to go to work for him—in fact, it is already working for him. Kemp went through the now familiar criticisms of Iran, Afghanistan, and the Carter economic record. "Isn't it good to have a President who doesn't apologize for America?" he asked, and he accused the Democrats of offering "fear of the future, fear of growth, fear of global leadership." He said that the Democratic leaders "see no difference between the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the American liberation of Grenada." He said that the leaders of the Democratic Party are "soft on democracy." He praised Reagan's record and the Party platform. He said, "The first condition for peace is a superior national defense." He said that we must "give the world again a money it can rely on, a dollar 'as good as gold.' " Kemp delivered his speech with earnestness and crispness, and it went over well. He ended on an upbeat note of sweeping optimism.

Ford, in perhaps the harshest speech of the evening, attacked the Carter record and said, "The Democrats in San Francisco talked a lot about the future. Their theme seemed to be that America's future belongs to the wishers, the wasters, the wanters, the whiners, and the weak." Ford said, "Mondale has embraced fear as enthusiastically as he embraces his pre-Convention rivals. All he has to offer is fear itself." Mocking Mondale's saying in San Francisco that he had learned the lesson of the 1980 election, Ford said, "Where were you, Walter, when the taxpayers really needed you?" Ford is considered too moderate by many of the people here, and some boycotted his speech and attended instead a fund-raising party given by the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) at the Circle T Ranch of Nelson Bunker Hunt, the oil billionaire. (Hunt ran into legal

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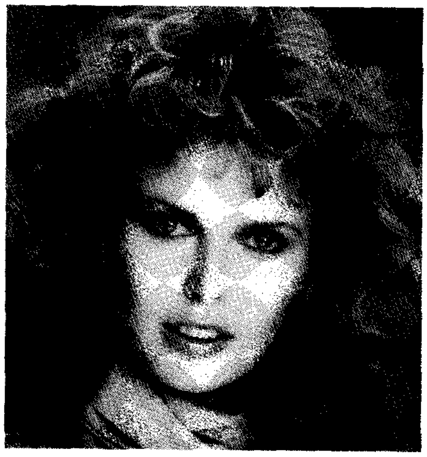

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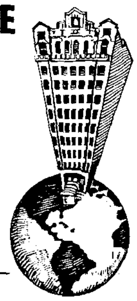
problems in recent years when he tried to corner the silver market.) The tickets cost a thousand dollars per person; Pat Boone served as master of ceremonies, and Bob Hope offered entertainment. The Democrats had their rounds of parties, of course, and their special events for their big donors, but the extent and the opulence of the partying here seems to outdo anything that has gone before. Yesterday, Phyllis Schlafly sponsored a luncheon/fashion show that was attended by thirteen hundred women and featured Cabinet wives and Republican women officeholders modelling elegant clothes. The door prize was a three-foot mink elephant. (There are some misgivings among Reagan's advisers about the fact that Bunker Hunt, Phyllis Schlafly, and Jerry Falwell are the subject of so much attention here, and at least one adviser is troubled that Falwell is on the Convention program. He says he does not believe that Falwell is a net plus for the ticket, even in the South.)

The big attention today was on Ferraro's press conference, in New York. The financial documents were released yesterday, but a few hours later than planned, and a briefing by the accountants had to be postponed until today. Spokesmen for Ferraro said that the delay had to do with problems in reproducing the documents, but the real problem was the last-minute discovery by the accountants of, among other things, the fact that Zaccaro had failed to list in his financial statement a hundred-thousand-dollar loan he had borrowed from an elderly woman's estate, of which he had been acting as a court-appointed conservator. (When the news of this transaction broke in the press over the weekend, Zaccaro's attorney said that Zaccaro did not know that there was anything wrong with the transaction, and also that he had repaid the loan, at a higher interest rate than the money had been earning.) It was learned from the Zaccaros' tax returns over the last six years, that the couple had been paying a high rate of taxes (about forty per cent)—one speculation had been that Zaccaro was reluctant to release his returns because he had sheltered a large amount of taxes—and that they owed slightly more than fifty thousand dollars in back taxes and interest, because of what was described as an accountant's error on their 1978 tax form (a mistake found by the Arthur Young accountants).



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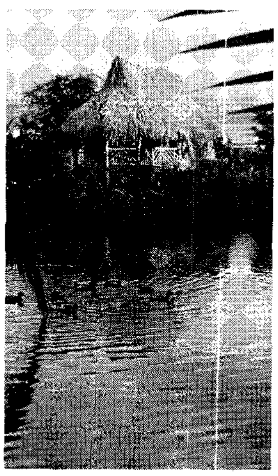

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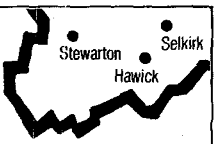

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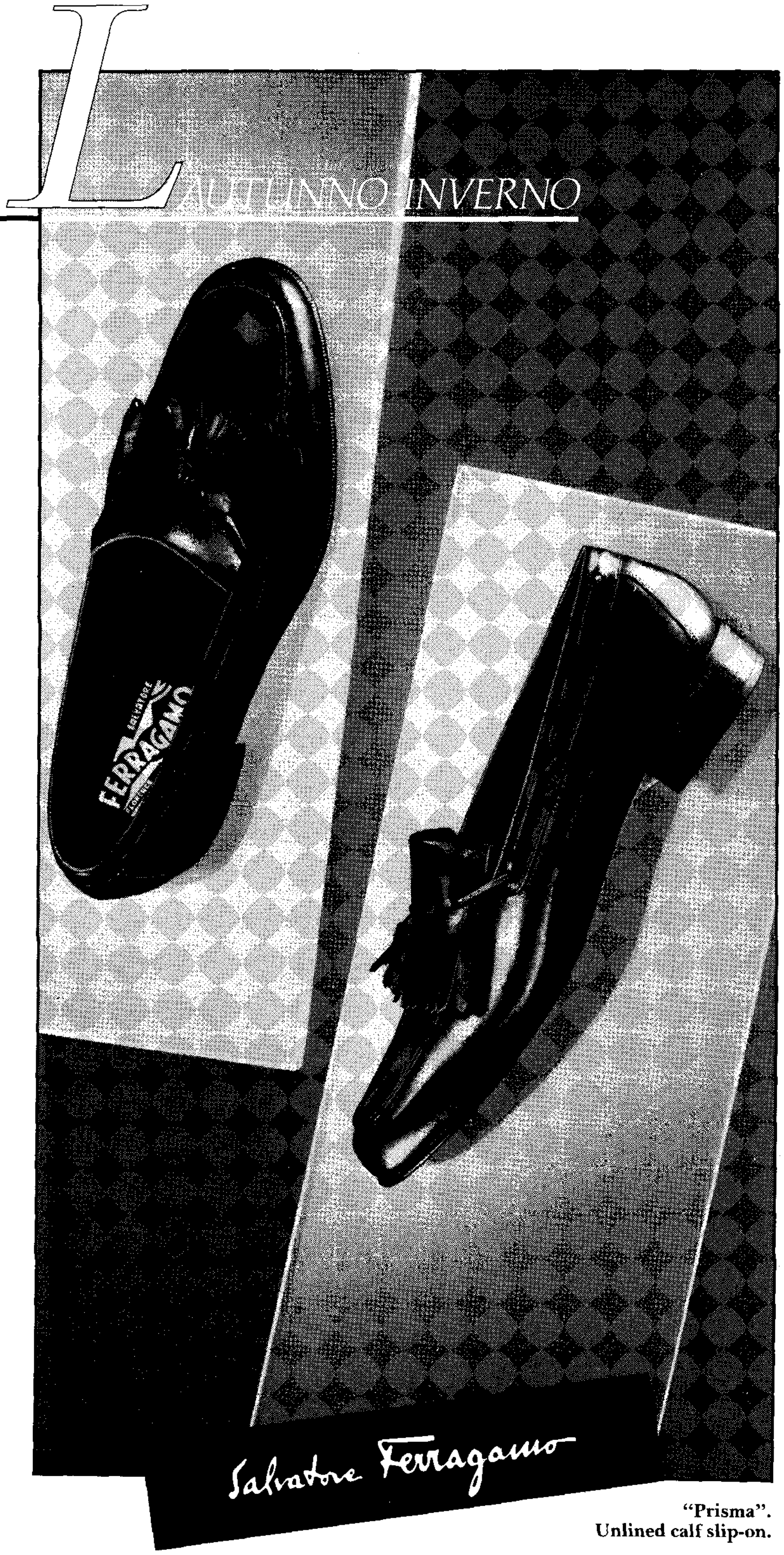
But the most important thing about Ferraro's press conference today was that she came off well: she took questions for nearly two hours (this was a deliberate strategy—she would sit there as long as the reporters had questions), with dignity, strength, good humor, apparent candor, and a lack of self-pity. Her argument for checking off the exemption was that once she entered Congress she wanted to keep her and her husband's financial affairs separate, and that she had become an officer in her husband's real-estate company, P. Zaccaro Company, in 1971, at the request of her husband, after his brother and father had died, so that someone could take over the business in case anything happened to him. (She also said that though she had received a small amount of income from it, and owned one-third of its stock, she never had any authority in the company; and she said that she would remove herself as an officer and as a stockholder, and hoped that her older daughter would take her place. The company is a real-estate-management company; Zaccaro's real-estate transactions are conducted through other companies.) She argued that the point of the ethics form is to ascertain whether there is any conflict of interest, and that there had not been any. Her case that she was entitled to check off the exemption was not entirely convincing to a lot of neutral observers, but neither did it seem that she had done it through any willful intent to deceive. (Some other members of Congress take the exemption, and several did not answer the question of whether they were entitled to the exemption at all.) Ferraro said today that she had not known until recently, after her husband's finances were reviewed by the Mondale people, about her husband's borrowing from the woman's estate, or about his having purchased the share of the building she had sold in order to pay back the campaign loans. (She said that her husband had told her this was legal, and that she had replied, "Sure it was, but it doesn't look so hot.") The picture that emerged was of some questionable judgment calls, less than tidy business practices on the part of her husband, and a rather poor choice of an accountant in the past—but not of venality or deliberate deception. And though the Zaccaros are wealthy—their net worth is estimated at about four million dollars—his business is not on a grand scale. (Most of his properties are in Little Italy and Chi-



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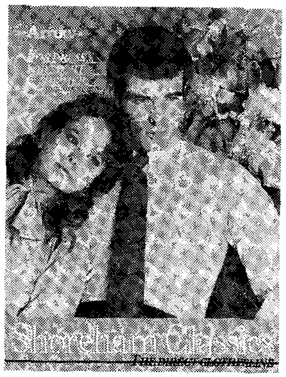

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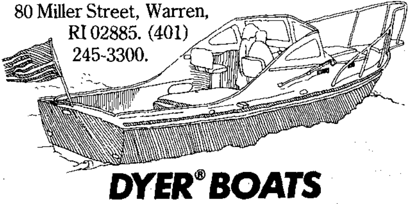

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natown.) One of the complications in all this—aside from the complications the Zaccaros brought on themselves—is that when a woman enters national politics the husband may be the main income earner, and in this case the husband's business was, even under the best of circumstances, a complicated one. Barring any further damaging disclosures—which could be all the more devastating, since Ferraro made so much of the thoroughness of the information that was being released (she said it was the most comprehensive disclosure ever made by an office-seeker)—Ferraro seems to have got through the worst of her crisis. Some investigative reporting will still go on, and some Republicans will still milk what they can from the situation—and there is no question that the whole episode, even if it gets no worse, has been costly to the Mondale ticket.

AUGUST 22

WEDNESDAY. Reagan arrived in town today and was greeted by a tumultuous, and meticulously planned, welcome at the Loews Anatole Hotel. (Before Reagan's arrival, Mrs. Reagan attended a luncheon given by Republican women in her honor; the featured entertainer, at Mrs. Reagan's invitation, was Joan Rivers, who regaled the group with off-color jokes.) At Reagan's arrival ceremony, the packed atrium in which he stood magnified the sound of the cheers, and on the fourteen floors above him hand-lettered placards and bedsheets were hung from the railings. Behind him was an enormous American flag, and a large sign with the theme that the Reagan campaign has finally arrived at: "Bringing America Back. Prouder, Stronger, and Better." Arriving at this slogan took much doing, and was the result of a great deal of discussion and polling. Reagan has done his share of trying to appeal to various interest groups—Catholics, farmers, Hispanics, blue-collar workers, and so on (though somehow this kind of politicking doesn't get tied to Reagan)—but his campaign struggled before it came up with a central message. Robert Teeter says, "This is a central-message campaign—a big-issue campaign. We're not going to be arguing about housing and mass transit. This campaign is going to be about the changes Ronald Reagan has made and the future direction of this country." Teeter adds, "This campaign is a referendum on Ronald Reagan." A

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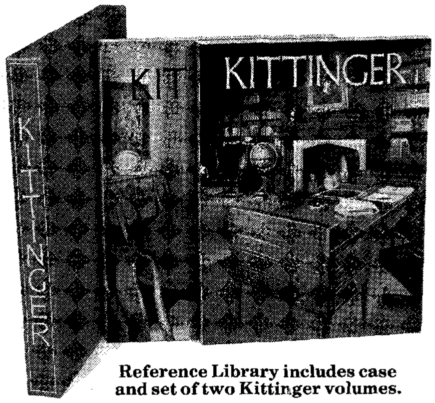

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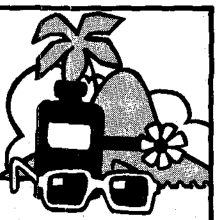

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poll taken for the Republicans recently indicated that people believe Reagan has made some changes that needed to be made. This and other polling helped the Reagan people arrive at the theme.

Reagan looked cheerful and well pleased with his welcome, which he praised as "a Texas-sized welcome." He also praised the Dallas Cowboys. Tom Landry, the Cowboys' coach, and two Cowboy stars were seated with Reagan on the platform; Landry, one of Texas' heroes, has endorsed Reagan. In brief remarks, Reagan seemed to be trying to put a somewhat more positive tone on the week, saying that "by the time this Convention ends, the Republican Party will be on its way to being America's Party." He said, "Now, our opponents haven't had an easy time with our success. They've come up with an antidote—bring back the Carter-Mondale Administration." After the crowd shouted, "No," and booed, he continued, "We Republicans want to keep going forward." He said, "Our goal is to build an opportunity society for every man, woman, and child," and added that "G.O.P. doesn't just stand for Grand Old Party; it also stands for Grand Opportunity Party." And he said, "I happen to believe that helping people climb higher and make it on their own is a darned sight more progressive than keeping them down and dependent on government for the rest of their lives." He compared the Democrats as "the party of tax and tax and spend and spend" to the Republicans as "the party of growth and growth and jobs and jobs." Then, adhering himself to the Olympics once again, Reagan said, "Let's take our cue from our Olympic athletes. . . . Rather than raise taxes, let us challenge America in the next seventy-six days to raise her sights . . . Let's go for growth, and let's go for the gold."

The philosophical divide between the Democrats and the Republicans seems to have widened since this Convention began—even despite the fact that the Democrats have tried to move toward the center. Republicans, even Reagan Republicans, used to refer at least to the fact that there were some in this country who needed help, and Reagan used to talk about the need to provide a "social safety net" for those who needed help. But the overwhelming theme that has been coming through here is: You're on your own. The corollary to this is: We'll cut taxes and cut spending, and there will be growth and everything will be fine. A parallel theme is that military strength is an end in itself, resolving all international problems; I do not believe that I have heard the word "diplomacy" here all week—not even from the Ambassador to the United Nations—or any suggestion that international questions might be complicated.

Tonight at the Convention, a totally liberated Barry Goldwater repeats the line from his 1964 acceptance speech which was considered so shocking at the time and was believed to have helped doom his campaign: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." Though Goldwater is credited with having founded the movement that is now supreme within the Republican Party (he may have been as much its instrument as its founder), the Party did go back to the mainstream after his defeat. But the Goldwater movement showed the promise of grass-roots activism, and the vulnerability of the establishment. And Reagan got his start in national politics through a television speech on behalf of Goldwater's candidacy. Yet Goldwater does not agree with some of the directions the movement has taken: he is a fiscal conservative and a libertarian—he has often spoken out against the social agenda. Goldwater, who is a courtly man, now utters one of the roughest litanies of the week: "Every war in this century began and was fought under Democrat Administrations." Going even further than Robert Dole did when he debated Mondale in 1976 and was criticized for taking a similar tack, Goldwater names each war, from the First World War through Vietnam, and the Democratic Presidents, from Woodrow Wilson through Lyndon Johnson, who were in office when they began. (Other speakers, earlier in the week, had praised Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson for being more willing to exercise a forceful foreign policy than the current Democrats seem to be.) Referring to Americans' reaction to the Olympics, he says, "Don't you Democrat leaders try to tell me that Americans don't love and honor America." Then, referring to Reagan and summoning up his own 1964 campaign slogan, Goldwater says, "In your hearts, you know he's right." Goldwater is cheered, but not thunderously. Still, the Convention seems

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to have come more to life; Reagan's arrival appears to have given it a lift, and now the grand old man of the movement has joined his followers and their political descendants in mutual vindication.

Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, the President's close friend and the general chairman of the Reagan campaign, says some unusual things in his speech nominating Reagan. Laxalt, who is also a courtly man, says, "President Carter and his handpicked Vice-President—Walter Mondale—had this nation on its knees." Like the speakers before him, he says that Reagan has restored confidence, but then he goes back to attacking the Democratic Party and Mondale, and, in an odd turn, even takes on New York Governor Mario Cuomo for having recently got into an important debate with Archbishop John J. O'Connor over the proper role of the Church in politics. (Cuomo criticized Archbishop O'Connor for saying that he did not see how Catholics "in good conscience can vote for a candidate who explicitly supports abortion." Cuomo said that it was not the role of the Church to tell people whom to vote for, and Archbishop O'Connor later said that he was not telling Catholics how to vote.) Laxalt says, "You know, I can't help but wonder what's happened to the once great Democratic Party when the Democratic Governor of New York goes out of his way to attack the Catholic Archbishop of New York." And he adds, "Shame on you, Mario Cuomo!" Laxalt has taken one of the most sensitive issues around and turned it to partisan ends. (The White House, it is to be remembered, wrote or cleared just about all the speeches given this week.) Laxalt says, "The Democratic leaders have now made their party the Party of the left . . . The once great Democratic Party is now the home of the special interests, the social-welfare complex, the anti-defense lobby, and the glitter-set, lighter-than-air liberals—and it's getting worse every year." The Democrats, he says, "will raise your taxes and then they're going to forget all about reducing the deficit and go right back to paying off the special-interest groups and bigger and bigger and more and more wasteful federal programs." Laxalt says that the choice in November is "between Walter Mondale's fear of the future and Ronald Reagan's enduring, consistent optimism." Mondale's—and other Democrats'—attempt to make the case in

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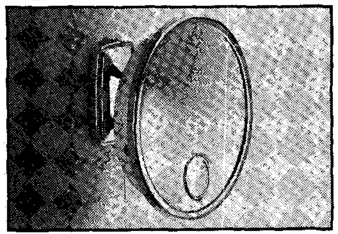

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San Francisco that economic and other problems lie ahead is being portrayed by speaker after speaker here as "doomsaying." Mondale's attempt to say that we must "face facts" is being derided here as "pessimism." Here there are no worries about the deficit or Central American policy or the arms race. The dichotomy, as it is defined here, is clear: Mondale is the Bad News Man and Reagan is the Good News Man. And so is the choice: Whom would you prefer as President?

Laxalt praises Reagan for offering leadership, character, optimism, and compassion. He praises him for having the courage to go on television in China and "tell the Chinese people, in plain language, that our system of self-government was better than theirs." (The Chinese censored those remarks, but Reagan's aides did not go to great pains to deny the suggestion that they were really aimed at the American audience.) He praises Reagan for his courage in proceeding with the attack on Grenada. He praises him for refusing to see Jesse Jackson after Jackson's trip to Central America and Cuba. He cites criticisms of Mondale that were made by Glenn ("Mondale has just promised everything to everybody"), Hart ("Mondale's mush—he's weak"), and Fritz Hollings ("Mondale is a good lapdog. He'll give them everything they want"). He turns the arms-control argument around by saying, "If anyone listening or watching tonight believes that we must at all costs have an arms treaty with the Soviets, no matter how unverifiable or irresponsible—I urge you to vote for Ronald Reagan's opponent." And then, perhaps inevitably, he says, "We've all witnessed what's happened to Bert Lance and Geraldine Ferraro these past few days." And he continues, "Let me ask—if Walter Mondale can't even run his own campaign, how in the world can we expect him to negotiate successfully with the Soviets?"

As the evening proceeds, Reagan and Bush are seen on television sitting together watching the Convention on television, both men tieless and with shirts open at the collar. There remains a certain joylessness in what ought to be a joyous Convention. Perhaps it is all the negative rhetoric, which can give the audience some kicks but doesn't lift the spirits. Perhaps it's the sameness of the rhetoric. Perhaps it's because the former outs are in, and confident, and there is little

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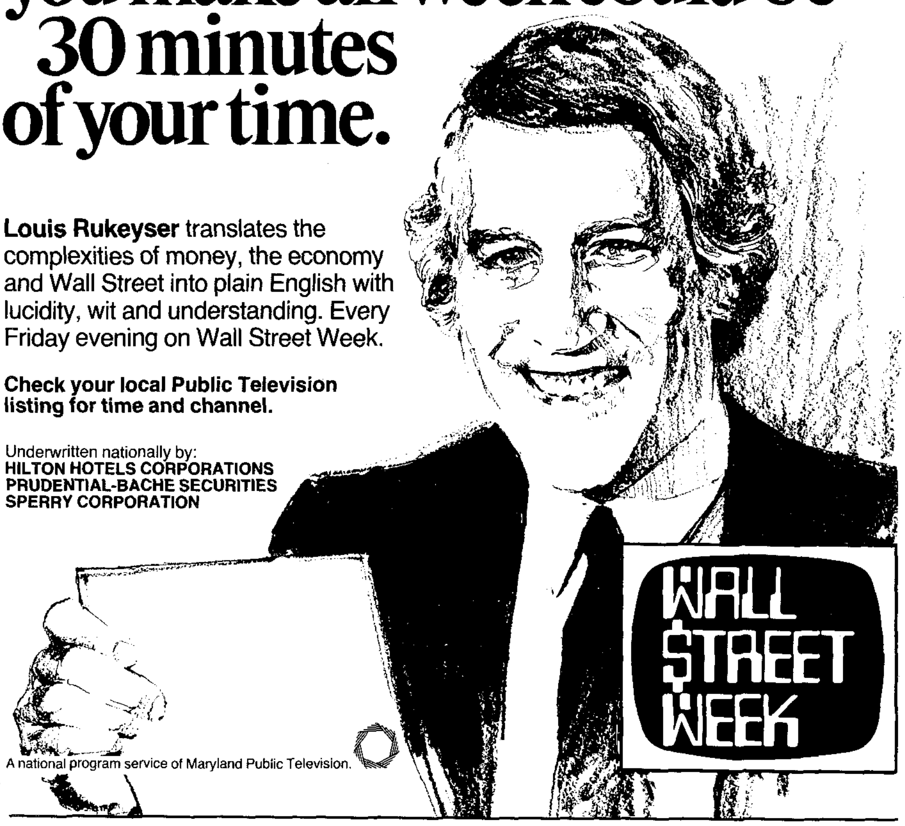

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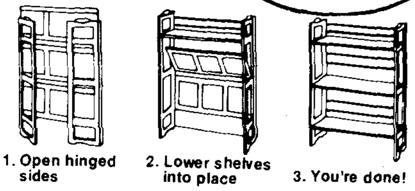

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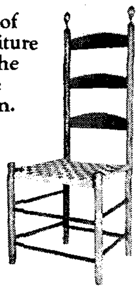

to get worked up about. The Convention gives off an air of complacency—and even a certain unpleasantness. The Democrats took their shots at Reagan, and went after his record hard, but they also talked of other things. This Convention seems to have turned into a contest as to who can slug the Democrats the hardest. One Reagan adviser tells me that he is concerned about not only the amount of attacking of Carter, and, through him, Mondale, that is going on here but also the nature of it. He says he thinks that the message has to be more subtle. He adds, “There's a lot of sympathy for Carter in this country—a lot more than we thought.” He says, “And a lot of people say Mondale was just the Vice-President and he can't be blamed for everything.” And there is something else that seems to have happened here: patriotism as a theme has slid over into a kind of nationalism, and even, on occasion, jingoism. What should be celebratory has taken on a slightly ugly tone. It's fun to think about America as a kind of athletic team beating the world—and a little dangerous.

Late this evening, Reagan and Bush were overwhelmingly renominated (jointly, on a single ballot)—with only two abstentions and with one vote each for Kemp and Kirkpatrick for Vice-President.

AUGUST 23

THURSDAY. This morning, at a prayer breakfast, Reagan went further than ever in asserting the role of religion in politics. (Reagan himself does not attend church; his aides say that this is because he does not want the security precautions taken for him to disturb the other worshippers.) He criticized the Supreme Court for its 1962 ruling banning state-sponsored prayer in the schools, and he said of those who oppose “voluntary” prayer in the schools, “The frustrating thing is that those who are attacking religion claim they are doing it in the name of tolerance and freedom and open-mindedness,” and he continued, “Question: Isn't the real truth that they are intolerant of religion?” In March, the Senate rejected a constitutional amendment, backed by the President, that would have permitted organized, recited prayers in schools. Eighteen Republicans joined twenty-six Democrats in voting against the amendment. The Senate also rejected an amendment allowing for silent prayer. While any of these prayers would presumably be “voluntary,” many senators worried that allowing them would bring pressures on schoolchildren who did not subscribe to the prayers. (One senator who argued strenuously against these amendments was John Danforth, Republican of Missouri, an ordained Episcopal minister.) More recently, the House voted overwhelmingly to allow for a moment of silent prayer in public schools, after defeating a Republican-sponsored proposal to allow spoken prayers (there was some division of opinion over whether this changed the status quo), and, also recently, both chambers approved a bill to allow students to hold religious meetings before or after school hours. The whole question of the proper role of religion in public life has taken on an unprecedented dimension, as certain religious leaders press for more involvement, certain politicians join in, or exploit, this pressure, and other politicians struggle against what they see as a tide—and find it increasingly hard to resist. (Though Reagan has continued to call for tuition tax credits for parents who send their children to private schools, the Republican-led Senate rejected the idea last year, and it has not been brought up again this year.) Reagan, in his speech this morning, dove right in—distorting history and questioning the morality of those who believe that religion and politics should be kept separate. He said, “The truth is, politics and morality are inseparable. And as morality's foundation is religion, religion and politics are necessarily related. We need religion as a guide.” Whose religion he did not say, though he is careful to pay homage to all religions from time to time. He turned around the history of John Kennedy's emphasizing that he would separate his religion from his Presidency by saying that in those days certain religious questions—abortion, school prayer—were not issues. “The right of church schools to operate was not a political issue,” he said. (Is it one now?) So some of those whom Kennedy had to assure, and their like-minded allies, and the President of the United States, who have helped fan those issues, are now saying that religion and government should be joined. In a veiled reference to Cuomo, Reagan said that in Kennedy's day religious leaders “held a place of respect and a politician who spoke to or of them with a lack of respect would not long survive in the political arena.” He said, “We poison our society when we remove its theological underpinnings"—which theological underpinnings he did not say. But Reagan may be underestimating the concern that this sort of speech could cause, and underestimating the divisiveness of it.

TONIGHT, Bush's acceptance speech is politely received. It's not just a question of politics: Bush is not a compelling speaker in a situation like this. His voice is nasal, and cannot fill a hall; Bush cannot belt it out. At times, he does receive warm applause —especially when he goes after the Democrats. He calls the Democrats the Party of "tax and spend, tax and spend," and refers to the Convention hall in San Francisco, as he has before, as a "temple of doom." He says, "Mr. Mondale calls [his] promise to raise taxes an act of courage. But it wasn't courage, it was just habit." He says, "The message the American people got from San Francisco was 'We'll raise your taxes.' " And he continues, "Our message from Dallas is: The American people want less spending and less regulation, not more taxes." He calls for the constitutional amendment mandating a balanced budget which Reagan has proposed and the platform has endorsed. In a reference to Jackson, he reminds the audience of "that speaker in San Francisco last month exhorting his fellow-Democrats with the cry 'Our time has come; our time has come.' " Then, addressing those he refers to as "the tax raisers, the free-spenders, the excess regulators, the government-knows-best handwringers, those who would promise every special-interest group everything," he says, "Your time has passed." He takes swipes at Jimmy Carter and Tip O'Neill, and says that, under Reagan, "forgotten is the Carter-Mondale era of vacillation, of weakness, of lecturing to our friends, then letting them down." He praises Reagan's record and cites more of Glenn's, Hart's, and Hollings' criticisms of Mondale. He says, "And I don't care what Walter Mondale and Tip O'Neill say about it, Grenada was a turning point for democracy in this hemisphere and a proud moment in the history of this country." This gets big cheers. (This morning's Dallas *Times Herald* had a banner story headlined "GRENADA VOTERS MAY UNDO U.S. INVASION." The story says, "As the unelected interim government that has ruled Grenada since October moves toward setting a date for elections to replace the Marxist regime

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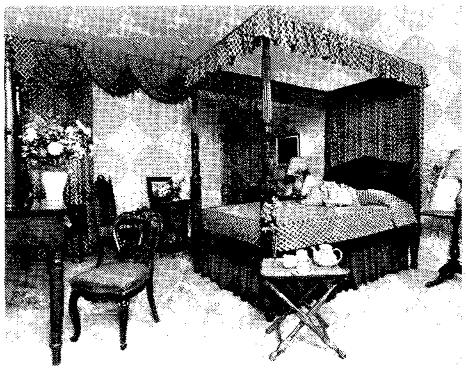

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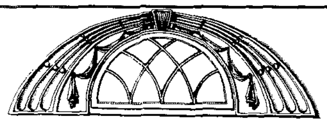

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deposed by the invasion, Grenadians and U.S. officials fear that the balloting may merely reinstate one of the extremist parties associated with the political turmoil of the past decade." It says that the Grenadian Hotel Association, among others, has asked for a postponement of the election.) Bush ends on an upbeat note; he quotes from President Eisenhower's second Inaugural Address (there has been little talk of Eisenhower here this week), and concludes, "May we continue to move forward in the next four years, on the high road to peace, prosperity, and opportunity, united behind a great American President, Ronald Reagan." Tonight, the delegates are holding red-and-blue placards that say "Reagan/Bush," and by the time Bush finishes the aisles of the hall have been filled by young people getting ready to put on a demonstration for Reagan. They don't seem very excited—just there to do a job.

Reagan's speech is preceded by an eighteen-minute film, over which much fuss was made this week between the Reagan-Bush committee and the networks—which expressed some concern about running a free advertisement. In the end, NBC ran the film, and ABC and CBS ran excerpts from it. It is, as is to be expected, a slick production, some of it carrying scenes that appeared in Reagan ads run earlier this year: bucolic scenes of families hugging each other and the like. Reagan narrates much of the film—sounding relaxed and folksy. Like most political commercials, it has people in the street ostensibly spontaneously praising Reagan. It shows Reagan at a church service with the troops in Korea, Reagan in China, Reagan at Normandy—all scenes we knew at the time were being filmed for campaign use. Reagan talks of his having been shot, and we see scenes of it, and he retells one of the one-liners that he got off at the time (that he had told the doctors he hoped they were Republicans). Reagan squirrels away his good lines and uses them again and again—like a performer who knows which lines work. In the film, he says, as he has said before, that the late Cardinal Cooke, when he came to see him during his recuperation, had told him that "God must have been sitting on my shoulder," and he adds, as he has before, "I told him that 'whatever time I've got left, it now belongs to someone else.' " (The audience in the Convention hall applauds.) Sometimes Reagan transfers his lines to another role: in the film, while we see him stroll with Mrs. Reagan past the graves at Normandy, Reagan asks, "Where do we find such men?" In the 1976 campaign, Reagan used this exact line—in that case, as one that he asked Mrs. Reagan after they had entertained some former Vietnam War P.O.W.s at the Governor's mansion in California. (He also gave the same answer. "The answer came almost as quickly as I'd asked the question: Where we've always found them in this country—on the farms, the shops, the stores, and the offices." The film is brilliantly manipulative, which is what it is intended to be. We see scenes of Reagan at the ranch, looking robust and great. He says that a lot of people asked him whether he really wanted to serve in the Presidency for another four years rather than enjoy life at the ranch, and he says, "There are so many things that remain to be done."

As Reagan comes to the podium, there is, of course, a great deal of cheering, but there is no particular frenzy—not the excitement one would expect. Many of the young demonstrators wave their placards up and down expressionlessly. Reagan, who must know that this demonstration has been planned, modestly acknowledges it and acts as if he can't stop it and get on with his speech. From time to time, the crowd shouts, "Four more years," and gets to what might be described as a modified frenzy—but not nearly the excitement shown at the Convention in Detroit four years ago.

Reagan's speech is a surprise. One would have expected it to be Reagan at his best—upbeat and optimistic, vivid and gracious, and reaching out—and to offer a vision of the future. For months, his aides had been saying that Reagan would offer his own vision of the future, and Mondale had laid down the challenge for him to do so. But the first part of Reagan's speech—the great bulk of it, in fact—consists of an attack on the Democrats and a statistic-ridden defense of his own record. I was told today that there was quite an argument among the President's advisers about this speech, and that this was the tone the President wanted to strike. The Democrats, it seemed, got under his skin during their Convention—perhaps Reagan's equanimity is not so great as we have been led to think. He had always been a tough partisan campaigner; a striking change of tone occurred in his acceptance speech four years ago. Tonight, Reagan sounds more like the insurgent again; perhaps it is the role he is really most comfortable with. He attacks the Democrats for trying to "change their colors" in San Francisco, and says, "We didn't discover our values in a poll taken a week before the Convention. And we didn't set a weathervane on top of the Golden Gate Bridge before we started talking about the American family." (Mario Cuomo and Mondale had been talking about the family for some time, but Reagan might not be aware of this—and his resentment of the Democrats' trying to make off with his themes is clear.) He says that the choice this year is "between two different visions of the future, two fundamentally different ways of governing—their government of pessimism, fear, and limits, or ours of hope, confidence, and growth." He invites the audience to take the Democrats "on a little stroll down memory lane," and he attacks the Carter Administration's record. He says that the inflation during the Carter Administration "was a deliberate part of their official economic policy." (The inflation was obviously not deliberate policy. It resulted from a miscalculation at the beginning of the Carter Administration: an effort to overcome the Ford recession, through tax cuts, led to an overheating of the economy, and this was exacerbated by high oil prices and by high food prices as the result of a drought. In 1979, Carter appointed Paul Volcker to the Fed, to get confidence in the economy back, and inflation down. Volcker instituted a monetarist policy that led to high interest rates. Thus, it was Carter's misfortune, and miscalculation, that he didn't take his recession at the beginning, as some advised him to, and get it over with, and so he had a recession in an election year. Reagan, intentionally or not, did things the other way around. There are in fact statistics indicating that over-all economic growth during the Carter years was about as high as it has been in the Reagan years. But timing can be everything in politics.) Now, in his speech, Reagan attacks the Democrats for having raised Social Security taxes—a measure taken to shore up the Social Security system—and seems to overlook that Social Security taxes were raised during his Administration as well.

Reagan says that "for the twenty-six years prior to January of 1981 the

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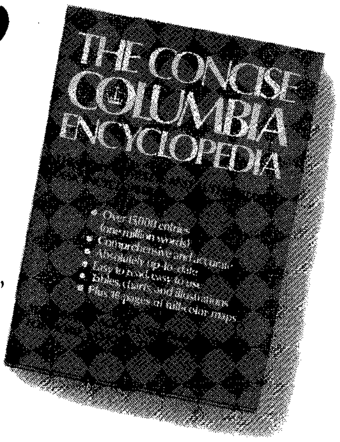

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opposition party controlled both houses of Congress," and "every spending bill and every tax for more than a quarter of a century has been of their doing." (The Republican Presidents of that period were presumably elsewhere.) He says that "by nearly every measure the position of poor Americans worsened under the leadership of our opponents"—and he cites teen-age drug use and crime, and even out-of-wedlock births. He says that the largest increase in the poverty rate took place between 1978 and 1981, and that that increase has been dropping in his Administration. (Reagan gets at this claim through an imaginative use of statistics, and in any event the poverty *rate*—the percentage of the population below the poverty line—has been higher in the Reagan years than in the Carter years. Inflation did hurt the poor during the Carter years, but during the Reagan years the poor are receiving fewer benefits.) He says that "1983 was the first year since 1978 that there was no appreciable increase in poverty at all." (The increase was nine hundred thousand people, despite the economic recovery.) Reagan says, "Pouring hundreds of billions of dollars into programs in order to make people worse off was irrational and unfair." He is beginning to sound increasingly like the Reagan who went around the country in the fifties and early sixties, after his movie career had foundered, making conservative speeches for General Electric—increasingly like the ideologue of his earlier Presidential campaigns. The soothing unifier has gone offstage.

"In the four years before we took office," Reagan says, "country after country fell under the Soviet yoke." And he says, as he often says, that under his Administration "not one inch of soil has fallen to the Communists." He is cheered for this, but the cheering has been neither very frequent nor very enthusiastic. He says, "America is on the move again, and expanding toward new areas of opportunity for everyone." He says, as he often has in campaigns past, "None of the four wars in my lifetime came about because we were too strong." It has never been clear what he meant by this. He refers to Grenada and to "Democratic candidates [who] have suggested that this could be likened to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan." He says, "Today our combat troops have come home, our students are safe, and freedom is all we left behind in Grenada." He returns to the attack on the Democrats for spending. (Now he says that they have controlled both houses of Congress for forty-two of the last fifty years.) He attacks them for not passing a constitutional amendment mandating a balanced budget. (Even a number of Republicans are unenthusiastic about this idea, knowing that it has nothing to do with taking real steps to get the budget deficit down.) He attacks Mondale's record and says, "Was anyone surprised by his pledge to raise your taxes next year?"

The audience boos and hisses as Reagan continues attacking Mondale's record in the Senate, citing specific votes. This is not a very Presidential speech. It is as if Reagan got out of the hands of his trainers. He says, "If our opponents were as vigorous in supporting our voluntary-prayer amendment as they are in raising taxes, maybe we could get the Lord back in our schoolrooms and drugs and violence out." This is what is known as "vintage Reagan." (In his 1980 nomination campaign, he said, "If we can get the federal government out of the classroom, maybe we can get God back in.") He attacks the House Democratic leadership for holding up an anti-crime bill. (The House Judiciary Committee is concerned about provisions limiting defendants' rights. Reagan is making crime one of his big issues this year, and it obviously is one on people's minds, though it is also the case that most of the crimes people are concerned about do not come under the jurisdiction of the federal government.) He calls again for tuition tax credits. He says that the Democrats' "new realism"—a term Mondale used in San Francisco—is just "old liberalism." In one of the few passages in which he says what he is for, he says, "Our tax policies are and will remain pro-work, pro-growth, and pro-family," and, as he did in his State of the Union address this year, he promises a simplified tax system (a plan that is to be offered after the election). He says that the system will bring the tax rates of every American down, and that if this occurs growth will continue and the underground economy will shrink, and he continues, "The world will beat a path to our door." He adds, "No one will be able to hold America back; and the

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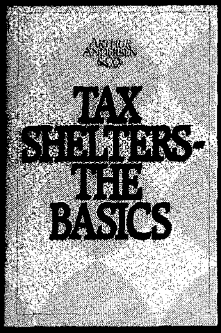
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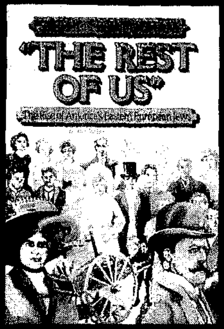
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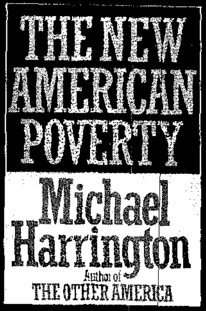
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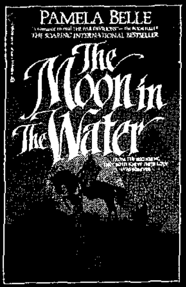
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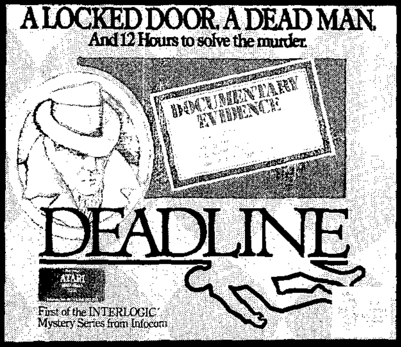
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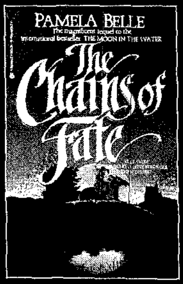
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future will be ours." As the crowds at the Olympics did, the crowd here tonight now chants, "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" This is the new tone.

Reagan briefly refers to arms control and asks the Soviets, "who have walked out of our negotiations," to "join us in reducing and, yes, ridding the earth of this awful threat." He is applauded mildly. He asks the audience whether it doubts that the Democrats would do various bad things if they won in November ("send inflation into orbit again," "raise interest rates," "make unilateral and unwise concessions to the Soviet Union")—to all of which the audience, of course, shouts, "No." And when he adds, "And they'll do all that in the name of compassion," the audience boos and hisses. This is not a very pleasant, or happy, scene. Reagan reminds the audience, "In 1980, we asked the people of America: Are you better off than you were four years ago?" and he says, "We have every reason now, four years later, to ask that same question again, for we have made a change, and the American people joined and helped us." He points out that he began his political life as a Democrat, and says that he voted for Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 because the Democrats called that year for a reduction in the cost and size of government. (In his 1980 acceptance speech, he cited those parts of Roosevelt's first acceptance speech which called for the elimination of unnecessary government functions—but not those parts of it which called for an expansion of government activity.) He continues, "As the years went by and those promises were forgotten, did I leave the Democratic Party, or did the leadership of that Party leave not just me but millions of patriotic Democrats who believed in the principles and philosophy of that platform?" In other speeches, he has talked, movingly, of how the New Deal helped his father get through the Depression. Actually, Reagan left the Democratic Party and registered as a Republican in 1962, when some California Republicans approached him and asked him to campaign for the Party, and his earlier turn to conservatism has been ascribed to, among other things, his objection to the high tax rates after the Second World War—a time when Reagan was earning a good income in the movies. There are a lot of old Reagan lines in here: "Four years ago we raised a banner of bold colors—no pale pastels." (I heard Reagan use this line in 1976.) "We proclaimed a dream of an America that would be a 'shining city on a hill.' " Once again, he praises his record. Finally, he gets to his peroration. Now his coöption of the Olympics is complete. He says, "Holding the Olympic Games here in the United States began defining the promise of this season." (The decision to hold the Games here had nothing to do with him, of course.) The audience again chants, "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" And then he goes through a long, vivid tracing of the path of the Olympic torch across the country, telling little anecdotes. ("There was Ansel Stubbs, a youngster of ninety-nine, who passed the torch in Kansas to four-year-old Katie Johnson. . . . In Richardson, Texas, it was carried by a fourteen-year-old boy in a special wheelchair.") What this has to do with him, or his plans for the future, is not clear, and the feel of what he was trying to get across is undercut by the audience's reaction—each state's delegation cheers when its state is mentioned.

Reagan ends on a note more typical of his more uplifting, and more successful, rhetoric. Referring to the Statue of Liberty, which he has linked to the Olympic torch, he says, "The glistening hope of that lamp is still ours. Every promise, every opportunity is still golden in this land." America, he says, "will carry on in the eighties unafraid, unashamed, and unsurpassed." He concludes, "In this springtime of hope, some lights seem eternal. America's is. Thank you, God bless you, and God bless America." He is cheered, but not passionately. Nancy Reagan and the Bushes join him at the podium. Now a large flag has dropped behind them, and red balloons drop from the ceiling and white balloons rise from the floor (no blue balloons tonight). Some shimmering plastic confetti is dropped (this is a "Mylar drop") amid a play of lights. (One of the tunes played during this demonstration is "Happy Days Are Here Again.") Some of the delegates are carrying small plastic American flags, like the ones at the Democratic Convention, and some wave them slowly—but no big thing is made of this here. Now Ray Charles sings his own version of "America the Beautiful." Then, after Reverend Criswell gives the benediction, asking God to "bless our President and our Vice-President," and reciting a paraphrase of "God Bless America," Vikki Carr leads the audience in singing "God Bless America." —ELIZABETH DREW

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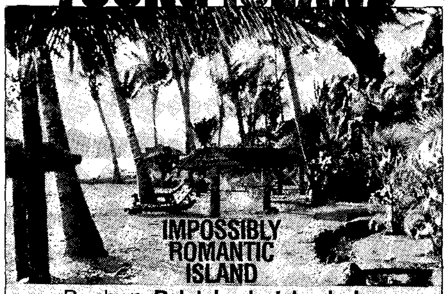

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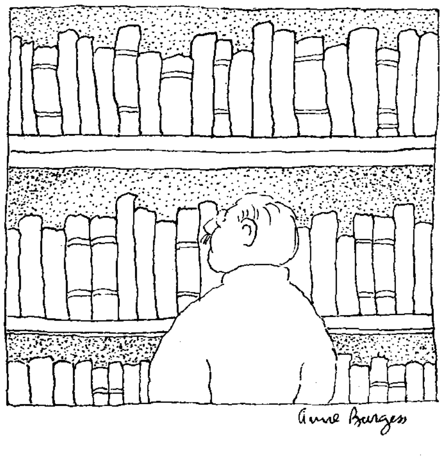
Modernist, Postmodernist, What Will They Think of Next?

JOHN BARTH, than whom there is no more aplomb-filled and equable theorist among contemporary practitioners of American fiction, five years ago tackled, in an address entitled "The Literature of Replenishment," the super-delicate distinctions between modernism, postmodernism, premodernism, and none of the above. John Hawkes, for example, came out as "fine late modernism," "most of" Saul Bellow as "comparatively *pre*-modernist," Gertrude Stein and William Faulkner, among Americans, as unimpeachably "great modernists," and Barth himself, along with Donald Barthelme, Robert Coover, Stanley Elkin, Thomas Pynchon, and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., as bona-fide postmodernists. To this last club, women and British need not apply, being evidently incorrigibly concerned with "the eloquent issuance of what Richard Locke has called 'secular news reports.' " So, whatever postmodernism is, it is not secular news reports. Nor is it, one may hazard, sacred news reports. It is not, really, news reports at all; it is, if I understand Professor Barth's paraphrase of several other professors, a kind of cartoon-cat version of modernism—the cat keeps running even though he has only air beneath him. Modernism's "self-consciousness and self-reflexiveness" keep "performing," but in a "spirit . . . of anarchy." The "anti-rationalist, anti-realist, anti-bourgeois program of modernism" is carried on, but without "a solid adversary," the bourgeois "having now co-opted the trappings of modernism and turned its defiant principles into mass-media kitsch." This may not be a totally bad thing, Mr. Barth concludes, since the postmodernist writer can now honorably appeal to a somewhat larger, more democratic audience than did the embattled hard-core modernists and can look back without contempt upon the nineteenth century and the novel's gnarled old roots in "middle-class popular culture." Mr. Barth cites, as both significantly appealing and adventurous, Italo Calvino and Gabriel García Márquez; he might add Umberto Eco were he giving the speech now.

Such literary labelling is innocent fun, and helps not only us but, more to the point, college English majors to get a grip on things. Mr. Barth takes it no more seriously than he should. Categorization in these matters, of course, tends to excuse us from confronting each author in his or her intricate individuality, and to enlist artists in phantom armies—the modernists, for example, doing battle in a body with something called "the bourgeoisie." But who were their patrons and early readers but bourgeoisie? From whence were they recruited but from bourgeois families? To what did they aspire, these artists, by and large, but bourgeois comforts and the dignity of bourgeois craftsmen? And was modernism, with its extensive reclamations of lived life, life freed from clichés of morality and artistic convention, really empty of "secular news"? Residents of Dublin saw in "Ulysses" all too much local news. Don't even Mr. Barth's anfractuous exercises in postmodernism tell us, amid their many self-reflexive turns, a great deal about at least academic life in America, not to mention Maryland marsh fauna? And what does one do with a writer like Hemingway, so impeccably modernist in his short stories and so grossly popular as a novelist and cultural personality? He is, in Mr. Barth's consideration of modernism and its aftermath, simply omitted, without even a "Terra Incognita" to mark his spot on the map of twentieth-century letters. Writers have awkwardly long lives, while artistic fashion swings in ever-quickening arcs, each swing needing a marketable label. I myself doubt whether "postmodernist" will acquire the canonical permanence of "Post-Impressionist" or "post-Kantian," for the reason that Impressionism and Immanuel Kant were phenomena more distinct and limited than modernism was. We still live in modern (from the Latin *modo*, "just now") times, and so will our descendants, until the dictionary falls to dust.



TWO small books of recently published—though not recently written—short stories offer to impart some twists of specificity to these general considerations. "Marcovaldo; or, The Seasons in the City," a set of twenty linked tales by Italo Calvino (translated from the Italian by William Weaver; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95 cloth, $3.95 paper), must be postmodernist, if Calvino is all that Mr. Barth claims. And "Fancy Goods/Open All Night," by Paul Morand ($16 cloth, $7.50 paper), fairly drips with old-fashioned modernist credentials: the jacket lists New Directions as the publisher, Ezra Pound as the translator from the French, and Marcel Proust as the author of a preface.

What dark sun is this, who held such planets as Pound and Proust in his orbit? M. Morand had a long life, from 1888 to 1976, but his artistic celebrity rests upon the short stories he published in the first half of that classic modernist decade the twenties. A professional diplomat since 1912, he occupied a cosmopolitan variety of posts and served during the Second World War as minister at Bucharest and ambassador at Bern; in 1945 he was dismissed from the diplomatic service for collaboration with the Vichy government. For the same reason, his candidacy for the Académie Française was opposed and defeated, though in 1968 he was at last elected a member. As Breon Mitchell sets forth in his excellent introduction—a model of clear and brisk elucidation of a bibliographical tangle—Morand was already known as a rising young writer when Pound arrived in Paris, in 1920. Before the year was out, Pound had taken upon himself the translation of a Morand story, "La Nuit Turque," which was published, as "Turkish Night," in the September, 1921, issue of *The Dial*. Pound's "Paris Letter" in the next issue praised Morand, for "with buddhic eye contemplating the somewhat hysterical war and postwar world and rendering it with somewhat hasty justness. . . . And he has surely the first clear eye that has been able to wander about both ends of Europe looking at wreckage, and his present

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news value need not fail ultimately of historical validity." By April of 1922, Pound and Morand had agreed that Pound would translate two of Morand's collections, "Tendre Stocks" (1921) and "Ouvert la Nuit" (1922). In these first years after leaving London, then, while Pound was busily involved in such epochal middleman activities as the promotion and serial publication of "Ulysses" and the editing of Eliot's diffuse and rather foppish "Waste Land" manuscript into a masterpiece, he was also translating Morand—his most ambitious effort, ever, at prose translation. He submitted drafts of his version to the author, who knew England and English well, and to Victor Llona, a professional translator; but he took few of their suggestions where style was concerned. An agreement for the two titles was signed with the London firm of Chapman & Dodd. However, when Pound submitted "Open All Night" in June of 1922, right on schedule, Guy Chapman found the translations "quite appalling" and was confirmed by an independent reader, A. B. Walkley, who told him in August that "you certainly cannot with credit, or indeed without ridicule, publish this translation." Pound responded to Chapman's rejection with characteristic ill temper: "Your letter is an impertinent lie . . . There was no question of a verbatim translation into stenographer's pidgeon English." Pound threatened legal action, and for a final settlement of twenty-five pounds the contract was cancelled; Morand's work found other English translators, and Pound's manuscript of "Open All Night" and the rougher but completed version of "Fancy Goods" found their way, as Pound left Paris for Italy in 1924, into a trunk at the Paris office of William Bird's Three Mountains Press, for whom Pound had done some editing. In 1926, Bird sold his publishing house to Nancy Cunard; he took Pound's material with him in boxes as he moved to Chartres and then North Africa. He died in 1964, and twelve years later the boxes were finally opened, by Bird's heirs in Fairfax, Virginia. After much negotiation, the letters to Pound from his wife, Dorothy, went to their son, Omar; other manuscript material was fitted into the already extensive Pound collection at Yale; and the Lilly Library at Indiana University acquired the rest, including the Morand translations. So here at last, sixty-two years late, they are, edited by Mr. Mitchell with a nice postmodern reverence.

"Fancy Goods" contains three stories—"Clarissa," "Delphine," and "Aurora"—and "Open All Night" six: "Catalan Night," "Turkish Night," "The Roman Night," "The Six-Day Night," "Hungarian Night," and "Borealis." Each story has a woman at its center and indeed seems designed to display her, by means of a glittering succession of scenes and anecdotes that yet leave ambiguous, often, her relationship with the narrator. He, though unnamed and passive, is a continuous presence, and by virtue of his ardent voice an emphatic one. In "Fancy Goods," whose episodes take place primarily in London, during the First World War, the narrator is younger than in the stories of "Open All Night," where he has become a man-about-Europe, if not a roué. The women flit through his life like large, gorgeous, inscrutable butterflies. Some achieve unhappy ends: Remedios, a Spanish revolutionary, sets off an explosion and is arrested; Isabel, a French coquette in Rome, is found strangled; Anna, a Russian aristocrat reduced to being a waitress in Constantinople, announces her intention of spending two weeks in Paris and then committing suicide; and Zaël, a Jewish dancer in Vienna, demands to be taken back to Hungary and is kidnapped and presumably murdered there. Others simply vanish from view, like Aurora in London: "She makes a sign. Number 19 bus comes docilely to curb at her feet. She ascends the stair like a frieze unrolling itself." The writing is the thing. Whether the prose's confident oddity derives from Morand's original or from Pound's translation scarcely matters. The effect is luxurious, sharp, compressed, startling:

> The caged sun went down between tree trunks, like a red slice of beetroot. The ferryboat came into dock. Two anchors fell from its nostrils.
>
> In the street the cold came against my cheeks like the charge from a gun loaded with rock salt. I felt light as a pigeon and wholly soaked with electricity.
>
> Her eye cast forth its scrutative beam to-me-ward, and it sank in like a grappling iron.
>
> Her face, smooth as a porcelain bowl, sloped away in an even curve, holding level in its surface her two flat liquid eyes, but my memory hesitated before the softened mouth, weary at its corners and showing no pleasure in possessing its even teeth.
>
> Irritated by the lights, the chandelier wallowed like a crystal porcupine in the midst of Venetian mirrors reflecting cerise damask hangings and rococo boxes copied from Schönbrunn.
>
> The conversation is pasty. I go to the feeding room. The plates still offer a few dried sandwiches turned up at the corners like ill-stuck postage stamps; cigarette ashes, corks; the liquid level is low in the bottles; the guests' beards increase implacably. One's hands are sticky, and one's face is uncomfortable.

Such richness of imagery, so quickly folded and superimposed, feels Cubist. The issues are circled rather than

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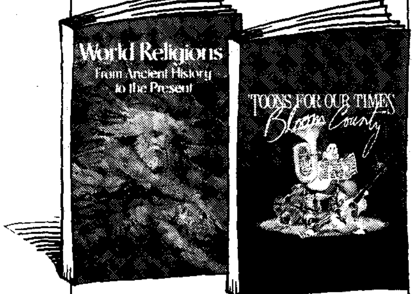
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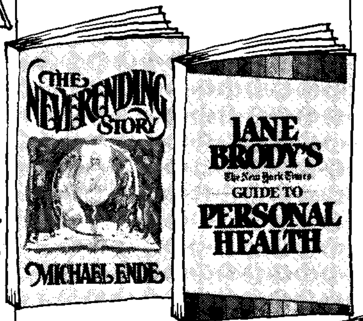
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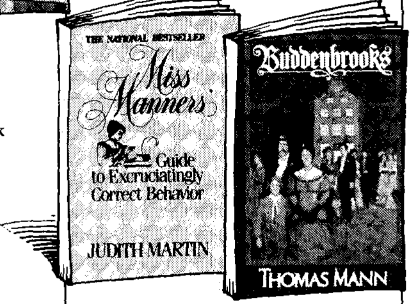
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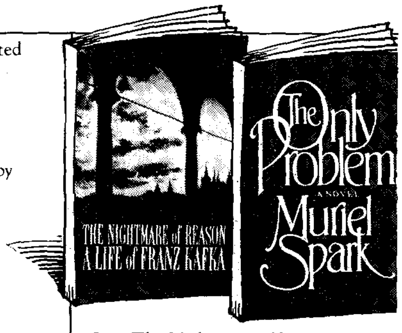
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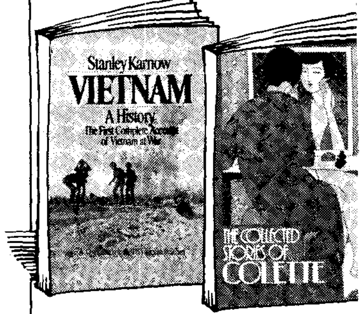
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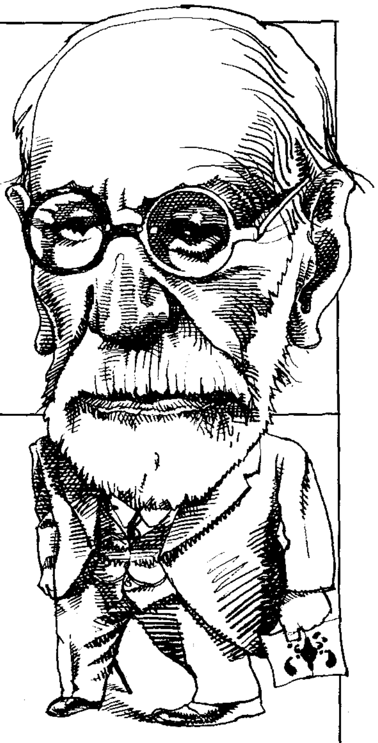

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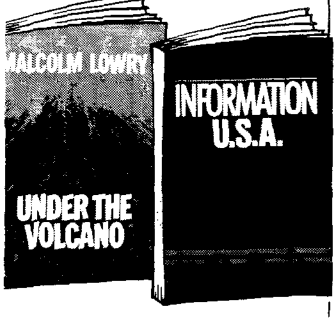

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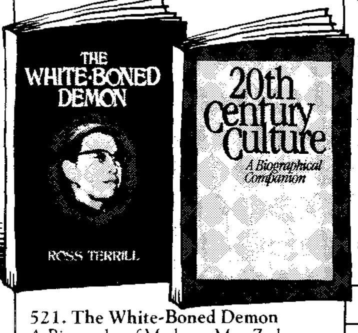

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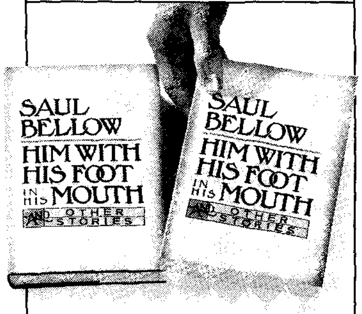

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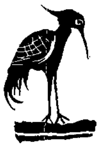
faced. Not so much the people as the spaces between them are exactly drawn. The spurts of dialogue, where they occur, are elliptical and Firbankish. A certain deliberate Gallic wit presides; the humorous rhetorical device of syllepsis occurs perhaps too often: “freshly caulked keels flaming with red lead and the sunset,” “a small woman, excessively preserved by milk of cucumbers and egoism,” “I . . . arose with satisfaction and with bleeding hands.” The Zeitgeist is diagnosed in a kindred cadence: “It’s the sacrificed generation, ma’am. The men have gone off to be soldiers, and the women have all gone crazy.” The shattered, frenetic postwar Europe is described in language both jazzy and coldly detached. The scenes seem illumined by sliced moonlight:

> At every start I found the pillow next to me swollen and cold and the boundless room lit only by the moon which an obliging mirror reflected into the dusty water of a fire-bucket.

Mr. Mitchell’s introduction compares a few passages of Morand’s French with Pound’s and other translations in case we needed to be convinced that as a translator Pound was incomparably bold and energetic. Though linguistic scholars have always been pained by some of Pound’s liberties and etymological leaps, it was he above all others in the twentieth century who lifted translation to the status of an art. His translations are not transparent; they can be eccentric and flamboyant and more active than the original. “*Dans une atmosphère de tabac*” becomes “in this air freighted with tobacco,” “*Atroce matin d’exécution*” becomes “A good day for a hanging” (as opposed to another translator’s flat-footed “Atrocious morning for an excursion”), and “*Voilà une curieuse rencontre*” becomes, simply, “Mm.” Modernist translation came to the fore, a proclaimed artistic medium, like thick paint. Even if a dozen cavalier extensions of the literal French exist on every page, Morand was well served by Pound, and perhaps his English reputation would be less negligible if this translation had been published when delivered.

Proust’s preface to “Fancy Goods” aimed to serve in a different way: by blessing, by ingratiating Morand with French readers, much as Anatole France had, a generation before, provided a preface for the young Proust’s “Pleasures and Days.” In 1921, Proust, like his hero Baldassare Silvande in that youthful collection, was dying, and his preface, in Pound’s translation—the least worked, we are told, of Pound’s manuscript—is a remarkable late efflorescence, an epic example of a gratuitous genre. Proust begins by telling the reader that “I should like to have undertaken the useless labor of doing a real preface for these charming brief romances;” but “a stranger has taken her abode in my mind.” He gives the stranger’s name: Death. “I was surprised at her lack of beauty. I had always thought Death beautiful. How otherwise should she get the better of us?” Then the invalid takes up the notion, once raised by his old patron Anatole France, that “singularity of style should be rejected,” and in a grandly irrelevant delirium of quotation from memory discusses the past styles of Baudelaire and Taine, Sainte-Beuve and Stendhal (“a great writer without knowing it”), Mme. de Sévigné and Racine (“doubtless in Racine an hysteric of genius was struggling in the control of a superior intelligence”). It all suggests a prima donna’s fluttering farewells, though what Pound liked about the preface was how it “shoveled what one hopes is a final funeral clod upon the corpse of Sainte-Beuve.” Of young Morand there is scarcely a word, though Proust does drop a valuable warning: “This new writer is usually fatiguing to read and difficult to understand because he joins things by new relationships. One follows the first half of the phrase very well, and then one falls. One feels it is only because the new writer is more agile than we are.”



SINCE the death of Vladimir Nabokov, no writer has been more agile than Italo Calvino—and there was something craggy and abrasive about Nabokov, something modern as it were, which the Italian postmodernist has smoothly shucked. His prose, though ingenious, is never abrasive; though colorful, never opaque. The reader is charmed, not challenged. True, “Marcovaldo” is a minor work, untranslated into English for twenty years. The author’s note tells us that the first of these twenty stories “were written in the early 1950s and thus are set in a very poor Italy, the Italy of neo-realistic movies. The last stories date from the mid-60s, when the illusions of an economic boom flourished.” The sardonic Marxist tone of this note reminds us that Calvino was for twelve years—up to the Russian suppression of the Hungarian revolt in 1956—a Communist. Marcovaldo is a member of the working class in an unnamed industrial city; he lives with his wife and six children in a half-basement, and later in an attic apartment. While in a park, he longs to sleep “in the midst of this cool green shade and not in my cramped, hot room; here amid the silence, not amid the snoring and sleep-talking of my whole family and the racing of trams down below in the street.” In another story, a snowfall mercifully masks the realities of his workday until a sneeze disperses the flakes; then “to his gaze there appeared the familiar courtyard, the gray walls, the boxes from the warehouse, the things of every day, sharp and hostile.” His family chops up roadside billboards for warmth, and wants to cook a pet rabbit he has brought home to them. But such grim proletarian realities are established primarily as the ground for merriment, for the repeated demonstration of Marcovaldo’s hopeful, generous, and quixotic spirit. He nurses a sallow potted plant into a flourishing tree; he develops a thriving clinic based upon the healing properties of wasp stings; he dresses up as Santa Claus and motorbikes about the city delivering presents. The stories, as they play across potentially sombre ground, reminded me of nothing so much as Giovanni Guareschi’s “Little World of Don Camillo” (1950) and its successor volumes of comic vignettes about the jockeying between the priest and the Communist mayor of a small Italian village—best-selling Cold War whimsy.

Yet “Marcovaldo” shows not only Calvino’s fine fanciful hand and habit of mathematical rigor (the twenty stories make a fivefold cycle of the four seasons) but the concerns of his major fiction—Man in the universe, men in cities:

> This Marcovaldo possessed an eye ill-suited to city life: billboards, traffic-lights, shop-windows, neon signs, posters, no matter how carefully devised to catch the attention, never arrested his gaze, which might have been running over the desert sands. Instead, he would never miss a leaf yellowing on a branch, a feather trapped by a roof-tile; there was no horsefly on a horse’s back, no worm-hole in a plank, or fig-peel squashed on the sidewalk that Marcovaldo didn’t remark and ponder over, discovering the changes of season, the yearnings of his heart, and the woes of his existence.

Natural reality, for which natural man naturally hungers, emerges even in the

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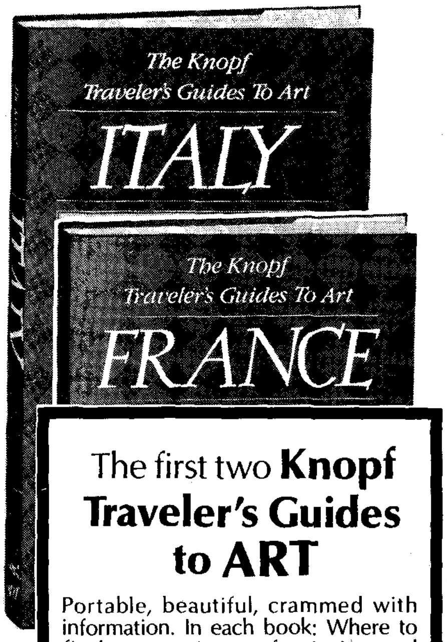

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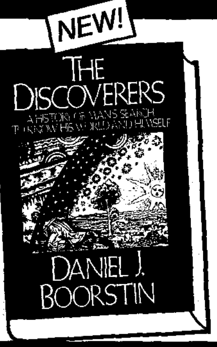

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cityscape once men are eliminated. During the August holidays, when the streets are deserted,

> Marcovaldo's eyes peered aound seeking the emergence of a different city, a city of bark and scales and clots and nerve-systems under the city of paint and tar and glass and stucco. And there, the building which he passed every day was revealed to him, in its reality, as a quarry of porous gray sandstone . . .

This modest book carries a surprising message: Destroy. In the last story, a wealthy child smashes all his presents and burns down his house; the joy of the Destructive Gift dawns upon the spirit of Christmas Consumption, and the city in Marcovaldo's vision is replaced by a wilderness, "an expanse of snow . . . white as this page."

But there is a qualitative difference between such envisioned simplification—the reduction of experience to the page, the Word, the book—and the actual shattered aftermath sketched by Morand, the Europe of crazy women and of men who ask, "Who [will] console me for the anonymous farce of creation?" Calvino is as much a postwar writer as Morand; indeed, he fought, in the Italian resistance, whereas Morand merely witnessed the First World War from within the diplomatic service. Yet Calvino's work gives a consoling impression, of delectable self-entertainment in a world of deferred disaster. Whereas Morand's prose texture prickles with a thousand little tenacious claws of extra precision, of "reaching," Calvino's is (as rendered in William Weaver's transparent translation) smooth, even where its message is anarchic and subversive. One feels that personal outrage and bewilderment have been sublimated, that an insulating interface with the world has been developed. Calvino's experiments, though copious and tireless, lack the sense of emergency that Morand's nervous glimpses of café life convey. They are not, to use a term that has cropped up several times already, hysterical.

A certain light on the modernist-postmodernist problem was slantingly cast by the recent small squabble over the new frames in the renovated Museum of Modern Art's rehanging of its collection. The early "modern" paintings, from Cézanne to the Fauves, were shifted from their traditional bulky and ornate sculptured frames to thin flat gilded frames marked like fake bamboo. The museum, according to the *Times*, says the new framing saves space and reduces visual clutter. Mark Davis, a professional framer, observed of the new framing, "I think it's silly, antiseptic, and somewhat hysterical. . . . The reductive idea is a tenet of hard-core Modernism, and we're not so concerned with orthodox Modernism today. Now that we've arrived at post-Modernism, things are much looser, more eclectic. Tastes have broadened, a lot more is acceptable." There are many adjectives that invite comment here, but "hysterical" is the striking one. Was modernism hysterical? In the dictionary sense of "emotional excitability" I suppose it was; and if you had inherited a century's worth of Victorian furniture, of overstuffed thrones and rococo prie-dieux, of peacock feathers and elephant's-foot umbrella stands, of ornate plaster picture frames and leather-bound uniform sets, of busts of Napoleon and Victor Hugo and Alfred, Lord Tennyson, of morals and rhymes and armor-plated pieties, you might be hysterical, too. The clutter of that compulsively accumulating nineteenth century goaded the modernists to great efforts of rejection and made them see reality, however bleak, as an invitingly open attic window. Webster's Dictionary, helpful as always, defines "modernism" as "the philosophy and practices of modern art; *esp:* a self-conscious break with the past and a search for new forms of expression." A requisite of modernism was disenchantment with past masters—Proust wrote "*contre* Sainte-Beuve," Pound trashed the Edwardians, etc. The good postmodernist, on the other hand, enjoys a respectful educated acquaintanceship with the moderns; indeed, he often makes his living by teaching them to students. As John Barth puts it, "he has the first half of our century under his belt, but not on his back." The moderns digested, he looks relatively plump. He can go nimbly through motions that cost the moderns some agony. Instead of cleaning out an attic, he lives in one, among the dusty friendly busts of Proust and Joyce, Kafka and Rilke and Pound. The window, for the time being, is closed.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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[*From the Daily Collegian, newspaper of Pennsylvania State University*]

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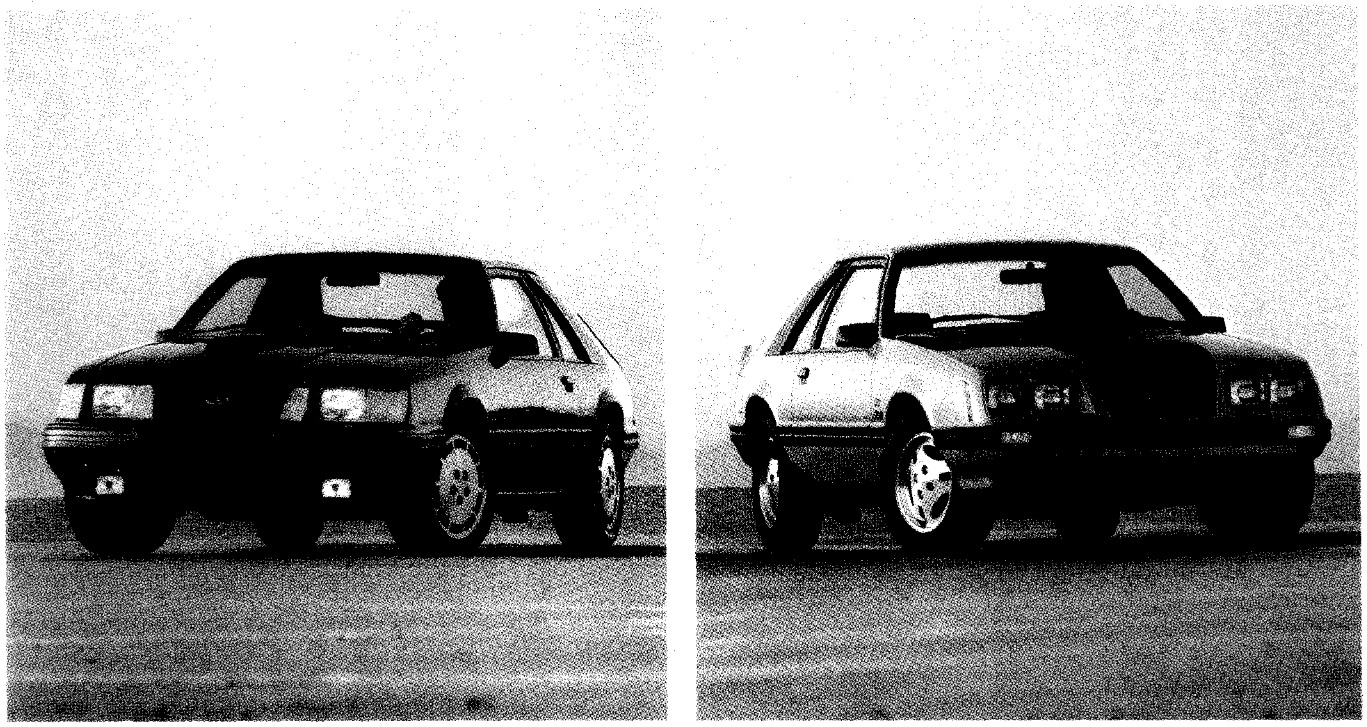

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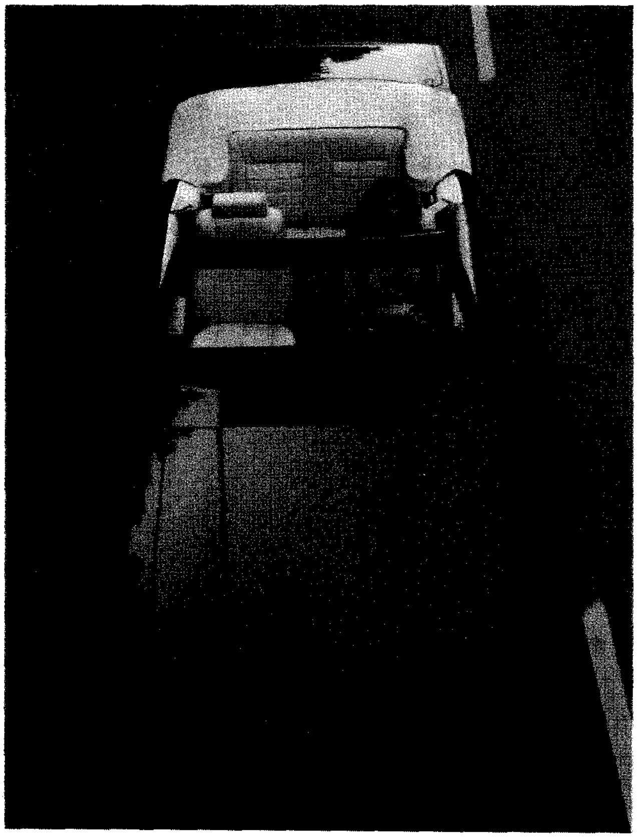

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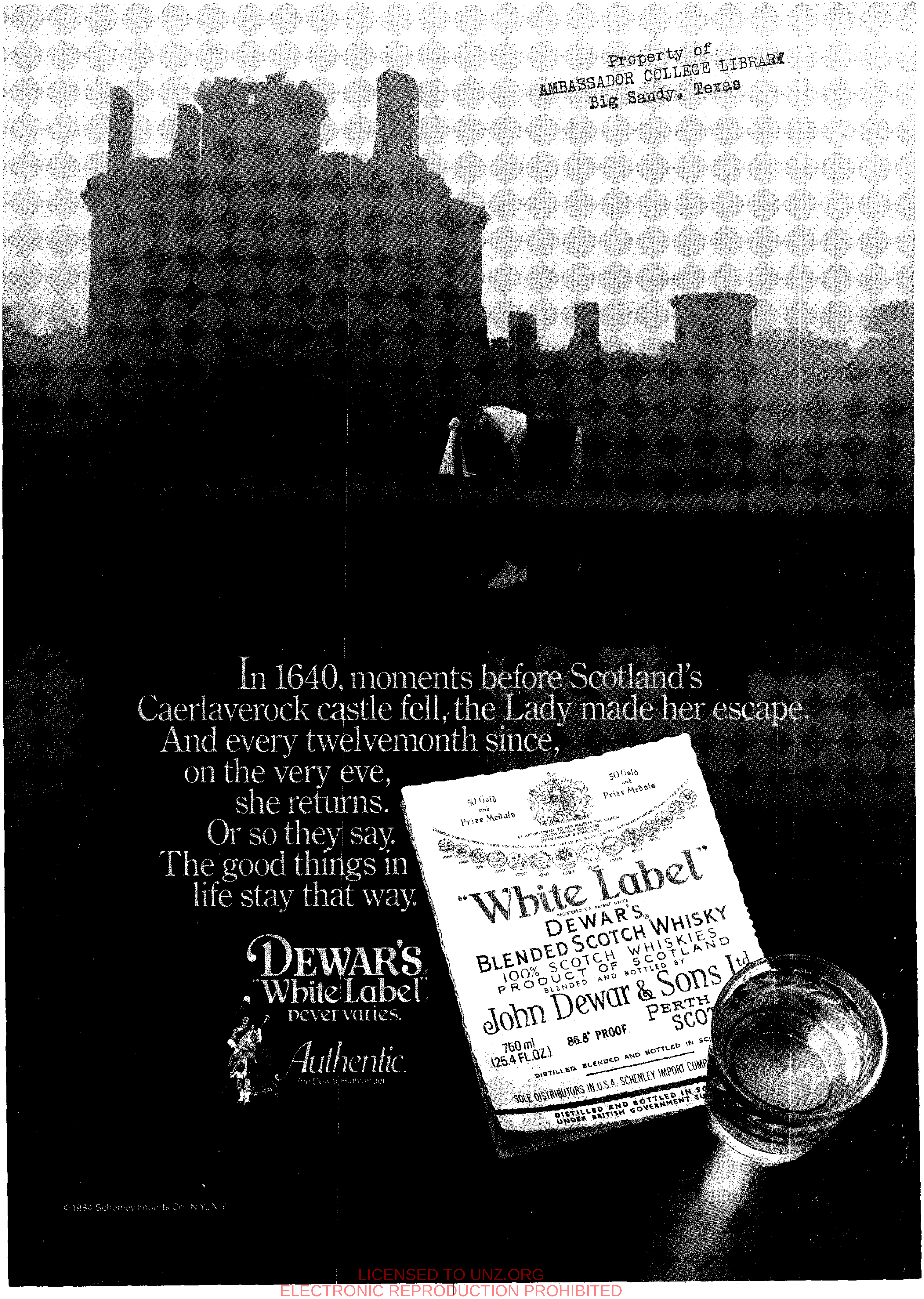

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